THE

# ILIAD AND ODYSSEY

OF

# HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,

BY W. COWPER,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING THE ODYSSEY,

AND

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

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M DCC XCI.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

# COUNTESS DOWAGER SPENCER,

THE FOLLOWING

# TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY,

A POEM THAT EXHIBITS

IN THE CHARACTER OF ITS HEROINE

AN EXAMPLE

OF ALL DOMESTIC VIRTUE,

IS WITH EQUAL PROPRIETY AND RESPECT

INCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP's

MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

THE AUTHOR

MOST REVERED SERAPHIM,

BY WHOM ENRAPTURED

IN MATH EQUAL PROPERTIES AND PERSPECT-

OF ALL DOMESTIC ANTIQUE

AM EXTATIC

IN THE CREATACEOUS OF HIS HEROINE

A POEM JUST RETRIEVED

TENDERLY RAISED TO THE ODYSSEY

THE AUTHOR

COUNTESS DOWAGER SPENCER

MOST NOBLE MOST ILLUSTRATE

# THE

# ODYSSEY OF HOMER,

## FIRST BOOK.

TRANSLATED INTO

## ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# FIRST BOOK.

IN a council of the Gods, Minerva calls their attention to Ulyſſes, ſtill a wanderer. They reſolve to grant him a ſafe return to Ithaca. Minerva deſcends to encourage Telemachus, and in the form of Mentes directs him in what manner to proceed. Throughout this book the extravagance and profligacy of the ſuitors are occaſionally ſuggeſted.

# ODYSSEY.

## BOOK I.

MUSE make the man thy theme, for ſhrewdneſs famed
And genius verſatile, who far and wide
A Wand'rer, after Ilium overthrown,
Diſcover'd various cities, and the mind
And manners learn'd of men in lands remote.
He num'rous woes, on Ocean toſs'd, endured,
Anxious to ſave himſelf, and to conduct
His followers to their home; yet all his care
Preſerved them not; they periſh'd ſelf-deſtroy'd
By their own fault; infatuate! who devoured
The oxen of the all-o'erſeeing Sun,
And, puniſh'd for that crime, return'd no more.
Daughter divine of Jove, theſe things record,
As it may pleaſe thee, even in our ears.
The reſt, all thoſe who had perdition 'ſcaped
By war or on the Deep, dwelt now at home;
Him only, of his country and his wife
Alike deſirous, in her hollow grots
Calypſo, Goddeſs beautiful, detained
Wooing him to her arms. But when, at length,
(Many a long year elapſed) the year arrived

Of his return (by the decree of heav'n)
To Ithaca, not even then had he,
Although ſurrounded by his people, reach'd
The period of his ſuff'rings and his toils.
Yet all the Gods, with pity moved, beheld
His woes, ſave Neptune; He alone with wrath
Unceaſing and implacable purſued
Godlike Ulyſſes to his native ſhores.
But Neptune, now, the Æthiopians ſought,
(The Æthiopians, utmoſt of mankind,
Theſe Eaſtward ſituate, thoſe toward the Weſt)
Call'd to an hecatomb of bulls and lambs.
There ſitting, pleas'd he banquetted; the Gods
In Jove's abode, meantime, aſſembled all,
'Midſt whom the Sire of heav'n and earth began.
For he recall'd to mind Ægiſthus ſlain
By Agamemnon's celebrated ſon
Oreſtes, and retracing in his thought
That dread event, the Immortals thus addreſs'd.
Alas! how prone are human-kind to blame
The Pow'rs of Heav'n! From us, they ſay, proceed
The ills which they endure, yet more than Fate
Herſelf inflicts, by their own crimes incur.
So now Ægiſthus, by no force conſtrained
Of Deſtiny, Atrides' wedded wife
Took to himſelf, and him at his return
Slew, not unwarn'd of his own dreadful end
By us; for we commanded Hermes down

The watchful Argicide, who bade him fear
Alike, to ſlay the King, or woo the Queen.
For that Atrides' ſon Oreſtes, ſoon
As grown mature, and eager to aſſume
His ſway imperial, ſhould avenge the deed.
So Hermes ſpake, but his advice moved not
Ægiſthus, on whoſe head the whole arrear
Of vengeance heap'd, at laſt, hath therefore fall'n.
Whom anſwer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
Oh Jove, Saturnian Sire, o'er all ſupreme!
And well he merited the death he found;
So periſh all who ſhall, like him, offend.
But with a boſom anguiſh-rent I view
Ulyſſes, hapleſs Chief! who from his friends
Remote, affliction hath long time endured
In yonder wood-land iſle, the central boſs
Of Ocean. That retreat a Goddeſs holds,
Daughter of ſapient Atlas, who the abyſs
Knows to its bottom, and the pillars high
Himſelf upbears which ſep'rate earth from heav'n.
His daughter, there, the ſorrowing Chief detains,
And ever with ſmooth ſpeech inſidious ſeeks
To wean his heart from Ithaca; meantime
Ulyſſes, happy might he but behold
The ſmoke aſcending from his native land,
Death covets. Canſt thou not, Olympian Jove!
At laſt relent? Hath not Ulyſſes oft
With victims ſlain amid Achaia's fleet

Thee

Thee gratified while yet at Troy he fought?
How hath he then ſo deep incenſed thee, Jove?
To whom, the cloud-aſſembler God replied.
What word hath paſs'd thy lips, Daughter belov'd?
Can I forget Ulyſſes? Him forget
So noble, who in wiſdom all mankind
Excells, and who hath ſacrificed ſo oft
To us whoſe dwelling is the boundleſs heav'n?
Earth-circling Neptune—He it is whoſe wrath
Purſues him ceaſeleſs for the Cyclops' ſake
Polypheme, ſtrongeſt of the giant race,
Whom of his eye Ulyſſes hath deprived.
For Him, Thoöſa bore, Nymph of the ſea
From Phorcys ſprung, by Ocean's mighty pow'r
Impregnated in caverns of the Deep.
E'er ſince that day, the Shaker of the ſhores,
Although he ſlay him not, yet devious drives
Ulyſſes from his native iſle afar.
Yet come—in full aſſembly his return
Contrive we now, both means and proſp'rous end;
So Neptune ſhall his wrath remit, whoſe pow'r
In conteſt with the force of all the Gods
Exerted ſingle, can but ſtrive in vain.
To whom Minerva, Goddeſs azure-eyed.
Oh Jupiter! above all Kings enthroned!
If the Immortals ever-bleſt ordain
That wiſe Ulyſſes to his home return,
Diſpatch we then Hermes the Argicide,

Our meſſenger, hence to Ogygia's iſle,
Who ſhall inform Calypſo, nymph divine,
Of this our fixt reſolve, that to his home
Ulyſſes, toil-enduring Chief, repair.
Myſelf will hence to Ithaca, meantime,
His ſon to animate, and with new force
Inſpire, that (the Achaians all convened
In council,) he may, inſtant, bid depart
The ſuitors from his home, who, day by day,
His num'rous flocks and fatted herds conſume.
And I will ſend him thence to Sparta forth,
And into ſandy Pylus, there to hear
(If hear he may) ſome tidings of his Sire,
And to procure himſelf a glorious name.
This ſaid, her golden ſandals to her feet
She bound, ambroſial, which o'er all the earth
And o'er the moiſt flood waft her fleet as air,
Then, ſeizing her ſtrong ſpear pointed with braſs,
In length and bulk, and weight a matchleſs beam,
With which the Jove-born Goddeſs levels ranks
Of Heroes, againſt whom her anger burns,
From the Olympian ſummit down ſhe flew,
And on the threſhold of Ulyſſes' hall
In Ithaca, and within his veſtibule
Apparent ſtood; there, graſping her bright ſpear,
*Mentes ſhe ſeem'd, the hoſpitable Chief

* We are told that Homer was under obligations to Mentes, who had frequently given him a paſſage in his ſhip to different countries which he wiſhed to ſee, for which reaſon he has here immortalized him.

Of

Of Taphos' iſle—ſhe found the haughty throng
The ſuitors; they before the palace gate
With iv'ry cubes ſported, on num'rous hides
Reclined of oxen which themſelves had ſlain.
The heralds and the buſy menials there
Miniſter'd to them; theſe their mantling cups
With water ſlaked; with bibulous ſponges thoſe
Made clean the tables, ſet the banquet on,
And portion'd out to each his plenteous ſhare.
Long ere the reſt Telemachus himſelf
Mark'd her, for ſad amid them all he ſat,
Pourtraying in deep thought contemplative
His noble Sire, and queſtioning if yet
Perchance the Hero might return to chaſe
From all his palace that imperious herd,
To his own honour lord of his own home.
Amid them muſing thus, ſudden he ſaw
The Goddeſs, and ſprang forth, for he abhorr'd
To ſee a gueſt's admittance long delay'd;
Approaching eager, her right hand he ſeized,
The brazen ſpear took from her, and in words
With welcome wing'd Minerva thus addreſs'd.
Stranger, all hail! to ſhare our cordial love
Thou com'ſt; the banquet finiſh'd, thou ſhalt next
Inform me wherefore thou haſt here arrived.
So ſaying, toward the ſpacious hall he moved,
Follow'd by Pallas, and, arriving ſoon
Beneath the lofty roof, placed her bright ſpear

Within

Within a pillar's cavity, long time
The armoury where many a ſpear had ſtood,
Bright weapons of his own illuſtrious Sire.
Then, leading her toward a footſtool'd throne
Magnificent, which firſt he overſpread
With linen, there he ſeated her, apart
From that rude throng, and for himſelf diſpoſed
A throne of various colours at her ſide,
Leſt, ſtunn'd with clamour of the lawleſs band,
The new-arrived ſhould loth perchance to eat,
And that more free he might the ſtranger's ear
With queſtions of his abſent Sire addreſs.
And now a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r,
And with an argent laver, pouring firſt
Pure water on their hands, ſupplied them, next,
With a reſplendent table, which the chaſte
Directreſs of the ſtores furniſh'd with bread
And dainties, remnants of the laſt regale.
Then, in his turn, the * ſewer with ſav'ry meats,
Diſh after diſh, ſerved them, of various kinds,
And golden cups beſide the chargers placed,
Which the attendant herald fill'd with wine.
Ere long, in ruſh'd the ſuitors, and the thrones
And couches occupied, on all whoſe hands
The heralds pour'd pure water; then the maids
Attended them with bread in baſkets heap'd,
And eager they aſſail'd the ready feaſt.

* Milton uſes the word—

——————— Sewers and ſeneſchals.

At length, when neither thirſt nor hunger more
They felt unſatisfied, to new delights
Their thoughts they turn'd, to ſong and ſprightly dance,
Enlivening ſequel of the banquet's joys.
An herald, then, to Phemius' hand conſign'd
His beauteous lyre; he through conſtraint regaled
The ſuitors with his ſong, and while the chords
He ſtruck in prelude to his pleaſant ſtrains,
Telemachus his head inclining nigh
To Pallas' ear, leſt others ſhould his words
Witneſs, the blue-eyed Goddeſs thus beſpake.
My inmate and my friend! far from my lips
Be ev'ry word that might diſpleaſe thine ear!
The ſong—the harp,—what can they leſs than charm
Theſe wantons? who the bread unpurchaſed eat
Of one whoſe bones on yonder continent
Lie mould'ring, drench'd by all the ſhow'rs of heaven,
Or roll at random in the billowy deep.
Ah! could they ſee him once to his own iſle
Reſtored, both gold and raiment they would wiſh
Far leſs, and nimbleneſs of foot inſtead.
But He, alas! hath by a wretched fate
Paſt queſtion periſh'd, and what news ſoe'er
We hear of his return, kindles no hope
In us, convinced that he returns no more.
But anſwer undiſſembling; tell me true;
Who art thou? whence? where ſtands thy city? where
Thy father's manſion? In what kind of ſhip
Cam'ſt thou? Why ſteer'd the mariners their courſe

To Ithaca, and of what land are they?
For that on foot thou found'ſt us not, is ſure.
This alſo tell me, haſt thou now arrived
New to our iſle, or waſt thou heretofore
My father's gueſt? Since many to our houſe
Reſorted in thoſe happier days, for he
Drew pow'rful to himſelf the hearts of all.
Then Pallas thus, Goddeſs cærulean-eyed.
I will with all ſimplicity of truth
Thy queſtions ſatisfy. Behold in me
Mentes, the offspring of a Chief renown'd
In war, Anchialus; and I rule, myſelf,
An iſland race, the Taphians oar-expert.
With ſhip and mariners I now arrive,
Seeking a people of another tongue
Athwart the gloomy flood, in queſt of braſs
For which I barter ſteel, ploughing the waves
To Temeſa. My ſhip beneath the woods
Of Neïus, at yonder field that ſkirts
Your city, in the haven Rhethrus rides.
We are hereditary gueſts; our Sires
Were friends long ſince; as, when thou ſeeſt him next,
The Hero old Laertes will avouch,
Of whom, I learn, that he frequents no more
The city now, but in ſequeſter'd ſcenes
Dwells ſorrowful, and by an antient dame
With food and drink ſupplied oft as he feels
Refreſhment needful to him, while he creeps

Between the rows of his luxuriant vines.,
But I have come drawn hither by report,
Which ſpake thy Sire arrived, though ſtill it ſeems
The adverſe Gods his homeward courſe retard.
For not yet breathleſs lies the noble Chief,
But in ſome iſland of the boundleſs flood
Reſides a priſoner, by barbarous force
Of ſome rude race detained reluctant there.
And I will now foreſhow thee what the Gods
Teach me, and what, though neither augur ſkill'd
Nor prophet, I yet truſt ſhall come to paſs.
He ſhall not, henceforth, live an exile long
From his own ſhores, no, not although in bands
Of iron held, but will ere long contrive
His own return; for in expedients, framed
With wond'rous ingenuity, he abounds.
But tell me true; art thou, in ſtature ſuch,
Son of himſelf Ulyſſes? for thy face
And eyes bright-ſparkling, ſtrongly indicate
Ulyſſes in thee. Frequent have we both
Converſed together thus, thy Sire and I,
Ere yet he went to Troy, the mark to which
So many Princes of Achaia ſteer'd.
Him ſince I ſaw not, nor Ulyſſes me.

To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.

Stranger! I tell thee true; my mother's voice
Affirms me his, but, ſince no mortal knows
His derivation, I affirm it not.

Would I had been ſon of ſome happier Sire,
Ordain'd in calm poſſeſſion of his own
To reach the verge of life. But now, report
Proclaims me his, whom I of all mankind
Unhappieſt deem.—Thy queſtion is reſolved.
Then anſwer thus Pallas blue-eyed return'd.
From no ignoble race, in future days,
The Gods ſhall prove thee ſprung, whom ſo endow'd
With ev'ry grace Penelope hath borne.
But tell me true. What feſtival is this?
This throng—whence are they? wherefore haſt thou need
Of ſuch a multitude? Behold I here
A banquet, or a nuptial feaſt? for theſe
Meet not by * contribution to regale,
With ſuch brutality and din they hold
Their riotous banquet! a wiſe man and good
Arriving, now, among them, at the ſight
Of ſuch enormities would much be wroth.
To whom replied Telemachus diſcrete.
Since, ſtranger! thou haſt aſk'd, learn alſo this.
While yet Ulyſſes with his people dwelt,
His preſence warranted the hope that here
Virtue ſhould dwell and opulence; but heav'n
Hath caſt for us, at length, a diff'rent lot,
And he is loſt, as never man before.

* Ἔρανος, a convivial meeting, at which every man paid his proportion, at leaſt contributed ſomething; but it ſeems to have been a meeting at which ſtrict ſobriety was obſerved, elſe Pallas would not have inferred from the noiſe and riot of this, that it was not ſuch a one.

For

For I ſhould leſs lament even his death,
Had he among his friends at Ilium fall'n,
Or in the arms of his companions died,
Troy's ſiege accompliſh'd. Then his tomb the Greeks
Of ev'ry tribe had built, and for his ſon,
He had immortal glory atchieved; but now,
By harpies torn inglorious, beyond reach
Of eye or ear he lies; and hath to me
Grief only, and unceaſing ſighs bequeath'd.
Nor mourn I for his ſake alone; the Gods
Have plann'd for me ſtill many a woe beſide;
For all the rulers of the neighbour iſles,
Samos, Dulichium, and the foreſt-crown'd
Zacynthus, others alſo, rulers here
In craggy Ithaca, my mother ſeek
In marriage, and my houſehold ſtores conſume.
But neither ſhe thoſe nuptial rites abhorr'd,
Refuſes abſolute, nor yet conſents
To end them; they my patrimony waſte
Meantime, and will not long ſpare even me.
To whom, with deep commiſeration pang'd,
Pallas replied. Alas! great need haſt thou
Of thy long abſent father to avenge
Theſe num'rous wrongs; for could he now appear
There, at yon portal, arm'd with helmet, ſhield,
And graſping his two ſpears, ſuch as when firſt
I ſaw him drinking joyous at our board,
From Ilus ſon of Mermeris, who dwelt

In diſtant Ephyre, juſt then return'd,
(For thither alſo had Ulyſſes gone
In his ſwift bark, ſeeking ſome pois'nous drug
Wherewith to taint his brazen arrows keen,
Which drug through fear of the eternal Gods
Ilus refuſed him, and my father free
Gave to him, for he lov'd him paſt belief)
Could now, Ulyſſes, clad in arms as then,
Mix with theſe ſuitors, ſhort his date of life
To each, and bitter ſhould his nuptials prove.
But theſe events, whether he ſhall return
To take juſt vengeance under his own roof,
Or whether not, lie all in the Gods lap.
Meantime I counſel thee, thyſelf to think
By what means likelieſt thou ſhalt expel
Theſe from thy doors. Now mark me: cloſe attend.
Tomorrow, ſummoning the Greecian Chiefs
To council, ſpeak to them, and call the Gods
To witneſs that ſolemnity. Bid go
The ſuitors hence, each to his own abode.
Thy mother—if her purpoſe be reſolved
On marriage, let her to the houſe return
Of her own potent father, who, himſelf,
Shall furniſh forth her matrimonial rites,
And ample dow'r, ſuch as it well becomes
A darling daughter to receive, beſtow.
But hear me now; thyſelf I thus adviſe.
The prime of all thy ſhips preparing, mann'd

With twenty rowers, voyage hence to ſeek
Intelligence of thy long-abſent Sire.
Some mortal may inform thee, or a * word,
Perchance, by Jove directed (ſafeſt ſource
Of notice to mankind) may reach thine ear.
Firſt voyaging to Pylus, there enquire
Of noble Neſtor; thence to Sparta tend,
To queſtion Menelaus amber-hair'd,
Lateſt arrived of all the hoſt of Greece.
There ſhould'ſt thou learn that ſtill thy father lives,
And hope obtain of his return, although
Diſtreſs'd, thou wilt be patient yet a year.
But ſhould'ſt thou there hear tidings that he breathes
No longer, to thy native iſle return'd,
Firſt heap his tomb; then with ſuch pomp perform
His funeral rites as his great name demands,
And make thy mother's ſpouſals, next, thy care.
Theſe duties ſatisfied, delib'rate laſt
Whether thou ſhalt theſe troublers of thy houſe
By ſtratagem, or by aſſault, deſtroy.
For thou art now no child, nor longer may'ſt
Sport like one. Haſt thou not the proud report
Heard, how Oreſtes hath renown acquired
With all mankind, his father's murtherer
Ægiſthus ſlaying, the deceiver baſe

* Ὄσσα—a word ſpoken, with reſpect to the ſpeaker, caſually; but with reference to the inquirer ſuppoſed to be ſent for his information by the eſpecial appointment and providential favour of the Gods.

Who

Who ſlaughter'd Agamemnon? Oh my friend!
(For with delight thy vig'rous growth I view,
And juſt proportion) be thou alſo bold,
And merit praiſe from ages yet to come.
But I will to my veſſel now repair,
And to my mariners, whom, abſent long,
I may perchance have troubled. Weigh thou well
My counſel; let not my advice be loſt.

To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.
Stranger! thy words beſpeak thee much my friend,
Who, as a father teaches his own ſon,
Haſt taught me, and I never will forget.
But, though in haſte thy voyage to purſue,
Yet ſtay, that in the bath refreſhing firſt
Thy limbs now weary, thou may'ſt ſprightlier ſeek
Thy gallant bark, charged with ſome noble gift
Of finiſh'd workmanſhip, which thou ſhalt keep
As my memorial ever; ſuch a boon
As men confer on gueſts whom much they love.

Then Pallas thus, Goddeſs cærulean-eyed.
Retard me not, for go I muſt; the gift
Which liberal thou deſireſt to beſtow,
Give me at my return, that I may bear
The treaſure home; and, in exchange, thyſelf
Expect ſome gift equivalent from me.

She ſpake, and as with eagle-wings upborne,
Vaniſh'd incontinent, but him inſpired
With daring fortitude, and on his heart

Dearer remembrance of his Sire impreſs'd
Than ever. Conſcious of the wond'rous change,
Amazed he ſtood, and, in his ſecret thought
Revolving all, believed his gueſt a God.
The youthful Hero to the ſuitors then
Repair'd; they ſilent, liſten'd to the ſong
Of the illuſtrious Bard; he the return
Deplorable of the Achaian hoſt
From Ilium by command of Pallas, ſang.
Penelope, Icarius' daughter, mark'd
Meantime the ſong celeſtial, where ſhe ſat
In the ſuperior palace; down ſhe came,
By all the num'rous ſteps of her abode;
Not ſole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her.
She then, divineſt of her ſex, arrived
In preſence of that lawleſs throng, beneath
The portal of her ſtately manſion ſtood,
Between her maidens, with her lucid veil
Her lovely features mantling. There, profuſe
She wept, and thus the ſacred bard beſpake.

Phemius! for many a ſorrow-ſoothing ſtrain
Thou know'ſt beſide, ſuch as exploits record
Of Gods and men, the poet's frequent theme;
Give them of thoſe a ſong, and let themſelves
Their wine drink noiſeleſs; but this mournful ſtrain
Break off, unfriendly to my boſom's peace,
And which of all hearts neareſt touches mine,
With ſuch regret my deareſt Lord I mourn,

Rememb'ring

Rememb'ring ſtill an huſband praiſed from ſide
To ſide, and in the very heart of Greece.
Then anſwer thus Telemachus return'd.
My mother! wherefore ſhould it give thee pain
If the delightful bard that theme purſue
To which he feels his mind impell'd? the bard
Blame not, but rather Jove, who, as he wills,
Materials for poetic art ſupplies.
No fault is his, if the diſaſtrous fate
He ſing of the Achaians, for the ſong
Wins ever from the hearers moſt applauſe
That has been leaſt in uſe. Of all who fought
At Troy, Ulyſſes hath not loſt, alone,
His day of glad return; but many a Chief
Hath periſh'd alſo. Seek thou then again
Thy own apartment, ſpindle ply and loom,
And taſk thy maidens; management belongs
To men of joys convivial, and of men
Eſpecially to me, chief ruler here.
She heard aſtoniſh'd; and the prudent ſpeech
Repoſing of her ſon deep in her heart,
Again with her attendant maidens ſought
Her upper chamber. There arrived, ſhe wept
Her loſt Ulyſſes, 'till Minerva bathed
Her weary lids in dewy ſleep profound.
Then echoed through the palace dark-bedimm'd
With evening ſhades, the ſuitors boiſt'rous roar,
For each the royal bed burn'd to partake,

Whom thus Telemachus diſcrete addreſs'd.
All ye my mother's ſuitors, though addict
To contumacious wrangling fierce, ſuſpend
Your clamour, for a courſe to me it ſeems
More decent far, when ſuch a bard as this,
Godlike for ſweetneſs, ſings, to hear his ſong.
Tomorrow meet we in full council all,
That I may plainly warn you to depart
From this our manſion. Seek ye where ye may
Your feaſts; conſume your own, alternate fed
Each at the other's coſt; but if it ſeem
Wiſeſt in your account and beſt, to eat
Voracious thus the patrimonial goods
Of one man, rend'ring * no account of all,
Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry
Ceaſeleſs to the eternal Gods, in hope
That Jove, for retribution of the wrong,
Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
To bleed, and of your blood aſk * no account.
He ended, and each gnaw'd his lip, aghaſt
At his undaunted hardineſs of ſpeech.
Then thus Antinoüs ſpake, Eupithes' ſon.
Telemachus! the Gods, methinks, themſelves
Teach thee ſublimity, and to pronounce
Thy matter fearleſs. Ah forbid it, Jove!

* There is in the Original an evident ſtreſs laid on the word Νήποινοι, which is uſed in both places. It was a ſort of Lex Talionis which Telemachus hoped might be put in force againſt them; and that Jove would demand no ſatisfaction for the lives of thoſe, who made him none for the waſte of his property.

That

That one ſo eloquent ſhould with the weight
Of kingly cares in Ithaca be charged,
A realm, by claim hereditary, thine.
Then prudent thus Telemachus replied.
Although my ſpeech Antinoüs may, perchance,
Provoke thee, know that I am not averſe
From kingly cares, if Jove appoint me ſuch.
Seems it to thee a burthen to be fear'd
By men above all others? truſt me, no.
There is no ill in royalty; the man
So ſtation'd, waits not long ere he obtain
Riches and honour. But I grant that Kings
Of the Achaians may no few be found
In ſea-girt Ithaca both young and old,
Of whom ſince great Ulyſſes is no more,
Reign whoſo may; but King, myſelf, I am
In my own houſe, and over all my own
Domeſtics, by Ulyſſes gained for me.
To whom Eurymachus replied, the ſon
Of Polybus. What Greecian Chief ſhall reign
In ſea-girt Ithaca, muſt be referr'd
To the Gods will, Telemachus! meantime
Thou haſt unqueſtionable right to keep
Thy own, and to command in thy own houſe.
May never that man on her ſhores arrive,
While an inhabitant ſhall yet be left
In Ithaca, who ſhall by violence wreſt
Thine from thee. But permit me, noble Sir!

To aſk thee of thy gueſt. Whence came the man?
What country claims him? Where are to be found
His kindred and his patrimonial fields?
Brings he glad tidings of thy Sire's approach
Homeward? or came he to receive a debt
Due to himſelf? How ſwift he diſappear'd!
Nor opportunity to know him gave
To thoſe who wiſh'd it; for his face and air
Him ſpeak not of Plebeian birth obſcure.
Whom anſwer'd thus Telemachus diſcrete.
Eurymachus! my father comes no more.
I can no longer, now, tidings believe,
If ſuch arrive; nor heed I more the ſong
Of ſooth-ſayers whom my mother may conſult.
But this my gueſt hath known in other days
My father, and he came from Taphos, ſon
Of brave Anchialus, Mentes by name,
And Chief of the ſea-practis'd Taphian race.
So ſpake Telemachus, but in his heart
Knew well his gueſt a Goddeſs from the ſkies.
Then they to dance and heart-enlivening ſong
Turn'd joyous, waiting the approach of eve,
And duſky evening found them joyous ſtill.
Then each, to his own houſe retiring, ſought
Needful repoſe. Meantime Telemachus
To his own lofty chamber, built in view
Of the wide hall, retired; but with a heart
In various muſings occupied intenſe.

Sage

Sage Euryclea, bearing in each hand
A torch, preceded him; her ſire was Ops,
Piſenor's ſon, and, in her early prime,
At his own coſt Laertes made her his,
Paying with twenty beeves her purchaſe-price.
Nor in leſs honour than his ſpotleſs wife
He held her ever, but his conſort's wrath
Fearing, at no time call'd her to his bed.
She bore the torches, and with truer heart
Loved him than any of the female train,
For ſhe had nurs'd him in his infant years.
He open'd his broad chamber-valves, and ſat
On his couch-ſide; then, putting off his veſt
Of ſofteſt texture, placed it in the hands
Of the attendant dame diſcrete, who firſt
Folding it with exacteſt care, beſide
His bed ſuſpended it, and, going forth,
Drew by its ſilver ring the portal cloſe,
And faſten'd it with bolt and brace ſecure.
There lay Telemachus, on fineſt wool
Repoſed, contemplating all night his courſe
Preſcribed by Pallas to the Pylian ſhore.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# SECOND BOOK.

Telemachus having convened an aſſembly of the Greecians, publicly calls on the Suitors to relinquiſh the houſe of Ulyſſes. During the continuance of the Council he has much to ſuffer from the petulance of the Suitors, from whom, having informed them of his deſign to undertake a voyage in hope to obtain news of Ulyſſes, he aſks a ſhip, with all things neceſſary for the purpoſe. He is refuſed, but is afterwards furniſhed with what he wants by Minerva, in the form of Mentor. He embarks in the evening without the privity of his mother, and the Goddeſs ſails with him.

## BOOK II.

AURORA, roſy daughter of the dawn,
Now ting'd the Eaſt, when, habited again,
Uproſe Ulyſſes' offspring from his bed.
Athwart his back his faulchion keen he ſlung,
His ſandals bound to his unſullied feet,
And, godlike, iſſued from his chamber-door.
At once the clear-voiced heralds he enjoin'd
To call the Greeks to council; they aloud
Gave forth the ſummons, and the throng began.
When all were gather'd, and th' aſſembly full,

Himſelf,

Himſelf, his hand arm'd with a brazen ſpear;
Went alſo; nor alone he went; his hounds
Fleet-footed follow'd him, a faithful pair.
O'er all his form Minerva largely ſhed
Majeſtic grace divine, and, as he went,
The whole admiring concourſe gazed on him.
The ſeniors gave him place, and down he ſat
On his paternal Throne. Then grave aroſe
The Hero, old Ægyptius; bow'd with age
Was he, and by experience deep-inform'd.
His ſon had with Ulyſſes, godlike Chief,
On board his fleet to ſteed-famed Ilium gone,
The warrior Antiphus, whom in his cave
The ſavage Cyclops ſlew, and on his fleſh
At ev'ning made obſcene his laſt regale.
Three ſons he had beſide, a ſuitor one,
Eurynomus; the other two, employ
Found conſtant managing their Sire's concerns.
Yet he forgat not, father as he was
Of theſe, his abſent eldeſt, whom he mourn'd
Ceaſeleſs, and thus his ſpeech, weeping, began.
Hear me, ye men of Ithaca, my friends!
Nor council here nor ſeſſion hath been held
Since great Ulyſſes left his native ſhore.
Who now convenes us? what eſpecial need
Hath urged him, whether of our youth he be,
Or of our ſenators by age matured?
Have tidings reach'd him of our hoſt's return,

Which here he would divulge? or brings he aught
Of public import on a diff'rent theme?
I deem him, whoſoe'er he be, a man
Worthy to proſper, and may Jove vouchſafe
The full performance of his chief deſire!
He ended, and Telemachus rejoiced
In that good omen. Ardent to begin,
He ſat not long, but, moving to the midſt,
Received the ſceptre from Piſenor's hand,
His prudent herald, and addreſſing, next,
The hoary Chief Ægyptius, thus began.
Not far remote, as thou ſhalt ſoon thyſelf
Perceive, oh venerable Chief! he ſtands,
Who hath convened this council. I, am He.
I am in chief the ſuff'rer. Tidings none
Of the returning hoſt I have received,
Which here I would divulge, nor bring I aught
Of public import on a different theme,
But my own trouble, on my own houſe fall'n,
And two-fold fall'n. One is, that I have loſt
A noble father, who, as fathers rule
Benign their children, govern'd once yourſelves;
The other, and the more alarming ill,
With ruin threatens my whole houſe, and all
My patrimony with immediate waſte.
Suitors, (their children who in this our iſle
Hold higheſt rank) importunate beſiege
My mother, though deſirous not to wed,

And

And rather than reſort to her own Sire,
Icarius, who might give his daughter dow'r,
And portion her to whom he moſt approves,
(A courſe which, only named, moves their diſguſt)
They chuſe, aſſembling all within my gates
Daily to make my beeves, my ſheep, my goats
Their banquet, and to drink without reſtraint
My wine; whence ruin threatens us and ours;
For I have no Ulyſſes to relieve
Me and my family from this abuſe,
Ourſelves are not ſufficient; we, alas!
Too feeble ſhould be found, and yet to learn
How beſt to uſe the little force we own;
Elſe, had I pow'r, I would, myſelf, redreſs
The evil; for it now ſurpaſſes far
All ſuff'rance, now they ravage uncontroul'd,
Nor ſhow of decency vouchſafe me more.
Oh be * aſhamed yourſelves; bluſh at the thought
Of ſuch reproach as ye ſhall ſure incur
From all our neighbour ſtates, and fear beſide
The wrath of the Immortals, leſt they call
Yourſelves one day to a ſevere account.
I pray you by Olympian Jove, by her
Whoſe voice convenes all councils, and again
Diſſolves them, Themis, that henceforth ye ceaſe,

* The reader is to be reminded that this is not an aſſembly of the ſuitors only, but a general one, which affords Telemachus an opportunity to apply himſelf to the feelings of the Ithacans at large.

That ye permit me, oh my friends! to wear
My days in ſolitary grief away,
Unleſs Ulyſſes, my illuſtrious Sire,
Hath in his anger any Greecian wrong'd,
Whoſe wrongs ye purpoſe to avenge on me,
Inciting theſe to plague me. Better far
Were my condition, if yourſelves conſumed
My ſubſtance and my revenue; from you
I might obtain, perchance, righteous amends
Hereafter; you I might with vehement ſuit
O'ercome, from houſe to houſe pleading aloud
For recompenſe, 'till I at laſt prevail'd.
But now, with darts of anguiſh ye transfix
My inmoſt ſoul, and I have no redreſs.

He ſpake impaſſion'd, and to earth caſt down
His ſceptre, weeping. Pity at that ſight
Seiz'd all the people; mute the aſſembly ſat
Long time, none dared to greet Telemachus
With anſwer rough, 'till of them all, at laſt,
Antinoüs, ſole ariſing, thus replied.

Telemachus, intemp'rate in harangue,
High-founding orator! it is thy drift
To make us all odious; but the offence
Lies not with us the ſuitors; ſhe alone
Thy mother, who in ſubtlety excells,
And deep-wrought ſubterfuge, deſerves the blame.
It is already the third year, and ſoon
Shall be the fourth, ſince with deluſive art

Practiſing

Practiſing on their minds, ſhe hath deceived
The Greecians; meſſage after meſſage ſent
Brings hope to each, by turns, and promiſe fair,
But ſhe, meantime, far otherwiſe intends.
Her other arts exhauſted all, ſhe framed
This ſtratagem; a web of ampleſt ſize
And ſubtleſt woof beginning, thus ſhe ſpake.
Princes, my ſuitors! ſince the noble Chief
Ulyſſes is no more, preſs not as yet
My nuptials, wait 'till I ſhall finiſh, firſt,
A fun'ral robe (leſt all my threads decay)
Which for the antient Hero I prepare,
Laertes, looking for the mournful hour
When fate ſhall ſnatch him to eternal reſt;
Elſe, I the cenſure dread of all my ſex,
Should he, ſo wealthy, want at laſt a ſhroud.
So ſpake the Queen, and unſuſpicious, we
With her requeſt complied. Thenceforth, all day
She wove the ample web, and by the aid
Of torches ravell'd it again at night.
Three years by ſuch contrivance ſhe deceived
The Greecians; but when (three whole years elaps'd)
The fourth arrived, then, conſcious of the fraud,
A damſel of her train told all the truth,
And her we found rav'ling the beauteous work.
Thus, through neceſſity ſhe hath, at length,
Perform'd the taſk, and in her own deſpight.
Now therefore, for the information clear

Of thee thyſelf, and of the other Greeks,
We anſwer. Send thy mother hence, with charge
That him ſhe wed on whom her father's choice
Shall fall, and whom ſhe ſhall, herſelf, approve.
But if by long procraſtination ſtill
She perſevere, wearing our patience out,
Attentive only to diſplay the gifts
By Pallas ſo profuſely dealt to her,
Works of ſurpaſſing ſkill, ingenious thought,
And ſubtle ſhifts, ſuch as no beauteous Greek
(For aught that we have heard) in antient times
E'er practiſed, Tyro, or Alcmena fair,
Or fair Mycene, of whom none in art
E'er match'd Penelope, although we yield
To this her laſt invention little praiſe,
Then know, that theſe her ſuitors will conſume
So long thy patrimony and thy goods,
As ſhe her preſent purpoſe ſhall indulge,
With which the Gods inſpire her. Great renown
She to herſelf inſures, but equal woe
And devaſtation of thy wealth to thee;
For neither to our proper works at home
Go we, of that be ſure, nor yet elſewhere,
'Till him ſhe wed, to whom ſhe moſt inclines.
Him prudent, then, anſwer'd Telemachus.
Antinoüs! it is not poſſible
That I ſhould thruſt her forth againſt her will,
Who both produced and reared me. Be he dead,

Or

Or ſtill alive, my Sire is far remote,
And ſhould I, voluntary, hence diſmiſs
My mother to Icarius, I muſt much
Refund, which hardſhip were and loſs to me.
So doing, I ſhould alſo wrath incur
From my offended Sire, and from the Gods
Still more; for ſhe, departing, would invoke
Erynnis to avenge her, and reproach
Beſide would follow me from all mankind.
That word I, therefore, never will pronounce.
No, if ye judge your treatment at her hands
Injurious to you, go ye forth yourſelves,
Forſake my manſion; ſeek where elſe ye may
Your feaſts; conſume your own; alternate feed
Each at the other's coſt. But if it ſeem
Wiſeſt in your account and beſt to eat
Voracious thus the patrimonial goods
Of one man, rend'ring no account of all,
Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry
Ceaſeleſs to the eternal Gods, in hope
That Jove, in retribution of the wrong,
Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
To bleed, and of your blood aſk no account.

So ſpake Telemachus, and while he ſpake,
The Thund'rer from a lofty mountain-top
Turn'd off two eagles; on the winds, awhile,
With outſpread pinions ample ſide by ſide
They floated; but, ere long, hov'ring aloft,

Right

Right o'er the midſt of the aſſembled Chiefs
They wheel'd around, clang'd all their num'rous plumes,
And with a downward look eyeing the throng,
Death boded, ominous; then rending each
The other's face and neck, they ſprang at once
Toward the right, and darted through the town.
Amazement univerſal, at that ſight,
Seized the aſſembly, and with anxious thought
Each ſcann'd the future; amidſt whom aroſe
The Hero Halitherſes, antient Seer,
Offspring of Maſtor; for in judgment he
Of portents augural, and in forecaſt
Unerring, his coevals all excell'd,
And prudent thus the multitude beſpake.
Ye men of Ithaca, give ear! hear all!
Though chief my ſpeech ſhall to the ſuitors look,
For, on their heads devolved, comes down the woe.
Ulyſſes ſhall not from his friends, henceforth,
Live abſent long, but, haſting to his home,
Comes even now, and as he comes, deſigns
A bloody death for theſe, whoſe bitter woes
No few ſhall ſhare, inhabitants with us
Of pleaſant Ithaca; but let us frame
Effectual means maturely to ſuppreſs
Their violent deeds, or rather let themſelves
Repentant ceaſe; and ſooneſt ſhall be beſt.
Not inexpert, but well-inform'd I ſpeak
The future, and the accompliſhment announce

Of

Of all which when Ulyſſes with the Greeks
Embark'd for Troy, I to himſelf foretold.
I ſaid that, after many woes, and loſs
Of all his people, in the twentieth year,
Unknown to all, he ſhould regain his home,
And my prediction ſhall be now fulfill'd.
Him, then, Eurymachus thus anſwer'd rough
The ſon of Polybus. Hence to thy houſe,
Thou hoary dotard! there, prophetic, teach
Thy children to eſcape woes elſe to come.
Birds num'rous flutter in the beams of day,
Not all predictive. Death, far hence remote
Hath found Ulyſſes, and I would to heav'n
That, where he died, thyſelf had periſh'd too.
Thou hadſt not then run o'er with prophecy
As now, nor provocation to the wrath
Giv'n of Telemachus, in hope to win,
Perchance, for thine ſome favour at his hands.
But I to *thee* foretell, ſkilled as thou art
In legends old, (nor ſhall my threat be vain)
That if by artifice thou move to wrath
A younger than thyſelf, no matter whom,
Woe firſt the heavier on himſelf ſhall fall,
Nor ſhalt thou profit him by thy attempt,
And we will charge thee alſo with a mulct,
Which thou ſhalt pay with difficulty, and bear
The burthen of it with an aching heart.

As for Telemachus, I him adviſe,
Myſelf, and preſs the meaſure on his choice
Earneſtly, that he ſend his mother hence
To her own father's houſe, who ſhall, himſelf,
Set forth her nuptial rites, and ſhall endow
His daughter ſumptuouſly, and as he ought.
For this expenſive wooing, as I judge,
'Till then ſhall never ceaſe; ſince we regard
No man—no—not Telemachus, although
In words exub'rant; neither fear we aught
Thy vain prognoſtics, venerable ſir!
But only hate thee for their ſake the more.
Waſte will continue and diſorder foul
Unremedied, ſo long as ſhe ſhall hold
The ſuitors in ſuſpenſe, for, day by day,
Our emulation goads us to the ſtrife,
Nor ſhall we, going hence, ſeek to eſpouſe
Each his own conſort ſuitable elſewhere.
To whom, diſcrete, Telemachus replied.
Eurymachus, and ye the ſuitor train
Illuſtrious, I have ſpoken; ye ſhall hear
No more this ſupplication urged by me.
The Gods, and all the Greeks, now know the truth.
But give me inſtantly a gallant bark
With twenty rowers, ſkill'd their courſe to win
To whatſoever haven; for I go
To ſandy Pylus, and ſhall haſten thence
To Lacedemon, tidings to obtain

Of

Of my long-abſent Sire, or from the lips
Of man, or by a word from Jove vouchſafed
Himſelf, beſt ſource of notice to mankind.
If, there inform'd that ſtill my father lives
I hope conceive of his return, although
Diſtreſs'd, I ſhall be patient yet a year.
But ſhould I learn, haply, that he ſurvives
No longer, then, returning, I will raiſe
At home his tomb, will with ſuch pomp perform
His fun'ral rites, as his great name demands,
And give my mother's hand to whom I may.
This ſaid, he ſat, and after him aroſe
Mentor, illuſtrious Ulyſſes' friend,
To whom, embarking thence, he had conſign'd
All his concerns, that the old Chief might rule
His family, and keep the whole ſecure.
Ariſing, thus the ſenior, ſage, began.
Hear me, ye Ithacans! be never King
Henceforth, benevolent, gracious, humane
Or righteous, but let every ſceptred hand
Rule mercileſs, and deal in wrong alone,
Since none of all his people, whom he ſway'd
With ſuch paternal gentleneſs and love,
Remembers the divine Ulyſſes more!
That the imperious ſuitors thus ſhould weave
The web of miſchief and atrocious wrong,
I grudge not; ſince at hazard of their heads
They make Ulyſſes' property a prey,

Perſuaded that the Hero comes no more.
But much the people move me; how ye ſit
All mute, and though a multitude, yourſelves,
Oppoſed to few, riſque not a ſingle word
To check the licenſe of theſe bold intruders!
Then thus Liocritus, Evenor's ſon.
Injurious Mentor! headlong orator!
How dar'ſt thou move the populace againſt
The ſuitors? Truſt me they ſhould find it hard,
Numerous as they are, to cope with us,
A feaſt the prize. Or ſhould the King himſelf
Of Ithaca, returning, undertake
T' expell the jovial ſuitors from his houſe,
Much as Penelope his abſence mourns,
His preſence ſhould afford her little joy;
For fighting ſole with many, he ſhould meet
A dreadful death. Thou, therefore, ſpeak'ſt amiſs.
As for Telemachus, let Mentor him
And Halytherſes furniſh forth, the friends
Long valued of his Sire, with all diſpatch;
Though him I judge far likelier to remain
Long-time contented an enquirer here,
Than to perform the voyage now propoſed.
Thus ſaying, Liocritus diſſolved in haſte
The council, and the ſcattered concourſe ſought
Their ſev'ral homes, while all the ſuitors flock'd
Thence to the palace of their abſent King.
Meantime, Telemachus from all reſort

Retiring,

Retiring, in the ſurf of the gray Deep
Firſt laved his hands, then, thus to Pallas pray'd.
'O Goddeſs! who waſt yeſterday a gueſt
Beneath my roof, and didſt enjoin me then
A voyage o'er the ſable Deep in queſt
Of tidings of my long-regretted Sire!
Which voyage, all in Ithaca, but moſt
The haughty ſuitors, obſtinate impede,
Now hear my ſuit and gracious interpoſe!
Such pray'r he made; then Pallas, in the form,
And with the voice of Mentor, drawing nigh,
In accents wing'd, him kindly thus beſpake.
Telemachus! thou ſhalt hereafter prove
Nor baſe, nor poor in talents. If, in truth,
Thou have received from heav'n thy father's force
Inſtill'd into thee, and reſembleſt him
In promptneſs both of action and of ſpeech,
Thy voyage ſhall not uſeleſs be, or vain.
But if Penelope produced thee not
His ſon, I, then, hope not for good effect
Of this deſign which, ardent, thou purſueſt.
Few ſons their fathers equal; moſt appear
Degenerate; but we find, though rare, ſometimes
A ſon ſuperior even to his Sire.
And ſince thyſelf ſhalt neither baſe be found
Nor ſpiritleſs, nor altogether void
Of talents, ſuch as grace thy royal Sire,
I therefore hope ſucceſs of thy attempt.

Heed not the ſuitors projects; neither wiſe
Are they, nor juſt, nor aught ſuſpect the doom
Which now approaches them, and in one day
Shall overwhelm them all. No long ſuſpenſe
Shall hold thy purpoſed enterprize in doubt,
Such help from me, of old thy father's friend,
Thou ſhalt receive, who with a bark well-oar'd
Will ſerve thee, and myſelf attend thee forth.
But haſte, join thou the ſuitors, and provide,
In ſep'rate veſſels ſtow'd, all needful ſtores,
Wine in thy jars, and flour, the ſtrength of man,
In ſkins cloſe-ſeam'd. I will, meantime, ſelect
Such as ſhall voluntary ſhare thy toils.
In ſea-girt Ithaca new ſhips and old
Abound, and I will chuſe, myſelf, for thee
The prime of all, which without more delay
We will launch out into the ſpacious Deep.
Thus Pallas ſpake, daughter of Jove; nor long,
So greeted by the voice divine, remain'd
Telemachus, but to his palace went
Diſtreſs'd in heart. He found the ſuitors there
Goats flaying in the hall, and fatted ſwine
Roaſting; when with a laugh Antinoüs flew
To meet him, faſten'd on his hand, and ſaid,
Telemachus, in eloquence ſublime,
And of a ſpirit not to be controul'd!
Give harbour in thy breaſt on no account
To after-grudge or enmity, but eat,

Far

Far rather, chearfully as heretofore,
And freely drink, committing all thy cares
To the Achaians, who ſhall furniſh forth
A gallant ſhip and choſen crew for thee,
That thou may'ſt hence to Pylus with all ſpeed,
Tidings to learn of thy illuſtrious Sire.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Antinoüs! I have no heart to feaſt
With gueſts ſo inſolent, nor can indulge
The pleaſures of a mind at eaſe, with you.
Is't not enough, ſuitors, that ye have uſed
My noble patrimony as your own
While I was yet a child? now, grown mature,
And competent to underſtand the ſpeech
Of my inſtructors, feeling, too, a mind
Within me conſcious of augmented pow'rs,
I will attempt your ruin, be aſſured,
Whether at Pylus, or continuing here.
I go, indeed, (nor ſhall my voyage prove
Of which I ſpeak, bootleſs or vain) I go
An humble paſſenger, who neither bark
Nor rowers have to boaſt my own, denied
That honour (ſo ye judg'd it beſt) by you.
He ſaid, and from Antinoüs' hand his own
Drew ſudden. Then their delicate repaſt
The buſy ſuitors on all ſides prepared,
Still taunting as they toil'd, and with ſharp ſpeech
Sarcaſtic wantoning, of whom a youth,

Arrogant

Arrogant as his fellows, thus began.
I ſee it plain, Telemachus intends
Our ſlaughter; either he will aids procure
From ſandy Pylus, or will bring them arm'd
From Sparta; ſuch is his tremendous drift.
Even to fruitful Ephyre, perchance,
He will proceed, ſeeking ſome baneful herb
Which caſt into our cup, ſhall drug us all.
To whom ſome haughty ſuitor thus replied.
Who knows but that himſelf, wand'ring the ſea
From all his friends and kindred far remote,
May periſh like Ulyſſes? Whence to us
Should double toil enſue, on whom the charge
To parcel out his wealth would then devolve,
And to endow his mother with the houſe
For his abode whom ſhe ſhould chance to wed.
So ſported they; but he, aſcending, ſought
His father's lofty chamber, where his heaps
He kept of braſs and gold, garments in cheſts,
And oils of fragrant ſcent, a copious ſtore.
There many a caſk with ſeaſon'd nectar fill'd
The grapes pure juice divine, beſide the wall
Stood orderly arranged, waiting the hour
(Should e'er ſuch hour arrive) when, after woes
Num'rous, Ulyſſes ſhould regain his home.
Secure that chamber was with folding doors
Of maſſy planks compact, and, night and day,
Within it antient Euryclea dwelt,

Guardian diſcrete of all the treaſures there,
Whom, thither call'd, Telemachus addreſs'd.
Nurſe! draw me forth ſweet wine into my jars,
Delicious next to that which thou reſerv'ſt
For our poor wand'rer; if eſcaping death
At laſt, divine Ulyſſes e'er return.
Fill twelve, and ſtop them cloſe; pour alſo meal
Well-mill'd (full twenty meaſures) into ſkins
Cloſe-ſeam'd, and mention what thou doſt to none.
Place them together; for at even-tide
I will convey them hence, ſoon as the Queen,
Retiring to her couch, ſhall ſeek repoſe.
For hence to Sparta will I take my courſe,
And ſandy Pylus, tidings there to hear
(If hear I may) of my lov'd Sire's return.
He ceas'd, then wept his gentle nurſe that found
Hearing, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
My child! ah, wherefore hath a thought ſo raſh
Poſſeſs'd thee? whither, only and belov'd,
Seek'ſt thou to ramble, travelling, alas!
To diſtant climes? Ulyſſes is no more;
Dead lies the Hero in ſome land unknown,
And thou no ſooner ſhalt depart, than theſe
Will plot to ſlay thee, and divide thy wealth.
No, ſtay with us who love thee. Need is none
That thou ſhould'ſt on the barren Deep diſtreſs
Encounter, roaming without hope or end.

Whom, prudent, thus anſwer'd Telemachus.
Take courage, nurſe! for not without conſent
Of the Immortals I have thus reſolved.
But ſwear, that 'till eleven days be paſt,
Or twelve, or, 'till enquiry made, ſhe learn
Herſelf my going, thou wilt nought impart
Of this my purpoſe to my mother's ear,
Leſt all her beauties fade by grief impair'd.
He ended, and the antient matron ſwore
Solemnly by the Gods; which done, ſhe fill'd
With wine the veſſels and the ſkins with meal,
And he, returning, join'd the throng below.
Then Pallas, Goddeſs azure-eyed, her thoughts
Elſewhere directing, all the city ranged
In ſemblance of Telemachus, each man
Exhorting, at the duſk of eve, to ſeek
The gallant ſhip, and from Noëmon, ſon
Renown'd of Phronius, aſk'd, herſelf, a bark,
Which ſoon as aſk'd, he promis'd to ſupply.
Now ſet the ſun, and twilight dimm'd the ways,
When, drawing down his bark into the Deep,
He gave her all her furniture, oars, arms
And tackle, ſuch as well-built galleys bear,
Then moor'd her in the bottom of the bay.
Meantime, his mariners in haſte repair'd
Down to the ſhore, for Pallas urged them on.
And now, on other purpoſes intent,
The Goddeſs ſought the palace, where with dews

Of

Of ſlumber drenching ev'ry ſuitor's eye,
She fool'd the drunkard multitude, and daſh'd
The goblets from their idle hands away.
They through the city reeled, happy to leave
The dull carouſal, when the ſlumb'rous weight
Oppreſſive on their eye-lids once had fall'n.
Next, Pallas azure-eyed in Mentor's form
And with the voice of Mentor, ſummoning
Telemachus abroad, him thus beſpake.

Telemachus! already at their oars
Sit all thy fellow-voyagers, and wait
Thy coming; linger not, but haſte away.
This ſaid, Minerva led him thence, whom he
With nimble ſteps follow'd, and, on the ſhore
Arrived, found all his mariners prepared,
Whom thus the princely voyager addreſs'd.

Haſte, my companions! bring we down the ſtores
Already ſorted and ſet forth; but nought
My mother knows, or any of her train
Of this deſign, one matron ſole except.

He ſpake, and led them; they, obedient, brought
All down, and, as Ulyſſes' ſon enjoin'd,
Within the gallant bark the charge beſtow'd.

Then, led by Pallas, went the prince on board,
Where down they ſat, the Goddeſs in the ſtern,
And at her ſide Telemachus. The crew
Caſt looſe the hawſers, and, embarking, fill'd
The benches. Blue-eyed Pallas from the Weſt

Call'd forth propitious breezes; freſh they curled
The ſable Deep, and, ſounding, ſwept the waves.
He loud-exhorting them, his people bade
Hand, briſk, the tackle; they, obedient, reared
The pine-tree maſt, which in its ſocket deep
They lodg'd, then ſtrain'd the cordage, and with thongs
Well-twiſted, drew the ſhining ſail aloft.
A land-breeze fill'd the canvas, and the flood
Roar'd as ſhe went againſt the ſteady bark
That ran with even courſe her liquid way.
The rigging, thus, of all the galley ſet,
Their beakers crowning high with wine, they hail'd
The ever-living Gods, but above all
Minerva, daughter azure-eyed of Jove.
Thus, all night long the galley, and 'till dawn
Had brighten'd into day, cleaved ſwift the flood.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE

# THIRD BOOK.

Telemachus arriving at Pylus, enquires of Neſtor concerning Ulyſſes. Neſtor relates to him all that he knows or has heard of the Greecians ſince their departure from the ſiege of Troy, but not being able to give him any ſatisfactory account of Ulyſſes, refers him to Menelaus. At evening Minerva quits Telemachus, but diſcovers herſelf in going. Neſtor ſacrifices to the Goddeſs, and the ſolemnity ended, Telemachus ſets forth for Sparta in one of Neſtor's chariots, and accompanied by Neſtor's ſon Piſiſtratus.

## BOOK III.

THE ſun, emerging from the lucid waves,
Aſcended now the brazen vault with light
For the inhabitants of earth and heav'n,
When in their bark at Pylus they arrived,
City of Neleus. On the ſhore they found
The people ſacrificing; bulls they ſlew
Black without ſpot, to Neptune azure-hair'd.
On ranges nine of ſeats they ſat; each range
Received five hundred, and to each they made
Allotment equal of nine ſable bulls.
The feaſt was now begun; theſe eating ſat

The entrails, thoſe ſtood off'ring to the God
The thighs, his portion, when the Ithacans
Puſh'd right aſhore, and, furling cloſe the ſails,
And making faſt their moorings, diſembark'd.
Forth came Telemachus by Pallas led,
Whom thus the Goddeſs azure-eyed addreſs'd.
Telemachus! there is no longer room
For baſhful fear, ſince thou haſt croſs'd the flood
With purpoſe to enquire what land conceals
Thy father, and what fate hath follow'd him.
Advance at once to the equeſtrian Chief
Neſtor, within whoſe boſom lies, perhaps,
Advice well worthy of thy ſearch; entreat
Himſelf, that he will tell thee only truth,
Who will not lye, for he is paſſing wiſe.
To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.
Ah Mentor! how can I advance, how greet
A Chief like him, unpractis'd as I am
In manag'd phraſe? Shame bids the youth beware
How he accoſts the man of many years.
But him the Goddeſs anſwer'd azure-eyed,
Telemachus! Thou wilt, in part, thyſelf
Fit ſpeech deviſe, and heav'n will give the reſt;
For thou waſt neither born, nor haſt been train'd
To manhood, under unpropitious Pow'rs.
So ſaying, Minerva led him thence, whom he
With nimble ſteps attending, ſoon arrived
Among the multitude. There Neſtor ſat,

And

And Neſtor's ſons, while, buſily the feaſt
Tending, his num'rous followers roaſted, ſome,
The viands, ſome, transfix'd them with the ſpits.
They ſeeing gueſts arrived, together all
Advanced, and, graſping courteouſly their hands,
Invited them to ſit; but firſt, the ſon
Of Neſtor, young Piſiſtratus, approach'd,
Who, faſt'ning on the hands of both, beſide
The banquet placed them, where the beach was ſpread
With fleeces, and where Thraſymedes ſat
His brother, and the hoary Chief his Sire.
To each, a portion of the inner parts
He gave, then fill'd a golden cup with wine,
Which, taſted firſt, he to the daughter bore
Of Jove the Thund'rer, and her thus beſpake.
Oh gueſt! the King of Ocean now adore!
For ye have chanced on Neptune's feſtival;
And, when thou haſt, thyſelf, libation made
Duly, and pray'r, deliver to thy friend
The gen'rous juice, that he may alſo make
Libation; for he, doubtleſs, ſeeks in prayer
The Immortals, of whoſe favour all have need.
But, ſince he younger is, and with myſelf
Coeval, firſt I give the cup to thee.
He ceas'd, and to her hand conſign'd the cup,
Which Pallas gladly from a youth received
So juſt and wiſe, who to herſelf had firſt
The golden cup preſented, and in pray'r

Fervent

Fervent the Sov'reign of the Seas adored.
Hear, earth-encircler Neptune! O vouchſafe
To us thy ſuppliants the deſired effect
Of this our voyage; glory, firſt, beſtow
On Neſtor and his offspring both, then grant
To all the Pylians ſuch a gracious boon
As ſhall requite their noble off'ring well.
Grant alſo to Telemachus and me
To voyage hence, poſſeſs'd of what we ſought
When hither in our ſable bark we came.
So Pallas pray'd, and her own pray'r herſelf
Accompliſh'd. To Telemachus ſhe gave
The ſplendid goblet next, and in his turn
Like pray'r Ulyſſes' ſon alſo preferr'd.
And now (the banquet from the ſpits withdrawn)
They, next, diſtributed ſufficient ſhare
To each, and all were ſumptuouſly regaled.
At length (both hunger ſatisfied and thirſt)
Thus Neſtor, the Gerenian Chief, began.
Now with more ſeemlineſs we may enquire,
After repaſt, what gueſts we have received.
Our gueſts! who are ye? Whence have ye the waves
Plough'd hither? Come ye to tranſact concerns
Commercial, or at random roam the Deep
Like pirates, who with miſchief charged and woe
To foreign States, oft hazard life themſelves?
Him anſwer'd, bolder now, but ſtill diſcrete,
Telemachus. For Pallas had his heart

With manly courage arm'd, that he might aſk
From Neſtor tidings of his abſent Sire,
And win, himſelf, diſtinction and renown.
Oh Neſtor, Neleus' ſon, glory of Greece!
Thou aſkeſt whence we are. I tell thee whence.
From Ithaca, by the umbrageous woods
Of Neritus o'erhung, by private need,
Not publick, urged, we come. My errand is
To ſeek intelligence of the renown'd
Ulyſſes; of my noble father, prais'd
For dauntleſs courage, whom report proclaims
Conqueror, with thine aid, of ſacred Troy.
We have already learn'd where other Chiefs
Who fought at Ilium, died; but Jove conceals
Even the death of my illuſtrious Sire
In dull obſcurity; for none hath heard
Or confident can anſwer, where he dy'd;
Whether he on the continent hath fall'n
By hoſtile hands, or by the waves o'erwhelm'd
Of Amphitrite, welters in the Deep.
For this cauſe, at thy knees ſuppliant, I beg
That thou would'ſt tell me his diſaſt'rous end,
If either thou beheld'ſt that dread event
Thyſelf, or from ſome wanderer of the Greeks
Haſt heard it; for my father at his birth
Was, ſure, predeſtin'd to no common woes.
Neither through pity, or o'erſtrain'd reſpect
Flatter me, but explicit all relate

Which thou haſt witneſs'd. If my noble Sire
E'er gratified thee by performance juſt
Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
So num'rous ſlain in fight, oh, recollect
Now his fidelity, and tell me true.

Then Neſtor thus Gerenian Hero old.
Young friend! ſince thou remind'ſt me, ſpeaking thus,
Of all the woes which indefatigable
We ſons of the Achaians there ſuſtain'd,
Both thoſe which wand'ring on the Deep we bore
Wherever by Achilles led in queſt
Of booty, and the many woes beſide
Which under royal Priam's ſpacious walls
We ſuffer'd, know, that there our braveſt fell.
There warlike Ajax lies, there Peleus' ſon;
There, too, Patroclus, like the Gods themſelves
In council, and my ſon beloved there,
Brave, virtuous, ſwift of foot, and bold in fight,
Antilochus. Nor are theſe ſorrows all;
What tongue of mortal man could all relate?
Should'ſt thou, abiding here, five years employ
Or ſix, enquiring of the woes endured
By the Achaians, ere thou ſhould'ſt have learn'd
The whole, thou would'ſt depart, tir'd of the tale.
For we, nine years, ſtratagems of all kinds
Deviſed againſt them, and Saturnian Jove
Scarce crown'd the difficult attempt at laſt.
There, no competitor in wiles well-plann'd

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes found, ſo far were all ſurpaſs'd
In ſhrewd invention by thy noble Sire,
If thou indeed art his, as ſure thou art,
Whoſe ſight breeds wonder in me, and thy ſpeech
His ſpeech reſembles more than might be deem'd
Within the ſcope of years ſo green as thine.
There, never in opinion, or in voice
Illuſtrious Ulyſſes and myſelf
Divided were, but, one in heart, contrived
As beſt we might, the benefit of all.
But after Priam's lofty city ſack'd,
And the departure of the Greeks on board
Their barks, and when the Gods had ſcatter'd them,
Then Jove imagin'd for the Argive hoſt
A ſorrowful return; for neither juſt
Were all, nor prudent, therefore many found
A fate diſaſt'rous through the vengeful ire
Of Jove-born Pallas, who between the ſons
Of Atreus ſharp contention interpoſed.
They both, irregularly, and againſt
Juſt order, ſummoning by night the Greeks
To council, of whom many came with wine
Oppreſs'd, promulgated the cauſe for which
They had convened the people. Then it was
That Menelaus bade the general hoſt
Their thoughts bend homeward o'er the ſacred Deep,
Which Agamemnon in no ſort approved.
His counſel was to ſtay them yet at Troy,

That ſo he might aſſuage the dreadful wrath
Of Pallas, firſt, by ſacrifice and pray'r.
Vain hope! he little thought how ill ſhould ſpeed
That fond attempt, for, once provok'd, the Gods
Are not with eaſe conciliated again.
Thus ſtood the brothers, altercation hot
Maintaining, 'till at length, uproſe the Greeks
With deaf'ning clamours, and with diff'ring minds.
We ſlept the night, but teeming with diſguſt
Mutual, for Jove great woe prepar'd for all.
At dawn of day we drew our gallies down
Into the ſea, and, haſty, put on board
The ſpoils and female captives. Half the hoſt,
With Agamemnon, ſon of Atreus, ſtay'd
Supreme commander, and, embarking, half
Puſh'd forth. Swift courſe we made, for Neptune ſmooth'd
The waves before us of the monſtrous Deep.
At Tenedos arriv'd, we there perform'd
Sacrifice to the Gods, ardent to reach
Our native land, but unpropitious Jove,
Not yet deſigning our arrival there,
Involved us in diſſention fierce again.
For all the crews, followers of the King,
Thy noble Sire, to gratify our Chief,
The ſon of Atreus, choſe a diff'rent courſe,
And ſteer'd their oary barks again to Troy.
But I, aſſured that evil from the Gods
Impended, gath'ring all my gallant fleet,

Fled thence in haſte, and warlike Diomede
Exhorting his attendants, alſo fled.
At length, the Hero Menelaus join'd
Our fleets at Leſbos; there he found us held
In deep deliberation on the length
Of way before us, whether we ſhould ſteer
Above the craggy Chios to the iſle
Pſyria, that iſland holding on our left,
Or under Chios by the wind-ſwept heights
Of Mimas. Then we aſk'd from Jove a ſign,
And by a ſign vouchſafed he bade us cut
The wide ſea to Eubœa ſheer athwart,
So ſooneſt to eſcape the threat'ned harm.
Shrill ſang the riſing gale, and with ſwift prows
Cleaving the fiſhy flood, we reach'd by night
Geræſtus, where arrived, we burn'd the thighs
Of num'rous bulls to Neptune, who had ſafe
Conducted us through all our perilous courſe.
The fleet of Diomede in ſafety moor'd
On the fourth day at Argos, but myſelf
Held on my courſe to Pylus, nor the wind
One moment thwarted us, or died away,
When Jove had once commanded it to blow.
Thus, uninform'd, I have arrived, my ſon!
Nor of the Greecians, who are ſaved have heard,
Or who have periſh'd; but what news ſoe'er
I have obtain'd ſince my return, with truth
I will relate, nor aught conceal from thee.

The ſpear-famed Myrmidons, as rumour ſpeaks,
By Neoptolemus, illuſtrious ſon
Of brave Achilles led, have ſafe arrived;
Safe, Philoctetes alſo, ſon renown'd
Of Pæas; and Idomeneus at Crete
Hath landed all his followers who ſurvive
The bloody war, the waves have ſwallow'd none.
Ye have yourſelves doubtleſs, although remote,
Of Agamemnon heard, how he return'd,
And how Ægiſthus cruelly contrived
For him a bloody welcome, but himſelf
Hath with his own life paid the murth'rous deed.
Good is it, therefore, if a ſon ſurvive
The ſlain, ſince Agamemnon's ſon hath well
Avenged his father's death, ſlaying, himſelf,
Ægiſthus, foul aſſaſſin of his Sire.
Young friend! (for pleas'd thy vig'rous youth I view,
And juſt proportion) be thou alſo bold,
That thine like his may be a deathleſs name.
Then, prudent, him anſwer'd Telemachus.
Oh Neſtor, Neleus' ſon, glory of Greece!
And righteous was that vengeance; *his* renown
Achaia's ſons ſhall far and wide diffuſe,
To future times tranſmitting it in ſong.
Ah! would that ſuch ability the Gods
Would grant to me, that I, as well, the deeds
Might puniſh of our ſuitors, whoſe exceſs
Enormous, and whoſe bitter taunts I feel

Continual,

Continual, object of their ſubtle hate.
But not for me ſuch happineſs the Gods
Have twined into my thread; no, not for me
Or for my father. Patience is our part.
To whom Gerenian Neſtor thus replied.
Young friend! (ſince thou remind'ſt me of that theme)
Fame here reports that num'rous ſuitors haunt
Thy palace for thy mother's ſake, and there
Much evil perpetrate in thy deſpight.
But ſay, endur'ſt thou willing their controul
Imperious, or becauſe the people, ſway'd
By ſome reſponſe oracular, incline
Againſt thee? But who knows? the time may come
When to his home reſtored, either alone,
Or aided by the force of all the Greeks,
Ulyſſes may avenge the wrong; at leaſt,
Should Pallas azure-eyed thee love, as erſt
At Troy, the ſcene of our unnumber'd woes,
She lov'd Ulyſſes (for I have not known
The Gods aſſiſting ſo apparently
A mortal man, as him Minerva there)
Should Pallas view thee alſo with like love
And kind ſolicitude, ſome few of thoſe
Should dream, perchance, of wedlock never more.
Then anſwer thus Telemachus return'd.
That word's accompliſhment I cannot hope;
It promiſes too much; the thought alone
O'erwhelms me; an event ſo fortunate

Would,

Would, unexpected on my part, arrive,
Although the Gods themſelves ſhould purpoſe it.
But Pallas him anſwer'd cærulean-eyed.
Telemachus! what word was that which leap'd
The iv'ry * guard that ſhould have fenced it in?
A God, ſo willing, could with utmoſt eaſe
Save any man, howe'er remote. Myſelf,
I had much rather, many woes endured,
Reviſit home, at laſt, happy and ſafe,
Than, ſooner coming, die in my own houſe,
As Agamemnon periſh'd by the arts
Of baſe Ægiſthus and the ſubtle Queen.
Yet not the Gods themſelves can ſave from death
All-levelling, the man whom moſt they love,
When Fate ordains him once to his laſt ſleep.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Howe'er it intereſt us, let us leave
This queſtion, Mentor! He, I am aſſured,
Returns no more, but hath already found
A ſad, ſad fate by the decree of heav'n.
But I would now interrogate again
Neſtor, and on a different theme, for him
In human rights I judge, and laws expert,
And in all knowledge beyond other men;
For he hath govern'd, as report proclaims,

* Ερκος οδοντων. Prior alluding to this expreſſion, ludicrouſly renders it
"When words like theſe in vocal breath
"Burſt from his twofold hedge of teeth."

Three

Three generations; therefore in my eyes
He wears the awful impreſs of a God.
Oh Neſtor, ſon of Neleus, tell me true;
What was the manner of Atrides' death,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon? Tell me where
Was Menelaus? By what means contrived
Ægiſthus to inflict the fatal blow,
Slaying ſo much a nobler than himſelf?
Had not the brother of the Monarch reach'd
Achaian Argos yet, but, wand'ring ſtill
In other climes, by his long abſence gave
Ægiſthus courage for that bloody deed?
Whom anſwer'd the Gerenian Chief renown'd.
My ſon! I will inform thee true; meantime
Thy own ſuſpicions border on the fact.
Had Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,
Ægiſthus found living at his return
From Ilium, never on *his* bones the Greeks
Had heap'd a tomb, but dogs and rav'ning fowls
Had torn him lying in the open field
Far from the town, nor him had woman wept
Of all in Greece, for he had foul tranſgreſs'd.
But we, in many an arduous taſk engaged,
Lay before Ilium; he, the while, ſecure
Within the green retreats of Argos, found
Occaſion apt by flatt'ry to delude
The ſpouſe of Agamemnon; ſhe, at firſt,
(The royal Clytemneſtra) firm refuſed

The deed diſhonourable (for ſhe bore
A virtuous mind, and at her ſide a bard
Attended ever, whom the King, to Troy
Departing, had appointed to the charge.)
But when the Gods had purpoſed to enſnare
Ægiſthus, then diſmiſſing far remote
The bard into a deſart iſle, he there
Abandon'd him to rav'ning fowls a prey,
And to his own home, willing as himſelf
Led Clytemneſtra. Num'rous thighs he burn'd
On all their hallow'd altars to the Gods,
And hung with tap'ſtry, images, and gold
Their ſhrines, his great exploit paſt hope atchiev'd.
We (Menelaus and myſelf) had ſailed
From Troy together, but when we approach'd
Sunium, headland of th' Athenian ſhore,
There Phœbus, ſudden, with his gentle ſhafts
Slew Menelaus' pilot while he ſteer'd
The volant bark, Phrontis, Onetor's ſon,
A mariner paſt all expert, whom none
In ſteerage match'd, what time the tempeſt roar'd.
Here, therefore, Menelaus was detained,
Giving his friend due burial, and his rites
Funereal celebrating, though in haſte
Still to proceed. But when, with all his fleet
The wide ſea traverſing, he reach'd at length
Malea's lofty foreland in his courſe,
Rough paſſage, then, and perilous he found.

Shrill

Shrill blaſts the Thund'rer pour'd into his ſails,
And wild waves ſent him mountainous. His ſhips
There ſcatter'd, ſome to the Cydonian coaſt
Of Crete he puſh'd, near where the Jardan flows.
Beſide the confines of Gortyna ſtands,
Amid the gloomy flood, a ſmooth rock, ſteep
Toward the ſea, againſt whoſe leftward point
Phæſtus by name, the South wind rolls the ſurge
Amain, which yet the rock, though ſmall, repells.
Hither with part he came, and ſcarce the crews
Themſelves eſcaped, while the huge billows broke
Their ſhips againſt the rocks; yet five he ſaved,
Which winds and waves drove to the Ægyptian ſhore.
Thus he, proviſion gath'ring as he went
And gold abundant, roam'd to diſtant lands
And nations of another tongue. Meantime,
Ægiſthus theſe enormities at home
Deviſing, ſlew Atrides, and ſupreme
Ruled the ſubjected land; ſev'n years he reign'd
In opulent Mycenæ, but the eighth
From Athens brought renown'd Oreſtes home
For his deſtruction, who of life bereaved
Ægiſthus, baſe aſſaſſin of his Sire.
Oreſtes, therefore, the funereal rites
Performing to his ſhameleſs mother's ſhade
And to her luſtful paramour, a feaſt
Gave to the Argives; on which ſelf-ſame day
The warlike Menelaus, with his ſhips

All treaſure-laden to the brink, arrived.
And thou, young friend! from thy forſaken home
Rove not long time remote, thy treaſures left
At mercy of thoſe proud, leſt they divide
And waſte the whole, rend'ring thy voyage vain.
But hence to Menelaus is the courſe
To which I counſel thee; for he hath come
Of late from diſtant lands, whence to eſcape
No man could hope, whom tempeſts firſt had driv'n
Devious into ſo wide a ſea, from which
Themſelves the birds of heaven could not arrive
In a whole year, ſo vaſt is the expanſe.
Go, then, with ſhip and ſhipmates, or if more
The land delight thee, ſteeds thou ſhalt not want
Nor chariot, and my ſons ſhall be thy guides
To noble Lacedemon, the abode
Of Menelaus; aſk from him the truth,
Who will not lye, for he is paſſing wiſe.
While thus he ſpake, the ſun declined, and night
Approaching, blue-eyed Pallas interpoſed.
Oh antient King! well haſt thou ſpoken all.
But now delay not. Cut * ye forth the tongues,
And mingle wine, that (Neptune firſt invoked
With due libation, and the other Gods)
We may repair to reſt; for even now

* It is ſaid to have been cuſtomary in the days of Homer, when the Greeks retired from a banquet to their beds, to cut out the tongues of the victims, and offer them to the Gods in particular who preſided over converſation.

The

The ſun is ſunk, and it becomes us not
Long to protract a banquet to the Gods
Devote, but in fit ſeaſon to depart.
So ſpake Jove's daughter; they obedient heard.
The heralds, then, pour'd water on their hands,
And the attendant youths, filling the cups,
Served them from left to right. Next all the tongues
They caſt into the fire, and ev'ry gueſt
Ariſing, pour'd libation to the Gods.
Libation made, and all with wine ſufficed,
Godlike Telemachus and Pallas both
Would have return'd, incontinent, on board,
But Neſtor urged them ſtill to be his gueſts.
Forbid it, Jove, and all the Pow'rs of heav'n!
That ye ſhould leave me to repair on board
Your veſſel, as I were ſome needy wretch
Cloakleſs and deſtitute of fleecy ſtores
Wherewith to ſpread the couch ſoft for myſelf,
Or for my gueſts. No. I have garments warm
An ample ſtore, and rugs of richeſt dye;
And never ſhall Ulyſſes' ſon belov'd,
My friend's own ſon, ſleep on a galley's plank
While I draw vital air; grant alſo, heav'n,
That, dying, I may leave behind me ſons
Glad to accommodate whatever gueſt!
Him anſwer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
Old Chief! thou haſt well ſaid, and reaſon bids
Telemachus thy kind commands obey.

Let

Let *him* attend thee hence, that he may ſleep
Beneath thy roof, but I return on board
Myſelf, to inſtruct my people, and to give
All needful orders; for among them none
Is old as I, but they are youths alike,
Coevals of Telemachus, with whom
They have embark'd for friendſhip's ſake alone.
I therefore will repoſe myſelf on board
This night, and to the Caucons bold in arms
Will ſail to-morrow, to demand arrears
Long time unpaid, and of no ſmall amount.
But, ſince he is become thy gueſt, afford
My friend a chariot, and a ſon of thine
Who ſhall direct his way, nor let him want
Of all thy ſteeds the ſwifteſt and the beſt.
So ſaying, the blue-eyed Goddeſs as upborne
On eagles wings, vaniſh'd; amazement ſeized
The whole aſſembly, and the antient King
O'erwhelm'd with wonder at that ſight, the hand
Graſp'd of Telemachus, whom he thus beſpake.
My friend! I prophecy that thou ſhalt prove
Nor baſe nor daſtard, whom, ſo young, the Gods
Already take in charge; for of the Pow'rs
Inhabitants of heav'n, none elſe was this
Than Jove's own daughter Pallas, who among
The Greecians honour'd moſt thy gen'rous Sire.
But thou, O Queen! compaſſionate us all,
Myſelf, my ſons, my conſort; give to each

A glorious

A glorious name, and I to thee will give
For ſacrifice an heifer of the year,
Broad-fronted, one that never yet hath borne
The yoke, and will incaſe her horns with gold.
So Neſtor pray'd, whom Pallas gracious heard.
Then the Gerenian warrior old, before
His ſons and ſons in law, to his abode
Magnificent proceeded; they (arrived
Within the ſplendid palace of the King)
On thrones and couches ſat in order ranged,
Whom Neſtor welcom'd, charging high the cup
With wine of richeſt ſort, which ſhe who kept
That treaſure, now, in the eleventh year
Firſt broach'd, unſealing the delicious juice.
With this the hoary Senior fill'd a cup,
And to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd
Pouring libation, offer'd fervent pray'r.
When all had made libation, and no wiſh
Remain'd of more, then each to reſt retired,
And Neſtor the Gerenian warrior old
Led thence Telemachus to a carved couch
Beneath the ſounding portico prepared.
Beſide him he bade ſleep the ſpearman bold,
Piſiſtratus, a gallant youth, the ſole
Unwedded in his houſe of all his ſons.
Himſelf in the interior palace lay,
Where couch and cov'ring for her ancient ſpouſe
The conſort Queen had diligent prepar'd.

But

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Had tinged the Eaſt, ariſing from his bed,
Gerenian Neſtor iſſued forth, and ſat
Before his palace-gate on the white ſtones
Reſplendent as with oil, on which of old
His father Neleus had been wont to ſit,
In council like a God; but he had ſought,
By deſtiny diſmiſs'd long ſince, the ſhades.
On thoſe ſtones therefore now, Neſtor himſelf,
Achaia's guardian, ſat, ſceptre in hand,
Where ſoon his num'rous ſons, leaving betimes
The place of their repoſe, alſo appeared,
Echephron, Stratius, Perſeus, Thraſymedes,
Aretus and Piſiſtratus. They placed
Godlike Telemachus at Neſtor's ſide,
And the Gerenian Hero thus began.
Sons be ye quick—execute with diſpatch
My purpoſe, that I may propitiate firſt
Of all the Gods Minerva, who herſelf
Hath honour'd manifeſt our hallow'd feaſt.
Haſte, one, into the field, to order thence
An ox, and let the herdſman drive it home.
Another, haſting to the ſable bark
Of brave Telemachus, bring hither all
His friends, ſave two, and let a third command
Laerceus, that he come to enwrap with gold
The victim's horns. Abide ye here, the reſt,
And bid my female train (for I intend

A banquet)

A banquet) with all diligence provide
Seats, ſtores of wood, and water from the rock.
He ſaid, whom inſtant all obey'd. The ox
Came from the field, and from the gallant ſhip
The ſhip-mates of the brave Telemachus;
Next, charged with all his implements of art,
His mallet, anvil, pincers, came the ſmith
To give the horns their gilding; alſo came
Pallas herſelf to her own ſacred rites.
Then Neſtor, hoary warrior, furniſh'd gold,
Which, hammer'd thin, the artiſt wrapp'd around
The victim's horns, that ſeeing him attired
So coſtly, Pallas might the more be pleaſed.
Stratius and brave Echephron introduced
The victim by his horns; Aretus brought
A laver, in one hand, with flow'rs emboſs'd,
And in his other hand a baſket ſtored
With cakes, while warlike Thraſymedes, arm'd
With his long-hafted ax, prepared to ſmite
The ox, and Perſeus to receive the blood.
The hoary Neſtor conſecrated firſt
Both cakes and water, and with earneſt pray'r
To Pallas, gave the forelock to the flames.
When all had worſhipp'd, and the broken cakes
Sprinkled, then godlike Thraſymedes drew
Cloſe to the ox, and ſmote him. Deep the edge
Enter'd, and ſenſeleſs on the floor he fell.
Then Neſtor's daughters, and the conſorts all

Of Neſtor's ſons, with his own conſort, chaſte
Eurydice, the daughter eldeſt-born
Of Clymenus, in one ſhrill oriſon
Vocif'rous join'd, while they, lifting the ox,
Held him ſupported firmly, and the prince
Of men, Piſiſtratus, his gullet pierced.
Soon as the ſable blood had ceaſed, and life
Had left the victim, ſpreading him abroad,
With nice addreſs they parted at the joint
His thighs, and wrapp'd them in the double cawl,
Which with crude ſlices thin they overſpread.
Neſtor burn'd incenſe, and libation pour'd
Large on the hiſſing brands, while, him beſide,
Buſy with ſpit and prong, ſtood many a youth
Train'd to the taſk. The thighs conſumed, each took
His portion of the maw, then, ſlaſhing well
The remnant, they tranſpierced it with the ſpits
Neatly, and held it reeking at the fire.
Meantime the youngeſt of the daughters fair
Of Neſtor, beauteous Polycaſte, laved,
Anointed, and in veſt and tunic cloathed
Telemachus, who, ſo refreſh'd, ſtepp'd forth
From the bright laver graceful as a God,
And took his ſeat at antient Neſtor's ſide.
The viands dreſs'd, and from the ſpits withdrawn,
They ſat to ſhare the feaſt, and princely youths
Ariſing, gave them wine in cups of gold.
When neither hunger now nor thirſt remain'd

Unſated,

Unſated, thus Gerenian Neſtor ſpake.
My ſons, ariſe! lead forth the ſprightly ſteeds,
And yoke them, that Telemachus may go.
So ſpake the Chief, to whoſe command his ſons,
Obedient, yoked in haſte the rapid ſteeds,
And the intendant matron of the ſtores
Diſpoſed meantime within the chariot, bread
And wine, with dainties, ſuch as princes eat.
Telemachus into the chariot firſt
Aſcended, and beſide him, next, his place
Piſiſtratus the ſon of Neſtor took,
Then ſeiz'd the reins, and laſh'd the courſers on.
They, nothing loth, into the open plain
Flew, leaving lofty Pylus ſoon afar.
Thus, journeying, they ſhook on either ſide
The yoke all day, and now the ſetting ſun
To duſky evening had reſign'd the roads,
When they to Pheræ came, and the abode
Reach'd of Diocles, whoſe illuſtrious Sire
Orſilochus from Alpheus drew his birth,
And there, with kindneſs entertain'd, they ſlept.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy from the Eaſt, yoking the ſteeds,
They in their ſumptuous chariot ſat again.
The ſon of Neſtor plied the laſh, and forth
Through veſtibule and ſounding portico
The royal courſers, not unwilling, flew.

A corn-inveſted land receiv'd them next,
And there they brought their journey to a cloſe,
So rapidly they moved; and now the ſun
Went down, and even-tide dimm'd all the ways.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE

# FOURTH BOOK.

**Telemachus, with Piſiſtratus, arrives at the palace of Menelaus, from whom he receives ſome freſh information concerning the return of the Greecians, and is in particular told on the authority of Proteus, that his father is detained by Calypſo. The ſuitors, plotting againſt the life of Telemachus, lie in wait to intercept him in his return to Ithaca. Penelope being informed of his departure, and of their deſigns to ſlay him, becomes inconſolable, but is relieved by a dream ſent to her from Minerva.**

## BOOK IV.

IN hollow Lacedæmon's ſpacious vale
Arriving, to the houſe they drove direct
Of royal Menelaus; him they found
In his own palace, all his num'rous friends
Regaling at a nuptial banquet giv'n
Both for his daughter and the prince his ſon.
His daughter to renown'd Achilles' heir
He ſent, to whom he had at Troy engaged
To give her, and the Gods now made her his.
With chariots and with ſteeds he ſent her forth

To the illuſtrious city where the prince,
Achilles' offſpring, ruled the Myrmidons.
But to his ſon he gave a Spartan fair,
Alector's daughter; from an handmaid ſprang
That ſon to Menelaus in his age,
Brave Megapenthes; for the Gods no child
To Helen gave, made mother, once, of her
Who vied in perfect lovelineſs of form
With golden Venus' ſelf, Hermione.
Thus all the neighbour princes and the friends
Of noble Menelaus, feaſting ſat
Within his ſpacious palace, among whom
A ſacred bard ſang ſweetly to his harp,
While, in the midſt, two dancers ſmote the ground
With meaſur'd ſteps reſponſive to his ſong.
And now the Heroes, Neſtor's noble ſon
And young Telemachus arrived within
The veſtibule, whom, iſſuing from the hall,
The noble Eteoneus of the train
Of Menelaus, ſaw; at once he ran
Acroſs the palace to report the news
To his Lord's ear, and, ſtanding at his ſide,
In accents wing'd with haſte thus greeted him.
Oh Menelaus! Heav'n-deſcended Chief!
Two gueſts arrive, both ſtrangers, but the race
Of Jove ſupreme reſembling each in form.
Say, ſhall we looſe, ourſelves, their rapid ſteeds,
Or hence diſmiſs them to ſome other hoſt?

But

But Menelaus, Hero golden-hair'd,
Indignant anſwer'd him. Boethe's ſon!
Thou waſt not, Eteoneus, heretofore,
A babbler, who now prateſt as a child.
We have ourſelves arrived indebted much
To hoſpitality of other men,
If Jove ſhall, even here, ſome pauſe at laſt
Of woe afford us. Therefore looſe, at once,
Their ſteeds, and introduce them to the feaſt.
He ſaid, and, iſſuing, Eteoneus call'd
The briſk attendants to his aid, with whom
He loos'd their foaming courſers from the yoke.
Them firſt they bound to mangers, which with oats
And mingled barley they ſupplied, then thruſt
The chariot ſidelong to the ſplendid * wall.
Themſelves he, next, into the royal houſe
Conducted, who ſurvey'd, wond'ring, the abode
Of the heav'n-favour'd King; for on all ſides
As with the ſplendour of the ſun or moon
The lofty dome of Menelaus blazed.
Satiate, at length, with wonder at that ſight,
They enter'd each a bath, and by the hands
Of maidens laved, and oil'd, and cloath'd again
With ſhaggy mantles and reſplendent veſts,
Sat both enthroned at Menelaus' ſide.
And now a maiden charged with golden ew'r,

* Heſychius tells us, that the Greecians ornamented with much attention the front wall of their courts for the admiration of paſſengers.

And

And with an argent laver, pouring firſt
Pure water on their hands, ſupplied them next,
With a bright table, which the maiden, chief
In office, furniſh'd plenteouſly with bread
And dainties, remnants of the laſt regale.
Then came the ſew'r, who with delicious meats
Diſh after diſh, ſerved them, and placed beſide
The chargers cups magnificent of gold,
When Menelaus graſp'd their hands, and ſaid.

Eat and rejoice, and when ye ſhall have ſhared
Our nuptial banquet, we will, then, inquire
Who are ye both; for, certain, not from thoſe
Whoſe generation periſhes are ye,
But rather of ſome race of ſceptred Chiefs
Heav'n-born; the baſe have never ſons like you.

So ſaying, he from the board lifted his own
Diſtinguiſh'd portion, and the fatted chine
Gave to his gueſts; the ſav'ry viands they
With outſtretch'd hands aſſail'd, and when the force
No longer now of appetite they felt,
Telemachus, inclining cloſe his head
To Neſtor's ſon, leſt others ſhould his ſpeech
Witneſs, in whiſper'd words him thus addreſs'd.

Deareſt Piſiſtratus, obſerve, my friend!
How all the echoing palace with the light
Of beaming braſs, of gold and amber ſhines
Silver and ivory! for radiance ſuch
Th' interior manſion of Olympian Jove

I deem.

I deem. What wealth, how various, how immenſe
Is here! aſtoniſh'd I ſurvey the ſight!
But Menelaus, golden-hair'd, his ſpeech
O'erhearing, thus in accents wing'd replied.
My children! let no mortal man pretend
Compariſon with Jove; for Jove's abode
And all his ſtores are incorruptible.
But whether mortal man with me may vie
In the diſplay of wealth, or whether not,
This know, that after many toils endured,
And perilous wand'rings wide, in the eighth year
I brought my treaſures home. Remote I roved
To Cyprus, to Phœnice, to the ſhores
Of Ægypt; Æthiopia's land I reach'd,
Th' Erembi, the Sidonians, and the coaſts
Of Lybia, where the lambs their foreheads ſhew
At once with horns defended, ſoon as yean'd.
There, thrice within the year the flocks produce,
Nor maſter, there, nor ſhepherd ever feels
A dearth of cheeſe, of fleſh, or of ſweet milk
Delicious, drawn from udders never dry.
While, thus, commodities on various coaſts
Gath'ring I roam'd, another, by the arts
Of his pernicious ſpouſe aided, of life
Bereav'd my brother privily, and when leaſt
He fear'd to loſe it. Therefore little joy
To me reſults from all that I poſſeſs.
Your fathers (be thoſe fathers who they may)

Theſe things have doubtleſs told you; for immenſe
Have been my ſuff'rings, and I have deſtroy'd
A palace well inhabited and ſtored
With precious furniture in ev'ry kind;
Such, that I would to heav'n! I own'd at home
Though but the third of it, and that the Greeks
Who periſh'd then, beneath the walls of Troy
Far from ſteed-paſtured Argos, ſtill ſurvived.
Yet while, ſequeſter'd here, I frequent mourn
My ſlaughter'd friends, by turns I ſooth my ſoul
With tears ſhed for them, and by turns again
I ceaſe; for grief ſoon ſatiates free indulged.
But of them all, although I all bewail,
None mourn I ſo as one, whom calling back
To memory, I both ſleep and food abhor.
For, of Achaia's ſons none ever toiled
Strenuous as Ulyſſes; but his lot
Was woe, and unremitting ſorrow mine
For his long abſence, who, if ſtill he live,
We know not aught, or be already dead.
Him doubtleſs, old Laertes mourns, and him
Diſcrete Penelope, nor leſs his ſon
Telemachus, born newly when he ſail'd.
So ſaying, he kindled in him ſtrong deſire
To mourn his father; at his father's name
Faſt fell his tears to ground, and with both hands
He ſpread his purple cloak before his eyes;
Which Menelaus marking, doubtful ſat

If he ſhould leave him leiſure for his tears,
Or queſtion him, and tell him all at large.
While thus he doubted, Helen (as it chanced)
Leaving her fragrant chamber, came, auguſt
As Dian, goddeſs of the golden bow.
Adraſta, for her uſe, ſet forth a throne,
Alcippe with ſoft arras cover'd it,
And Philo brought her ſilver baſket, gift
Of fair Alcandra, wife of Polybus,
Whoſe manſion in Ægyptian Thebes is rich
In untold treaſure, and who gave, himſelf,
Ten golden talents, and two ſilver baths
To Menelaus, with two ſplendid tripods
Beſide the noble gifts which, at the hand
Of his illuſtrious ſpouſe, Helen receiv'd;
A golden ſpindle, and a baſket wheel'd,
Itſelf of ſilver, and its lip of gold.
That baſket Philo, her own handmaid, placed
At beauteous Helen's ſide, charged to the brim
With ſlender threads, on which the ſpindle lay,
With wool of purple luſtre wrapp'd around.
Approaching, on her foot-ſtool'd throne ſhe ſat,
And, inſtant, of her royal ſpouſe enquired.
Know we, my Menelaus, dear to Jove!
Theſe gueſts of ours, and whence they have arrived?
Erroneous I may ſpeak, yet ſpeak I muſt;
In man or woman never have I ſeen
Such likeneſs to another (wonder-fixt

I gaze) as in this ſtranger to the ſon
Of brave Ulyſſes, whom that Hero left
New-born at home, when (ſhameleſs as I was)
For my unworthy ſake the Greecians ſailed
To Ilium, with fierce rage of battle fired.

Then Menelaus, thus, the golden-hair'd.
I alſo ſuch reſemblance find in him
As thou; ſuch feet, ſuch hands, the caſt * of eye
Similar, and the head and flowing locks.
And even now, when I Ulyſſes named,
And his great ſufferings mention'd, in my cauſe,
The bitter tear dropp'd from his lids, while broad
Before his eyes his purple cloak he ſpread.

To whom the ſon of Neſtor thus replied.
Atrides! Menelaus! Chief renown'd!
He is in truth his ſon, as thou haſt ſaid,
But he is modeſt, and would much himſelf
Condemn, if, at his firſt arrival here,
He ſhould loquacious ſeem and bold to thee,
To whom we liſten, captived by thy voice,
As if ſome God had ſpoken. As for me,
Neſtor, my father, the Gerenian Chief
Bade me conduct him hither, for he wiſh'd
To ſee thee, promiſing himſelf from thee
The benefit of ſome kind word or deed.
For, deſtitute of other aid, he much
His father's tedious abſence mourns at home.

* Οφθαλμῶν τε βολαὶ.

So

So fares Telemachus; his father ſtrays
Remote, and, in his ſtead, no friend hath he
Who might avert the miſchiefs that he feels.
To whom the Hero amber-hair'd replied.
Ye Gods! the offspring of indeed a friend
Hath reach'd my houſe, of one who hath endured
Arduous conflicts num'rous for my ſake;
And much I purpos'd, had Olympian Jove
Vouchſaf'd us proſp'rous paſſage o'er the Deep,
To have receiv'd him with ſuch friendſhip here
As none beſide. In Argos I had then
Founded a city for him, and had rais'd
A palace for himſelf; I would have brought
The Hero hither, and his ſon, with all
His people, and with all his wealth, ſome town
Evacuating for his ſake, of thoſe
Ruled by myſelf, and neighb'ring cloſe my own.
Thus ſituate, we had often interchanged
Sweet converſe, nor had other cauſe at laſt
Our friendſhip terminated or our joys,
Than death's black cloud o'erſhadowing him or me.
But ſuch delights could only envy move
Ev'n in the Gods, who have, of all the Greeks,
Amerced *him* only of his wiſh'd return.
So ſaying, he kindled the deſire to weep
In ev'ry boſom. Argive Helen wept
Abundant, Jove's own daughter; wept as faſt
Telemachus and Menelaus both;

Nor

Nor Neſtor's ſon with tearleſs eyes remain'd,
Calling to mind Antilochus * by the ſon †
Illuſtrious of the bright Aurora ſlain,
Rememb'ring whom, in accents wing'd he ſaid.
Atrides! antient Neſtor, when of late
Converſing with him, we remember'd thee,
Pronounced thee wiſe beyond all human-kind.
Now therefore, let not even my advice
Diſpleaſe thee. It affords me no delight
To intermingle tears with my repaſt,
And ſoon, Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Will tinge the orient. Not that I account
Due lamentation of a friend deceaſed
Blameworthy, ſince, to ſheer the locks and weep,
Is all we can for the unhappy dead.
I alſo have my grief, call'd to lament
One, not the meaneſt of Achaia's ſons,
My brother; him I cannot but ſuppoſe
To thee well-known, although unknown to me
Who ſaw ‡ him never; but report proclaims
Antilochus ſuperior to the moſt,
In ſpeed ſuperior, and in feats of arms.
To whom, the Hero of the yellow locks.
O friend belov'd! ſince nought which thou haſt ſaid
Or recommended now, would have diſgraced

* Antilochus was his brother. † The ſon of Aurora, who ſlew Antilochus, was Memnon. ‡ Becauſe Piſiſtratus was born after Antilochus had ſailed to Troy.

A man

A man of years maturer far than thine,
(For wiſe thy father is, and ſuch art thou,
And eaſy is it to diſcern the ſon
Of ſuch a father, whom Saturnian Jove
In marriage both and at his birth ordain'd
To great felicity; for he hath giv'n
To Neſtor gradually to ſink at home
Into old age, and, while he lives, to ſee
His ſons paſt others wiſe, and ſkill'd in arms)
The ſorrow into which we ſudden fell
Shall pauſe. Come—now remember we the feaſt;
Pour water on our hands, for we ſhall find,
(Telemachus and I) no dearth of themes
For mutual converſe when the day ſhall dawn.

He ended; then, Aſphalion, at his word,
Servant of glorious Menelaus, poured
Pure water on their hands, and they the feaſt
Before them with keen appetite aſſail'd.
But Jove-born Helen otherwiſe, meantime,
Employ'd, into the wine of which they drank
A drug infuſed, antidote to the pains
Of grief and anger, a moſt potent charm
For ills of ev'ry name. Whoe'er his wine
So medicated drinks, he ſhall not pour
All day the tears down his wan cheek, although
His father and his mother both were dead,
Nor even though his brother or his ſon
Had fall'n in battle, and before his eyes.

Such

Such drugs Jove's daughter own'd, with ſkill prepared,
And of prime virtue, by the wife of Thone,
Ægyptian Polydamna, given her.
For Ægypt teems with drugs, yielding no few
Which, mingled with the drink, are good, and many
Of baneful juice, and enemies to life.
There ev'ry man in ſkill medicinal
Excells, for they are ſons of Pæon all.
That drug infuſed, ſhe bade her ſervant pour
The bev'rage forth, and thus her ſpeech reſumed.
Atrides! Menelaus! dear to Jove!
Theſe alſo are the ſons of Chiefs renown'd,
(For Jove, as pleaſes him, to each aſſigns
Or good or evil, whom all things obey)
Now therefore, feaſting at your eaſe reclined,
Liſten with pleaſure, for myſelf, the while,
Will matter ſeaſonable interpoſe.
I cannot all rehearſe, nor even name,
(Omitting none) the conflicts and exploits
Of brave Ulyſſes; but with what addreſs
Succeſsful, one atchievement he perform'd
At Ilium, where Achaia's ſons endured
Such hardſhip, will I ſpeak. Inflicting wounds
Diſhonourable on himſelf, he took
A tatter'd garb, and like a ſerving-man
Enter'd the ſpacious city of your foes.
So veil'd, ſome mendicant he ſeem'd, although
No Greecian leſs deſerved that name than he.

In

In ſuch diſguiſe he enter'd; all alike
Miſdeem'd him; me alone he not deceived
Who challeng'd him, but, ſhrewd, he turn'd away.
At length, however, when I had myſelf
Bathed him, anointed, cloath'd him, and had ſworn
Not to declare him openly in Troy
'Till he ſhould reach again the camp and fleet,
He told me the whole purpoſe of the Greeks.
Then, (many a Trojan ſlaughter'd,) he regain'd
The camp, and much intelligence he bore
To the Achaians. Oh what wailing then
Was heard of Trojan women! but my heart
Exulted, alter'd now, and wiſhing home;
For now my crime committed under force
Of Venus' influence I deplored, what time
She led me to a country far remote,
A wand'rer from the matrimonial bed,
From my own child, and from my rightful Lord
Alike unblemiſh'd both in form and mind.
Her anſwer'd then the Hero golden-hair'd.
Helen! thou haſt well ſpoken. All is true.
I have the talents fathom'd and the minds
Of num'rous Heroes, and have travell'd far,
Yet never ſaw I with theſe eyes in man
Such firmneſs as the calm Ulyſſes own'd;
None ſuch as in the wooden horſe he proved,
Where all our braveſt ſat, deſigning woe
And bloody havoc for the ſons of Troy.

Thou thither cam'ſt, impell'd, as it ſhould ſeem,
By ſome divinity inclined to give
Victory to our foes, and with thee came
Godlike Deiphobus. Thrice round about
The hollow ambuſh, ſtriking with thy hand
Its ſides thou went'ſt, and by his name didſt call
Each prince of Greece, feigning his conſort's voice.
Myſelf with Diomede, and with divine
Ulyſſes, ſeated in the midſt, the call
Heard plain and loud; we (Diomede and I)
With ardour burn'd either to quit the horſe
So ſummon'd, or to anſwer from within.
But, all impatient as we were, Ulyſſes
Controul'd the raſh deſign; ſo there the ſons
Of the Achaians ſilent ſat and mute,
And of us all Anticlus would alone
Have anſwer'd; but Ulyſſes, with both hands
Compreſſing cloſe his lips, ſaved us, nor ceaſed
'Till Pallas thence conducted thee again.
Then thus, diſcrete, Telemachus replied.
Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!
Hard was his lot, whom theſe rare qualities
Preſerved not, neither had his dauntleſs heart
Been iron, had he ſcaped his cruel doom.
But haſte, diſmiſs us hence, that on our beds
Repoſed, we may enjoy ſleep, needful now.
He ceas'd; then Argive Helen gave command
To her attendant maidens to prepare

Beds

Beds in the portico with purple rugs
Reſplendent, and with arras, overſpread,
And cover'd warm with cloaks of ſhaggy pile.
Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
And ſpread the couches; next, the herald them
Led forth, and in the veſtibule the ſon
Of Neſtor and the youthful Hero ſlept,
Telemachus; but in the interior houſe
Atrides, with the lovelieſt of her ſex
Beſide him, Helen of the ſweeping ſtole.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Glow'd in the Eaſt, then from his couch aroſe
The warlike Menelaus, freſh attired;
His faulchion o'er his ſhoulders ſlung, he bound
His ſandals fair to his unſullied feet,
And like a God iſſuing, at the ſide
Sat of Telemachus, to whom he ſpake.
Hero! Telemachus! what urgent cauſe
Hath hither led thee, to the land far-famed
Of Lacedæmon o'er the ſpacious Deep?
Public concern or private? Tell me true.
To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.
Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!
News ſeeking of my Sire, I have arrived.
My houſehold is devour'd, my fruitful fields
Are deſolated, and my palace fill'd
With enemies, who while they mutual wage
Proud competition for my mother's love,

My flocks continual ſlaughter, and my beeves.
For this cauſe, at thy knees ſuppliant, I beg
That thou wouldſt tell me his diſaſtrous end,
If either thou beheld'ſt with thine own eyes
His death, or from ſome wand'rer of the Greeks
Haſt heard it; for no common woes, alas!
Was he ordain'd to ſhare ev'n from the womb.
Neither through pity or o'erſtrain'd reſpect
Flatter me, but explicit all relate
Which thou haſt witneſs'd. If my noble Sire
E'er gratified thee by performance juſt
Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
So num'rous ſlain in fight, oh recollect
Now his fidelity, and tell me true!

Then Menelaus, ſighing deep, replied.
Gods! their ambition is to reach the bed
Of a brave man, however baſe themſelves.
But as it chances, when the hart hath lay'd
Her fawns new-yean'd and ſucklings yet, to reſt
Within ſome dreadful lion's gloomy den,
She roams the hills, and in the graſſy vales
Feeds heedleſs, 'till the lion, to his lair
Return'd, deſtroys her and her little-ones,
So them thy Sire ſhall terribly deſtroy.
Jove, Pallas and Apollo! oh that ſuch
As erſt in well-built Leſbos, where he ſtrove
With Philomelides, and threw him flat,
A ſight at which Achaia's ſons rejoic'd,

Such,

Such, now, Ulyſſes might aſſail them all!
Short life and bitter nuptials ſhould be theirs.
But thy enquiries neither indirect
Will I evade, nor give thee falſe reply,
But all that from the Antient* of the Deep
I have receiv'd will utter, hiding nought.
As yet the Gods on Ægypt's ſhore detained
Me wiſhing home, angry at my neglect
To heap their altars with ſlain hecatombs.
For they exacted from us evermore
Strict rev'rence of their laws. There is an iſle
Amid the billowy flood, Pharos by name,
In front of Ægypt, diſtant from her ſhore
Far as a veſſel by a ſprightly gale
Impell'd, may puſh her voyage in a day.
The haven there is good, and many a ſhip
Finds wat'ring there from riv'lets on the coaſt.
There me the Gods kept twenty days, no breeze
Propitious granting, that might ſweep the waves,
And uſher to her home the flying bark.
And now had our proviſion, all conſumed,
Left us exhauſted, but a certain nymph
Pitying ſaved me. Daughter fair was ſhe
Of mighty Proteus, Antient of the Deep,
Idothea named; her moſt my ſorrows moved;
She found me from my followers all apart
Wand'ring (for they around the iſle, with hooks

* Proteus.

The

The fiſhes ſnaring roamed, by famine urged)
And ſtanding at my ſide, me thus beſpake.
Stranger! thou muſt be ideot born, or weak
At leaſt in intellect, or thy delight
Is in diſtreſs and mis'ry, who delay'ſt
To leave this iſland, and no egreſs hence
Canſt find, although thy famiſh'd people faint.
So ſpake the Goddeſs, and I thus replied.
I tell thee, whoſoever of the Pow'rs
Divine thou art, that I am priſon'd here
Not willingly, but muſt have, doubtleſs, ſinn'd
Againſt the deathleſs tenants of the ſkies.
Yet ſay (for the Immortals all things know)
What God detains me, and my courſe forbids
Hence to my country o'er the fiſhy Deep?
So I; to whom the Goddeſs all-divine.
Stranger! I will inform thee true. A ſeer
Oracular, the Antient of the Deep,
Immortal Proteus, the Ægyptian, haunts
Theſe ſhores, familiar with all Ocean's gulphs,
And Neptune's ſubject. He is by report
My father; him if thou art able once
To ſeize and bind, he will preſcribe the courſe
With all its meaſured diſtances, by which
Thou ſhalt regain ſecure thy native ſhores.
He will, moreover, at thy ſuit declare,
Thou favour'd of the ſkies! what good, what ill
Hath in thine houſe befall'n, while abſent thou

Thy

Thy voyage difficult perform'ſt and long.
She ſpake, and I replied—Thyſelf reveal
By what effectual bands I may ſecure
The antient Deity marine, leſt, warn'd
Of my approach, he ſhun me and eſcape.
Hard taſk for mortal hands to bind a God!
Then thus Idothea anſwer'd all-divine.
I will inform thee true. Soon as the ſun
Hath climb'd the middle heav'n's, the prophet old,
Emerging while the breezy zephyr blows,
And cover'd with the ſcum of ocean, ſeeks
His ſpacious cove, in which outſtretch'd he lies.
The phocæ* alſo, riſing from the waves,
Offspring of beauteous Haloſydna, ſleep
Around him, num'rous, and the fiſhy ſcent
Exhaling rank of the unfathom'd flood.
Thither conducting thee at peep of day
I will diſpoſe thee in ſome ſafe receſs,
But from among thy followers thou ſhalt chuſe
The braveſt three in all thy gallant fleet.
And now the artifices underſtand
Of the old prophet of the ſea. The ſum
Of all his phocæ numb'ring duly firſt,
He will paſs through them, and when all by fives
He counted hath, will in the midſt repoſe
Content, as ſleeps the ſhepherd with his flock.
When ye ſhall ſee him ſtretch'd, then call to mind

* Seals, or ſea-calves.

That

That moment all your proweſs, and prevent,
Howe'er he ſtrive impatient, his eſcape.
All changes trying, he will take the form
Of ev'ry reptile on the earth, will ſeem
A river now, and now devouring fire;
But hold him ye, and graſp him ſtill the more.
And when himſelf ſhall queſtion you, reſtored
To his own form in which ye found him firſt
Repoſing, then from farther force abſtain;
Then, Hero! looſe the Antient of the Deep,
And aſk him, of the Gods who checks thy courſe
Hence to thy country o'er the fiſhy flood.
So ſaying, ſhe plunged into the billowy waſte.
I then, in various muſings loſt, my ſhips
Along the ſea-beach ſtation'd, ſought again,
And when I reach'd my galley on the ſhore
We ſupp'd, and ſacred night falling from heav'n,
Slept all extended on the ocean-ſide.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, penſive beſide the ſhore
I walk'd of Ocean, frequent to the Gods
Praying devout, then choſe the fitteſt three
For bold aſſault, and worthieſt of my truſt.
Meantime the Goddeſs from the boſom wide
Of Ocean riſing, brought us thence four ſkins
Of phocæ, and all newly-ſtript, a ſnare
Contriving ſubtle to deceive her Sire.
Four cradles in the ſand ſhe ſcoop'd, then ſat

Expecting

Expecting us, who in due time approach'd;
She lodg'd us ſide by ſide, and over each
A raw ſkin caſt. Horrible to ourſelves
Proved that diſguiſe, whom the pernicious ſcent
Of the ſea-nouriſh'd phocæ ſore annoy'd;
For who would lay him down at a whale's ſide?
But ſhe a potent remedy deviſed
Herſelf to ſave us, who the noſtrils ſooth'd
Of each with pure ambroſia thither brought
Odorous, which the fiſhy ſcent ſubdued.
All morning, patient watchers, there we lay;
And now the num'rous phocæ from the Deep
Emerging, ſlept along the ſhore, and he
At noon came alſo, and perceiving there
His fatted monſters, through the flock his courſe
Took regular, and ſumm'd them; with the firſt
He number'd us, ſuſpicion none of fraud
Conceiving, then couch'd alſo. We, at once,
Loud-ſhouting flew on him, and in our arms
Conſtrain'd him faſt; nor the ſea-prophet old
Call'd not incontinent his ſhifts to mind.
Firſt he became a long-maned lion grim,
Then dragon, panther then, a ſavage boar,
A limpid ſtream, and an o'erſhadowing tree.
We perſevering held him, 'till at length
The Antient of the Deep, ſkill'd as he is
In wiles, yet weary, queſtion'd me, and ſaid.

Oh Atreus' ſon, by what confed'rate God
Inſtructed lieſt thou in wait for me,
To ſeize and hold me? what is thy deſire?
So He; to whom thus anſwer I return'd.
Old Seer! thou know'ſt; why, fraudful, ſhould'ſt thou aſk?
It is becauſe I have been priſon'd long
Within this iſle, whence I have ſought in vain
Deliv'rance, 'till my wonted courage fails.
Yet ſay (for the Immortals all things know)
What God detains me, and my courſe forbids
Hence to my country o'er the fiſhy Deep?
So I; when thus the old one of the waves.
* But thy plain duty was to have adored
Jove, firſt, in ſacrifice, and all the Gods,
That then embarking, by propitious gales
Impell'd, thou might'ſt have reach'd thy country ſoon.
For thou art doom'd ne'er to behold again
Thy friends, thy palace, or thy native ſhores,
'Till thou have ſeen once more the hallow'd flood
Of Ægypt, and with hecatombs adored
Devout, the deathleſs tenants of the ſkies.
Then will they ſpeed thee whither thou deſir'ſt.
He ended, and my heart broke at his words,
Which bade me paſs again the gloomy gulph

* From the abruptneſs of this beginning, Virgil, probably, who has copied the ſtory, took the hint of his admired exordium

Nam quis te, juvenum confidentiſſime, noſtras
Egit adire domos.

To

To Ægypt; tedious courſe, and hard to atchieve!
Yet, though in ſorrow whelm'd, I thus replied.
Old prophet! I will all thy will perform.
But tell me, and the truth ſimply reveal;
Have the Achaians with their ſhips arrived
All ſafe, whom Neſtor left and I, at Troy?
Or of the Chiefs have any in their barks,
Or in their followers' arms found a dire death
Unlook'd for, ſince that city's ſiege we cloſed?
I ſpake, when anſwer thus the God return'd.
Atrides, why theſe queſtions? Need is none
That thou ſhould'ſt all my ſecrets learn, which once
Reveal'd, thou would'ſt not long dry-eyed remain.
Of thoſe no few have died, and many live;
But leaders, two alone, in their return
Have died (thou alſo haſt had war to wage)
And one, ſtill living, roams the boundleſs ſea.
*Ajax, ſurrounded by his galleys, died.
Him Neptune, firſt, againſt the bulky rocks
The Gyræ drove, but ſaved him from the Deep;
Nor had he periſh'd, hated as he was
By Pallas, but for his own impious boaſt
In frenzy utter'd, that he would eſcape
The billows, even in the Gods' deſpight.
Neptune that ſpeech vain-glorious hearing, graſp'd
His trident, and the huge Gyræan rock
Smiting indignant, daſh'd it half away;

* Son of Oïleus.

Part ſtood, and part, on which the boaſter ſat
When, firſt, the brainſick fury ſeiz'd him, fell,
Bearing him with it down into the gulphs
Of Ocean, where he drank the brine, and died.
But thy own brother in his barks eſcaped
That fate, by Juno ſaved; yet when, at length,
He ſhould have gain'd Malea's craggy ſhore,
Then, by a ſudden tempeſt caught, he flew
With many a groan far o'er the fiſhy Deep
To the land's utmoſt point, where once his home
Thyeſtes had, but where Thyeſtes' ſon
Dwelt then, Ægiſthus. Eaſy lay his courſe
And open thence, and, as it pleaſed the Gods,
The ſhifted wind ſoon bore them to their home.
He, high in exultation, trod the ſhore
That gave him birth, kiſs'd it, and, at the ſight,
The welcome ſight of Greece, ſhed many a tear.
Yet not unſeen he landed; for a ſpy,
One whom the ſhrewd Ægiſthus had ſeduced
By promiſe of two golden talents, mark'd
His coming from a rock where he had watch'd
The year complete, leſt, paſſing unperceived,
The King ſhould reaſſert his right in arms.
Swift flew the ſpy with tidings to his Lord,
And He, incontinent, this project framed
Inſidious. Twenty men, the boldeſt hearts
Of all the people, from the reſt he choſe,
Whom he in ambuſh placed, and others charged

Diligent

Diligent to prepare the feſtal board.
With horſes, then, and chariots forth he drove
Full-fraught with miſchief, and conducting home
The unſuſpicious King, amid the feaſt
Slew him, as at his crib men ſlay an ox.
Nor of thy brother's train, nor of his train
Who flew thy brother, one ſurvived, but all,
Welt'ring in blood together, there expired.
He ended, and his words beat on my heart
As they would break it. On the ſands I ſat
Weeping, nor life nor light deſiring more.
But when I had in duſt roll'd me, and wept
To full ſatiety, mine ear again
The oracle of Ocean thus addreſs'd.
Sit not, O ſon of Atreus! weeping here
Longer, for remedy can none be found;
But quick ariſing, trial make, how beſt
Thou ſhalt, and ſooneſt, reach thy home again.
For either him ſtill living thou ſhalt find,
Or ere thou come, Oreſtes ſhall have ſlain
The traytor, and thine eyes ſhall ſee his tomb.
He ceas'd, and I, afflicted as I was,
Yet felt my ſpirit at that word refreſh'd,
And in wing'd accents anſwer thus return'd.
Of theſe I am inform'd; but name the third
Who, dead or living, on the boundleſs Deep
Is ſtill detain'd; I dread, yet wiſh to hear.

So

So I; to whom thus Proteus in return.
Laertes' ſon, the Lord of Ithaca—
Him in an iſland weeping I beheld,
Gueſt of the nymph Calypſo, by conſtraint
Her gueſt, and from his native land withheld
By ſad neceſſity; for ſhips well-oar'd,
Or faithful followers hath he none, whoſe aid
Might ſpeed him ſafely o'er the ſpacious flood.
But, Menelaus dear to Jove! thy fate
Ordains not thee the ſtroke of death to meet
In ſteed-famed Argos, but far hence the Gods
Will ſend thee to Elyſium, and the earth's
Extremeſt bounds; (there Rhadamanthus dwells,
The golden-hair'd, and there the human kind
Enjoy the eaſieſt life; no ſnow is there,
No biting winter, and no drenching ſhow'r,
But zephyr always gently from the ſea
Breathes on them, to refreſh the happy race)
For that fair Helen is by nuptial bands
Thy own, and thou art ſon-in-law of Jove.
So ſaying, he plunged into the billowy waſte.
I then, with my brave comrades to the fleet
Return'd, deep-muſing as I went, and ſad.
No ſooner had I reach'd my ſhip beſide
The ocean, and we all had ſupp'd, than night
From heav'n fell on us, and, at eaſe repoſed
Along the margin of the ſea, we ſlept.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,

Look'd

Look'd roſy forth, drawing our galleys down
Into the ſacred Deep, we rear'd again
The maſt, unfurled the ſail, and to our ſeats
On board returning, threſh'd the foamy flood.
Once more, at length, within the hallow'd ſtream
Of Ægypt mooring, on the ſhore I ſlew
Whole hecatombs, and (the diſpleaſure thus
Of the Immortal Gods appeaſed) I reared
To Agamemnon's never-dying fame
A tomb, and finiſhing it, ſail'd again
With ſuch a gale from heaven vouchſafed, as ſent
My ſhips ſwift-ſcudding to the ſhores of Greece.
But come—eleven days wait here, or twelve
A gueſt with me, when I will ſend thee hence
Nobly, and honour'd with illuſtrious gifts,
With poliſh'd chariot, with three princely ſteeds,
And with a gorgeous cup, that to the Gods
Libation pouring ever while thou liv'ſt
From that ſame cup, thou may'ſt remember me.
Him, prudent, then anſwer'd Telemachus.
Atrides, ſeek not to detain me here
Long time; for though contented I could ſit
The year beſide thee, nor regret my home
Or parents, (ſo delightful thy diſcourſe
Sounds in my ear) yet, even now, I know,
That my attendants to the Pylian ſhore
Wiſh my return, whom thou thus long detain'ſt.

What

What boon ſoe'er thou giv'ſt me, be it ſuch
As I may treaſur'd keep; but horſes none
Take I to Ithaca; them rather far
Keep thou, for thy own glory. Thou art Lord
Of an extended plain, where copious ſprings
The lotus, herbage of all ſavours, wheat,
Pulſe, and white barley of luxuriant growth.
But Ithaca no level champaign owns,
A nurſery of goats, and yet a land
Fairer than even paſtures to the eye.
No ſea-encircled iſle of ours affords
Smooth courſe commodious, and expanſe of meads,
But my own Ithaca tranſcends them all!
He ſaid; the Hero Menelaus ſmiled,
And ſtroaking tenderly his cheek, replied.
Dear youth! thy ſpeech proclaims thy noble blood.
I can with eaſe ſupply thee from within
With what ſhall ſuit thee better, and the gift
Of all that I poſſeſs which moſt excells
In beauty, and the nobleſt ſhall be thine.
I give thee, wrought elaborate, a cup
Itſelf all ſilver, bound with lip of gold.
It is the work of Vulcan, which to me
The Hero Phædimus imparted, King
Of the Sidonians, when on my return
His houſe received me. That ſhall be thy own.
Thus they conferr'd; and now the buſy train

Of

Of *menials culinary, at the gate
Enter'd of Menelaus, Chief renown'd;
They brought him ſheep, with heart-ennobling wine,
While all their wives, their brows with frontlets bound,
Came charg'd with bread. Thus buſy they prepared
A banquet in the manſion of the King.
Meantime, before Ulyſſes' palace gate
The ſuitors ſported with the quoit and ſpear
On the ſmooth area, cuſtomary ſcene
Of all their ſtrife and angry clamour loud.
There ſat Antinoüs, and the godlike youth
Eurymachus, ſuperior to the reſt
And Chiefs among them, to whom Phronius' ſon
Noëmon drawing nigh, with anxious mien
Queſtion'd Antinoüs, and thus began.
Know we, Antinoüs! or know we not,
When to expect Telemachus at home
Again from Pylus? In my ſhip he went,
Which now I need, that I may croſs the ſea
To Elis, on whoſe ſpacious plain I feed
Twelve mares, each ſuckling a mule-colt as yet
Unbroken, but of which I purpoſe one
To ferry thence, and break him into uſe.
He ſpake, whom they aſtoniſh'd heard; for him
They deem'd not to Nelëian Pylus gone,
But haply into his own fields, his flocks

* Δαιτυμων—generally ſignifies the founder of a feaſt; but we are taught by Euſtathius to underſtand by it, in this place, the perſons employed in preparing it.

To viſit, or the ſteward of his ſwine.
Then thus, Eupithes' ſon, Antinoüs, ſpake.
Say true. When ſail'd he forth? of all our youth,
Whom choſe he for his followers? his own train
Of ſlaves and hirelings? Hath he pow'r to effect
This alſo? Tell me too, for I would learn—
Took he perforce thy ſable bark away,
Or gav'ſt it to him at his firſt demand?
To whom Noïmon, Phronius' ſon, replied.
I gave it voluntary; what could'ſt thou,
Should ſuch a prince petition for thy bark
In ſuch diſtreſs? Hard were it to refuſe.
Brave youths (our braveſt youths except yourſelves)
Attend him forth; and with them I obſerved
Mentor embarking, ruler o'er them all,
Or, if not him, a God; for ſuch he ſeem'd.
But this much moves my wonder. Yeſter-morn
I ſaw, at day-break, noble Mentor here,
Whom ſhipp'd for Pylus I had ſeen before.
He ceas'd; and to his father's houſe return'd;
They, hearing, ſat aghaſt. Their games meantime
Finiſh'd, the ſuitors on their ſeats repoſed,
To whom Eupithes' ſon, Antinoüs, next,
Much troubled ſpake; a black ſtorm overcharged
His boſom, and his vivid eyes flaſh'd fire.
Ye Gods, a proud exploit is here atchieved,
This voyage of Telemachus, by us
Pronounced impracticable; yet the boy

In downright oppoſition to us all,
Hath headlong launched a ſhip, and, with a band
Selected from our braveſt youth, is gone.
He ſoon will prove more miſchievous, whoſe pow'r
Jove wither, ere we ſuffer its effects!
But give me a ſwift bark with twenty rowers,
That, watching his return within the ſtreights
Of rocky Samos and of Ithaca,
I may ſurprize him; ſo ſhall he have fail'd
To ſeek his Sire, fatally for himſelf.
He ceaſed, and loud applauſe heard in reply,
With warm encouragement. Then, riſing all,
Into Ulyſſes' houſe at once they throng'd.
Nor was Penelope left uninformed
Long time of their clandeſtine plottings deep,
For herald Medon told her all, whoſe ear
Their councils caught while in the outer-court
He ſtood, and they that project framed within.
Swift to Penelope the tale he bore,
Who as he paſs'd the gate, him thus addreſs'd.
For what cauſe, herald! have the ſuitors ſent
Thee foremoſt? Wou'd they that my maidens lay
Their taſks aſide, and dreſs the board for them?
Here end their wooing! may they hence depart
Never, and may the banquet now prepared,
This banquet prove your *laſt! who in ſuch throngs

* This tranſition from the third to the ſecond perſon belongs to the original, and is conſidered as a fine ſtroke of art in the poet, who repreſents Penelope in the warmth of her reſentment, forgetting where ſhe is, and addreſſing the ſuitors as if preſent.

Here meeting, waſte the patrimony fair
Of brave Telemachus; ye never, ſure,
When children, heard how gracious and how good
Ulyſſes dwelt among your parents, none
Of all his people, or in word or deed
Injuring, as great princes oft are wont,
By favour influenc'd now, now by diſguſt.
He no man wrong'd at any time; but plain
Your wicked purpoſe in your deeds appears,
Who ſenſe have none of benefits conferr'd.
Then Medon anſwer thus, prudent, return'd.
Oh Queen! may the Gods grant this prove the worſt.
But greater far and heavier ills than this
The ſuitors plan, whoſe counſels Jove confound!
Their baſe deſire and purpoſe are to ſlay
Telemachus on his return; for he,
To gather tidings of his Sire is gone
To Pylus, or to Sparta's land divine.
He ſaid; and where ſhe ſtood, her trembling knees
Fail'd under her, and all her ſpirits went.
Speechleſs ſhe long remain'd, tears fill'd her eyes,
And inarticulate in its paſſage died
Her utt'rance, 'till at laſt with pain ſhe ſpake.
Herald! why went my ſon? he hath no need
On board ſwift ſhips to ride, which are to man
His ſteeds that bear him over ſeas remote.
Went he, that, with himſelf, his very name
Might periſh from among mankind for ever?

Then anſwer, thus, Medon the wiſe return'd.
I know not whether him ſome God impell'd
Or his own heart to Pylus, there to hear
News of his Sire's return, or by what fate
At leaſt he died, if he return no more.
He ſaid, and traverſing Ulyſſes' courts,
Departed; ſhe, with heart-conſuming woe
O'erwhelm'd, no longer could endure to take
Repoſe on any of her num'rous ſeats,
But on the threſhold of her chamber-door
Lamenting ſat, while all her female train
Around her moan'd, the antient and the young,
Whom, ſobbing, thus, Penelope beſpake.
Hear me, ye maidens! for of women born
Coeval with me, none hath e'er received
Such plenteous ſorrow from the Gods as I,
Who firſt my noble huſband loſt, endued
With courage lion-like, of all the Greeks
The Chief with ev'ry virtue moſt adorn'd,
A prince all-excellent, whoſe glorious praiſe
Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffuſed.
And now, my darling ſon,—him ſtorms have ſnatch'd
Far hence inglorious, and I knew it not.
Ah treach'rous ſervants! conſcious as ye were
Of his deſign, not one of you the thought
Conceived to wake me when he went on board.
For had but the report once reach'd my ear,
He either had not gone (how much ſoe'er

He wiſh'd to leave me) or had left me dead.
But haſte ye,—bid my antient ſervant come,
Dolion (whom when I left my father's houſe
He gave me, and whoſe office is to attend
My num'rous garden-plants) that he may ſeek
At once Laertes, and may tell him all,
Who may contrive ſome remedy, perchance,
Or fit expedient, and ſhall come abroad
To weep before the men who wiſh to ſlay
Even the prince, godlike Ulyſſes' ſon.

Then thus the gentle Euryclea ſpake,
Nurſe of Telemachus. Alas! my Queen!
Slay me, or ſpare, deal with me as thou wilt,
I will confeſs the truth. I knew it all.
I gave him all that he required from me,
Both wine and bread, and, at his bidding, ſwore
To tell thee nought in twelve whole days to come,
Or 'till, enquiry made, thou ſhould'ſt thyſelf
Learn his departure, leſt thou ſhould'ſt impair
Thy lovely features with exceſs of grief.
But lave thyſelf, and, freſh attired, aſcend
To thy own chamber, there, with all thy train,
To worſhip Pallas, who ſhall ſave, thenceforth,
Thy ſon from death, what ills ſoe'er he meet.
Add not freſh ſorrows to the preſent woes
Of the old King, for I believe not yet
Arceſias' race entirely by the Gods
Renounced, but truſt that there ſhall ſtill be found

Among

Among them, who ſhall dwell in royal ſtate,
And reap the fruits of fertile fields remote.
So ſaying, ſhe huſh'd her ſorrow, and her eyes
No longer ſtream'd. Then, bathed and freſh attired,
Penelope aſcended with her train
The upper palace, and a baſket ſtored
With hallow'd cakes off'ring, to Pallas pray'd.
Hear matchleſs daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd!
If ever wiſe Ulyſſes offer'd here
The thighs of fatted kine or ſheep to thee,
Now mindful of his piety, preſerve
His darling ſon, and fruſtrate with a frown
The cruelty of theſe imperious gueſts!
She ſaid, and wept aloud, whoſe earneſt ſuit
Pallas received. And now the ſpacious hall
And gloomy paſſages with tumult rang
And clamour of that throng, when thus, a youth
Inſolent as his fellows, dared to ſpeak.
Much woo'd and long, the Queen at length prepares
* To chuſe another mate, and nought ſuſpects
The bloody death to which her ſon is doom'd.
So he; but they, meantime, themſelves remain'd
Untaught, what courſe the dread concern elſewhere
Had taken, whom Antinoüs thus addreſs'd.
Sirs! one and all, I counſel you, beware
Of ſuch bold boaſting unadviſed; leſt one
O'erhearing you, report your words within.

* Miſtaking, perhaps, the ſound of her voice, and imagining that ſhe ſang.
Vide Barnes in loco.

To

No—rather thus, in ſilence, let us move
To an exploit ſo pleaſant to us all.
He ſaid, and twenty choſe, the braveſt there,
With whom he fought the galley on the ſhore,
Which drawing down into the Deep, they placed
The maſt and ſails on board, and, fitting, next,
Each oar in order to its proper groove,
Unfurl'd and ſpread their canvas to the gale.
Their bold attendants, then, brought them their arms,
And ſoon as in deep water they had moor'd
The ſhip, themſelves embarking, ſupp'd on board,
And watch'd impatient for the duſk of eve.
But when Penelope, the palace ſtairs
Remounting, had her upper chamber reach'd,
There, unrefreſh'd with either food or wine,
She lay'd her down, her noble ſon the theme
Of all her thoughts, whether he ſhould eſcape
His haughty foes, or periſh by their hands.
Num'rous as are the lion's thoughts, who ſees,
Not without fear, a multitude with toils
Encircling him around, ſuch num'rous thoughts
Her boſom occupied, 'till ſleep at length
Invading her, ſhe ſank in ſoft repoſe.
Then Pallas, teeming with a new deſign,
Set forth an airy phantom in the form
Of fair Iphthima, daughter of the brave
Icarius, and Eumelus' wedded wife
In Pheræ. Shaped like her the dream ſhe ſent
Into the manſion of the godlike Chief

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, with kind purpoſe to abate
The ſighs and tears of ſad Penelope.
Ent'ring the chamber-portal, where the bolt
Secured it, at her head the image ſtood,
And thus, in terms compaſſionate, began.
Sleep'ſt thou, diſtreſs'd Penelope? The Gods,
Happy in everlaſting reſt themſelves,
Forbid thy ſorrows. Thou ſhalt yet behold
Thy ſon again, who hath by no offence
Incurr'd at any time the wrath of heav'n.
To whom, ſweet-ſlumb'ring in the ſhadowy gate
By which dreams paſs, Penelope replied.
What cauſe, my ſiſter, brings thee, who art ſeen
Unfrequent here, for that thou dwell'ſt remote?
And thou enjoin'ſt me a ceſſation too
From ſorrows num'rous, and which, fretting, wear
My heart continual; firſt, my ſpouſe I loſt
With courage lion-like endow'd, a prince
All-excellent, whoſe never-dying praiſe
Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffuſed;
And now my only ſon, new to the toils
And hazards of the ſea, nor leſs untaught
The arts of traffic, in a ſhip is gone
Far hence, for whoſe dear cauſe I ſorrow more
Than for his Sire himſelf, and even ſhake
With terrour, leſt he periſh by their hands
To whom he goes, or in the ſtormy Deep;

For num'rous are his foes, and all intent
To ſlay him, ere he reach his home again.
Then anſwer thus the ſhadowy form return'd.
Take courage; ſuffer not exceſſive dread
To overwhelm thee, ſuch a guide he hath
And guardian, one whom many wiſh their friend,
And ever at their ſide, knowing her pow'r,
Minerva; ſhe compaſſionates thy griefs,
And I am here, her harbinger, who ſpeak
As thou haſt heard by her own kind command.
Then thus Penelope the wiſe replied.
Oh! if thou art a Goddeſs, and haſt heard
A Goddeſs' voice, rehearſe to me the lot
Of that unhappy one, if yet he live
Spectator of the chearful beams of day,
Or if, already dead, he dwell below.
Whom anſwer'd thus the fleeting ſhadow vain.
I will not now inform thee if thy Lord
Live, or live not. Vain words are beſt unſpoken.
So ſaying, her egreſs ſwift beſide the bolt
She made, and melted into air. Upſprang
From ſleep Icarius' daughter, and her heart
Felt heal'd within her, by that dream diſtinct
Viſited in the noiſeleſs night ſerene.
Meantime the ſuitors urged their wat'ry way,
To inſtant death devoting in their hearts
Telemachus. There is a rocky iſle

In the mid ſea, Samos the rude between
And Ithaca, not large, named Aſteris.
It hath commodious havens, into which
A paſſage clear opens on either ſide,
And there the ambuſh'd Greeks his coming watch'd.

## ARGUMENT

OF THE

## FIFTH BOOK.

Mercury bears to Calypſo a command from Jupiter that ſhe diſmiſs Ulyſſes. She, after ſome remonſtrances, promiſes obedience and furniſhes him with implements and materials, with which he conſtructs a raft. He quits Calypſo's iſland; is perſecuted by Neptune with dreadful tempeſts, but by the aſſiſtance of a ſea nymph, after having loſt his raft, is enabled to ſwim to Phæacia.

## BOOK V.

AURORA from beſide her glorious mate
Tithonus now aroſe, light to diſpenſe
Through earth and heav'n, when the aſſembled Gods
In council ſat, o'er whom high-thund'ring Jove
Preſided, mightieſt of the Pow'rs above.
Amid them, Pallas on the num'rous woes
Deſcanted of Ulyſſes, whom ſhe ſaw
With grief, ſtill priſon'd in Calypſo's iſle.
Jove, Father, hear me, and ye other Pow'rs
Who live for ever, hear! Be never King
Henceforth to gracious acts inclined, humane,
Or righteous, but let ev'ry ſceptred hand

Rule

Rule mercileſs, and deal in wrong alone,
Since none of all his people whom he ſway'd
With ſuch paternal gentleneſs and love
Remembers, now, divine Ulyſſes more.
He, in yon diſtant iſle a ſuff'rer lies
Of hopeleſs ſorrow, through conſtraint the gueſt
Still of the nymph Calypſo, without means
Or pow'r to reach his native ſhores again,
Alike of gallant barks and friends deprived,
Who might conduct him o'er the ſpacious Deep.
Nor this is all, but enemies combine
To ſlay his ſon ere yet he can return
From Pylus, whither he hath gone to learn
There, or in Sparta, tidings of his Sire.
To whom the cloud-aſſembler God replied.
What word hath paſs'd thy lips, daughter belov'd?
Haſt thou not purpos'd that arriving ſoon
At home, Ulyſſes ſhall deſtroy his foes?
Guide thou, Telemachus, (for well thou canſt)
That he may reach ſecure his native coaſt,
And that the ſuitors baffled may return.
He ceas'd, and thus to Hermes ſpake, his ſon.
Hermes! (for thou art herald of our will
At all times) to yon bright-hair'd nymph convey
Our fixt reſolve, that brave Ulyſſes thence
Depart, uncompanied by God or man.
Borne on a corded raft, and ſuff'ring woe
Extreme, he on the twentieth day ſhall reach,

Not ſooner, Scherie the deep-ſoil'd, poſſeſs'd
By the Phæacians, kinſmen of the Gods.
They, as a God ſhall reverence the Chief,
And in a bark of theirs ſhall ſend him thence
To his own home, much treaſure, braſs and gold
And raiment giving him, to an amount
Surpaſſing all that, had he ſafe return'd,
He ſhould by lot have ſhared of Ilium's ſpoil.
Thus Fate appoints Ulyſſes to regain
His country, his own palace, and his friends.
He ended, nor the Argicide refuſed,
Meſſenger of the ſkies; his ſandals fair,
Ambroſial, golden, to his feet he bound,
Which o'er the moiſt wave, rapid as the wind,
Bear him, and o'er th' illimitable earth,
Then took his rod with which, at will, all eyes
He cloſes ſoft, or opes them wide again.
So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide.
Alighting on Pieria, down he ſtoop'd
To Ocean, and the billows lightly ſkimm'd
In form a ſea-mew, ſuch as in the bays
Tremendous of the barren Deep her food
Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing.
In ſuch diſguiſe o'er many a wave he rode,
But reaching, now, that iſle remote, forſook
The azure Deep, and at the ſpacious grot,
Where dwelt the amber-treſſed nymph arrived,
Found her within. A fire on all the hearth

Blazed

Blazed ſprightly, and, afar-diffuſed, the ſcent
Of ſmooth-ſplit cedar and of cypreſs-wood
Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy iſle.
She, buſied at the loom, and plying faſt
Her golden ſhuttle, with melodious voice
Sat chaunting there; a grove on either ſide,
Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch
Wide-ſpread of Cypreſs, ſkirted dark the cave.
There many a bird of broadeſt pinion built
Secure her neſt, the owl, the kite, and daw
Long-tongued, frequenter of the ſandy ſhores.
A garden-vine luxuriant on all ſides
Mantled the ſpacious cavern, cluſter-hung
Profuſe; four fountains of ſereneſt lymph
Their ſinuous courſe purſuing ſide by ſide,
Stray'd all around, and ev'ry where appear'd
Meadows of ſofteſt verdure, purpled o'er
With violets; it was a ſcene to fill
A God from heav'n with wonder and delight.
Hermes, Heav'n's meſſenger, admiring ſtood
That ſight, and having all ſurvey'd, at length
Enter'd the grotto; nor the lovely nymph
Him knew not ſoon as ſeen, for not unknown
Each to the other the Immortals are,
How far ſoever ſep'rate their abodes.
Yet found he not within the mighty Chief
Ulyſſes; he ſat weeping on the ſhore,
Forlorn, for there his cuſtom was with groans

Of

Of ſad regret t' afflict his breaking heart,
Looking continual o'er the barren Deep.
Then thus Calypſo, nymph divine, the God
Queſtion'd, from her reſplendent throne auguſt.
Hermes! poſſeſſor of the potent rod!
Who, though by me much rev'renc'd and belov'd,
So ſeldom com'ſt, ſay, wherefore comeſt now?
Speak thy deſire; I grant it, if thou aſk
Things poſſible, and poſſible to me.
Stay not, but ent'ring farther, at my board
Due rites of hoſpitality receive.
So ſaying, the Goddeſs with ambroſial food
Her table cover'd, and with roſy juice
Nectareous charged the cup. Then ate and drank
The argicide and herald of the ſkies,
And in his ſoul with that repaſt divine
Refreſh'd, his meſſage to the nymph declared.
Queſtioneſt thou, a Goddeſs, me a God?
I tell thee truth, ſince ſuch is thy demand.
Not willing, but by Jove conſtrain'd, I come.
For who would, voluntary, ſuch a breadth
Enormous meaſure of the ſalt expanſe,
Where city none is ſeen in which the Gods
Are ſerv'd with choſen hecatombs and pray'r?
But no divinity may the deſigns
Elude, or contravert, of Jove ſupreme.
He ſaith, that here thou hold'ſt the moſt diſtreſt
Of all thoſe warriors who nine years aſſail'd

The city of Priam, and, (that city ſack'd)
Departed in the tenth; but, going thence,
Offended Pallas, who with adverſe winds
Oppoſed their voyage, and with boiſt'rous waves.
Then periſh'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and ſtorms drove hither; Jove commands
That thou diſmiſs him hence without delay,
For fate ordains him not to periſh here
From all his friends remote, but he is doom'd
To ſee them yet again, and to arrive
At his own palace in his native land.
He ſaid; divine Calypſo at the ſound
Shudder'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
Ye are unjuſt, ye Gods, and envious paſt
All others, grudging if a Goddeſs take
A mortal man openly to her arms!
So, when the roſy-finger'd Morning choſe
Orion, though ye live yourſelves at eaſe,
Yet ye all envied her, until the chaſte
Diana from her golden throne diſpatch'd
A ſilent ſhaft, which ſlew him in Ortygia.
So, when the golden-treſſed Ceres, urged
By paſſion, took Iäſion to her arms
In a thrice-labour'd fallow, not untaught
Was Jove that ſecret long, and, hearing it,
Indignant, ſlew him with his candent bolt.
So alſo, O ye Gods, ye envy me
The mortal man, my conſort. Him I ſaved

Myſelf, while ſolitary on his keel
He rode, for with his ſulph'rous arrow Jove
Had cleft his bark amid the ſable Deep.
Then periſh'd all his gallant friends, but him
Billows and ſtorms drove hither, whom I lov'd
Sincere, and fondly deſtin'd to a life
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.
But ſince no Deity may the deſigns
Elude or controvert of Jove ſupreme,
Hence with him o'er the barren Deep, if ſuch
The Sov'reign's will, and ſuch his ſtern command.
But undiſmiſs'd he goes by me, who ſhips
Myſelf well-oar'd and mariners have none
To ſend with him athwart the ſpacious flood;
Yet freely, readily, my beſt advice
I will afford him, that, eſcaping all
Danger, he may regain his native ſhore.
Then Hermes thus, the meſſenger of heav'n.
Act as thou ſay'ſt, fearing the frown of Jove,
Leſt, if provoked, he ſpare not even thee.
So ſaying, the dauntleſs Argicide withdrew,
And ſhe (Jove's mandate heard) all-graceful went,
Seeking the brave Ulyſſes; on the ſhore
She found him ſeated; tears ſucceeding tears
Delug'd his eyes, while, hopeleſs of return,
Life's precious hours to eating cares he gave
Continual, with the nymph now charm'd no more.
Yet, cold as ſhe was am'rous, ſtill he paſs'd

His

His nights beſide her in the hollow grot,
Conſtrain'd, and day by day the rocks among
Which lined the ſhore heart-broken ſat, and oft
While wiſtfully he eyed the barren Deep,
Wept, groan'd, deſponded, ſigh'd, and wept again.
Then, drawing near, thus ſpake the nymph divine.
Unhappy! weep not here, nor life conſume
In anguiſh; go; thou haſt my glad conſent.
Ariſe to labour; hewing down the trunks
Of lofty trees, faſhion them with the ax
To a broad raft, which cloſely floor'd above,
Shall hence convey thee o'er the gloomy Deep.
Bread, water, and the red grape's cheering juice
Myſelf will put on board, which ſhall preſerve
Thy life from famine; I will alſo give
New raiment for thy limbs, and will diſpatch
Winds after thee to waft thee home unharm'd,
If ſuch the pleaſure of the Gods who dwell
In yonder boundleſs heav'n, ſuperior far
To me, in knowledge and in ſkill to judge.
She ceas'd; but horror at that ſound the heart
Chill'd of Ulyſſes, and in accents wing'd
With wonder, thus the noble Chief replied.
Ah! other thoughts than of my ſafe return
Employ thee, Goddeſs, now, who bid'ſt me paſs
The perilous gulph of Ocean on a raft,
That wild expanſe terrible, which even ſhips
Paſs not, though form'd to cleave their way with eaſe,

And joyful in propitious winds from Jove.
No—let me never, in deſpight of thee,
Embark on board a raft, nor 'till thou ſwear,
Oh Goddeſs! the inviolable oath,
That future miſchief thou intend'ſt me none.
He ſaid; Calypſo, beauteous Goddeſs, ſmiled,
And, while ſhe ſpake, ſtroaking his cheek, replied.
Thou doſt aſperſe me rudely, and excuſe
Of ignorance haſt none, far better taught;
What words were theſe? How could'ſt thou thus reply?
Now hear me Earth, and the wide Heav'n above!
Hear, too, ye waters of the Stygian ſtream
Under the earth (by which the bleſſed Gods
Swear trembling, and revere the awful oath!)
That future miſchief I intend thee none.
No, my deſigns concerning thee are ſuch
As, in an exigence reſembling thine,
Myſelf, moſt ſure, ſhould for myſelf conceive.
I have a mind more equal, not of ſteel
My heart is form'd, but much to pity inclined.
So ſaying, the lovely Goddeſs with ſwift pace
Led on, whoſe footſteps he as ſwift purſued.
Within the vaulted cavern they arrived,
The Goddeſs and the man; on the ſame throne
Ulyſſes ſat, whence Hermes had aris'n,
And viands of all kinds, ſuch as ſuſtain
The life of mortal man, Calypſo placed
Before him, both for bev'rage and for food:

She oppoſite to the illuſtrious Chief
Repoſed, by her attendant maidens ſerved
With nectar and ambroſia. They their hands
Stretch'd forth together to the ready feaſt,
And when nor hunger more nor thirſt remain'd
Unſated, thus the beauteous nymph began.
Laertes' noble ſon, for wiſdom famed
And artifice! oh canſt thou thus reſolve
To ſeek, incontinent, thy native ſhores?
I pardon thee. Farewell! but could'ſt thou gueſs
The woes which fate ordains thee to endure
Ere yet thou reach thy country, well-content
Here to inhabit, thou would'ſt keep my grot
And be immortal, howſoe'er thy wife
Engage thy ev'ry wiſh day after day.
Yet can I not in ſtature or in form
Myſelf ſuſpect inferior aught to her,
Since competition cannot be between
Mere mortal beauties, and a form divine.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Awful Divinity! be not incenſed.
I know that my Penelope in form
And ſtature altogether yields to thee,
For ſhe is mortal, and immortal thou,
From age exempt; yet not the leſs I wiſh
My home, and languiſh daily to return.
But ſhould ſome God amid the ſable Deep
Daſh me again into a wreck, my ſoul

Shall bear *that* alſo; for, by practice taught,
I have learned patience, having much endured
By tempeſt and in battle both. Come then
This evil alſo! I am well prepared.
He ended, and the ſun ſinking, reſign'd
The earth to darkneſs. Then in a receſs
Interior of the cavern, ſide by ſide
Repoſed, they took their amorous delight.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, Ulyſſes then in haſte
Put on his veſt and mantle, and, the nymph
Her ſnowy veſture of tranſparent woof,
Graceful, redundant; to her waiſt ſhe bound
Her golden zone, and veil'd her beauteous head,
Then, muſing, plann'd the noble Chief's return.
She gave him, fitted to the graſp, an ax
Of iron, pond'rous, double edg'd, with haft
Of olive-wood, inſerted firm, and wrought
With curious art. Then, placing in his hand
A poliſh'd adze, ſhe led, herſelf, the way
To her iſles' utmoſt verge, where talleſt trees
But dry long ſince and ſapleſs ſtood, which beſt
Might ſerve his purpoſes, as buoyant moſt,
The alder, poplar, and cloud-piercing fir.
To that tall grove ſhe led and left him there,
Seeking her grot again. Then ſlept not He,
But, ſwinging with both hands the ax, his taſk
Soon finiſh'd; trees full twenty to the ground

He caſt, which, dext'rous, with his adze he ſmooth'd,
The knotted ſurface chipping by a line.
Meantime the lovely Goddeſs to his aid
Sharp augres brought, with which he bored the beams,
Then, ſide by ſide placing them, fitted each
To other, and with long cramps join'd them all.
Broad as an artiſt, ſkill'd in naval works,
The bottom of a ſhip of burthen ſpreads,
Such breadth Ulyſſes to his raft aſſign'd.
He deck'd her over with long planks, upborne
On maſſy beams; He made the maſt, to which
He added ſuitable the yard;—he framed
Rudder and helm to regulate her courſe,
With wicker-work he border'd all her length
For ſafety, and much ballaſt ſtow'd within.
Meantime, Calypſo brought him for a ſail
Fitteſt materials, which he alſo ſhaped,
And to his ſail due furniture annex'd
Of cordage ſtrong, foot-ropes and ropes aloft,
Then heav'd her down with levers to the Deep.
He finiſh'd all his work on the fourth day,
And on the fifth, Calypſo, nymph divine,
Diſmiſs'd him from her iſle, but laved him firſt,
And cloath'd him in ſweet-ſcented garments new.
Two ſkins the Goddeſs alſo placed on board,
One charg'd with crimſon wine, and ampler one
With water, nor a bag with food replete
Forgot, nutritious, grateful to the taſte,

Nor yet, her lateſt gift, a gentle gale
And manageable, which Ulyſſes ſpread,
Exulting, all his canvas to receive.
Beſide the helm he ſat, ſteering expert,
Nor ſleep fell ever on his eyes that watch'd
Intent the Pleiads, tardy in decline
Bootes, and the Bear, call'd elſe the Wain,
Which, in his polar priſon circling, looks
Direct toward Orion, and alone
Of theſe ſinks never to the briny Deep.
That ſtar the lovely Goddeſs bade him hold
Continual on his left through all his courſe.
Ten days and ſev'n, he, navigating, cleav'd
The brine, and on the eighteenth day, at length,
The ſhadowy mountains of Phæacia's land
Deſcried, where neareſt to his courſe it lay
Like a broad buckler on the waves afloat.
But Neptune, now returning from the land
Of Æthiopia, mark'd him on his raft
Skimming the billows, from the mountain-tops
Of diſtant Solyma*. With tenfold wrath
Inflamed that ſight he view'd, his brows he ſhook,
And thus within himſelf, indignant, ſpake.
So then—new counſels in the ſkies, it ſeems,
Propitious to Ulyſſes, have prevail'd
Since Æthiopia hath been my abode.

* The Solymi were the antient inhabitants of Piſidia in Aſia-Minor.

He

He ſees Phæacia nigh, where he muſt leap
The bound'ry of his woes; but ere that hour
Arrive, I will enſure him many a groan.
So ſaying, he graſp'd his trident, gather'd denſe
The clouds and troubled ocean; ev'ry ſtorm
From ev'ry point he ſummon'd, earth and ſea
Darkening, and the night fell black from heav'n.
The Eaſt, the South, the heavy-blowing Weſt,
And the cold North-wind clear, aſſail'd at once
His raft, and heaved on high the billowy flood.
All hope, all courage, in that moment, loſt,
The Hero thus within himſelf complain'd.
Wretch that I am, what deſtiny at laſt
Attends me! much I fear the Goddeſs' words
All true, which threaten'd me with num'rous ills
On the wide ſea, ere I ſhould reach my home.
Behold them all fulfill'd! with what a ſtorm
Jove hangs the heav'ns, and agitates the Deep!
The winds combined beat on me. Now I ſink!
Thrice bleſt, and more than thrice, Achaia's ſons
At Ilium ſlain for the Atridæ' ſake!
Ah, would to heav'n that, dying, I had felt
That day the ſtroke of fate, when me the dead
Achilles guarding, with a thouſand ſpears
Troy's furious hoſt aſſail'd! Funereal rites
I then had ſhared, and praiſe from ev'ry Greek,
Whom now the moſt inglorious death awaits.

While thus he ſpake, a billow on his head
Burſting impetuous, whirl'd the raft around,
And, daſhing from his graſp the helm, himſelf
Plunged far remote. Then came a ſudden guſt
Of mingling winds, that in the middle ſnapp'd
His maſt, and, hurried o'er the waves afar,
Both ſail and ſail-yard fell into the flood.
Long time ſubmerged he lay, nor could with eaſe
The violence of that dread ſhock ſurmount,
Or riſe to air again, ſo burthenſome
His drench'd apparel proved; but, at the laſt,
He roſe, and, riſing, ſputter'd from his lips
The brine that trickled copious from his brows.
Nor, harraſs'd as he was, reſign'd he yet
His raft, but buffetting the waves aſide
With deſp'rate efforts, ſeized it, and again
Faſt ſeated on the middle deck, eſcaped.
Then roll'd the raft at random in the flood,
Wallowing unwieldy, toſs'd from wave to wave.
As when in autumn, Boreas o'er the plain
Conglomerated thorns before him drives,
They, tangled, to each other cloſe adhere,
So her the winds drove wild about the Deep.
By turns the South conſign'd her to be ſport
For the rude North-wind, and, by turns, the Eaſt
Yielded her to the worrying Weſt a prey.
But Cadmus' beauteous daughter (Ino once,
Now named Leucothea) ſaw him; mortal erſt

Was

Was ſhe, and trod the earth *, but nymph become
Of Ocean ſince, in honours ſhares divine.
She mark'd his anguiſh, and, while toſs'd he roam'd,
Pitied Ulyſſes; from the flood, in form
A cormorant, ſhe flew, and on the raft
Cloſe-corded perching, thus the Chief addreſs'd.

Alas! unhappy! how haſt thou incenſed
So terribly the Shaker of the ſhores,
That he purſues thee with ſuch num'rous ills?
Sink thee he cannot, wiſh it as he may.
Thus do (for I account thee not unwiſe)
Thy garments putting off, let drive thy raft
As the winds will, then, ſwimming, ſtrive to reach
Phæacia, where thy doom is to eſcape.
Take this. This ribbon bind beneath thy breaſt,
Celeſtial texture. Thenceforth ev'ry fear
Of death diſmiſs, and, laying once thy hands
On the firm continent, unbind the zone,
Which thou ſhalt caſt far diſtant from the ſhore
Into the Deep, turning thy face away.

So ſaying, the Goddeſs gave into his hand
The wond'rous zone, and, cormorant in form,
Plunging herſelf into the waves again
Headlong, was hidden by the cloſing flood.
But ſtill Ulyſſes ſat perplex'd, and thus
The toil-enduring Hero reaſon'd ſad.

* The Tranſlator finding himſelf free to chuſe between ἀνδήεσσα and ἀδήεσσα, has preferred the latter.

Alas! I tremble left ſome God deſign
T' enſnare me yet, bidding me quit the raft.
But let me well beware how I obey
Too ſoon that precept, for I ſaw the land
Of my foretold deliv'rance far remote.
Thus, therefore, will I do, for ſuch appears
My wiſer courſe. So long as yet the planks
Mutual adhere, continuing on board
My raft, I will endure whatever woes,
But when the waves ſhall ſhatter it, I will ſwim,
My ſole reſource then left. While thus he muſed,
Neptune a billow of enormous bulk
Hollow'd into an overwhelming arch
On high up-heaving, ſmote him. As the wind
Tempeſtuous, falling on ſome ſtubble-heap,
The arid ſtraws diſſipates ev'ry way,
So flew the timbers. He, a ſingle beam
Beſtriding, oar'd it onward with his feet,
As he had urged an horſe. His raiment, then,
Gift of Calypſo, putting off, he bound
His girdle on, and prone into the ſea
With wide-ſpread palms prepar'd for ſwimming, fell.
Shore-ſhaker Neptune noted him; he ſhook
His awful brows, and in his heart he ſaid,
Thus, ſuff'ring many mis'ries roam the flood,
'Till thou ſhalt mingle with a race of men
Heav'n's ſpecial favourites; yet even there
Fear not that thou ſhalt feel thy ſorrows light.

He

He ſaid, and ſcourging his bright ſteeds, arrived
At Ægæ, where his glorious palace ſtands.
But other thoughts Minerva's mind employ'd
Jove's daughter; ev'ry wind binding beſide,
She lull'd them, and enjoin'd them all to ſleep,
But rouſed ſwift Boreas, and the billows broke
Before Ulyſſes, that, deliver'd ſafe
From a dire death, the noble Chief might mix
With maritime Phæacia's ſons renown'd.
Two nights he wander'd, and two days, the flood
Tempeſtuous, death expecting ev'ry hour;
But when Aurora, radiant-hair'd, had brought
The third day to a cloſe, then ceas'd the wind,
And breathleſs came a calm; he, nigh at hand
The ſhore beheld, darting acute his ſight
Toward it, from a billow's tow'ring top.
Precious as to his children ſeems the life
Of ſome fond father through diſeaſe long-time
And pain ſtretch'd languid on his couch, the prey
Of ſome vindictive Pow'r, but now, at laſt,
By gracious heav'n to eaſe and health reſtored,
So grateful to Ulyſſes' ſight appear'd
Foreſts and hills. Impatient with his feet
To preſs the ſhore, he ſwam; but when within
Such diſtance as a ſhout may fly, he came,
The thunder of the ſea againſt the rocks
Then ſmote his ear; for hoarſe the billows roar'd
On the firm land, belch'd horrible abroad,

And the ſalt ſpray dimm'd all things to his view.
For neither port for ſhips nor ſhelt'ring cove
Was there, but the rude coaſt a headland bluff
Preſented, rocks and craggy maſſes huge.
Then, hope and ſtrength exhauſted both, deep-groan'd
The Chief, and in his noble heart complain'd.
Alas! though Jove hath given me to behold,
Unhoped, the land again, and I have paſs'd,
Furrowing my way, theſe num'rous waves, there ſeems
No egreſs from the hoary flood for me.
Sharp ſtones hem in the waters; wild the ſurge
Raves ev'rywhere; and ſmooth the rocks ariſe;
Deep alſo is the ſhore, on which my feet
No ſtanding gain, or chance of ſafe eſcape.
What if ſome billow catch me from the Deep
Emerging, and againſt the pointed rocks
Daſh me conflicting with its force in vain?
But ſhould I, ſwimming, trace the coaſt in ſearch
Of ſloping beach, haven or ſhelter'd creek,
I fear leſt, groaning, I be ſnatch'd again
By ſtormy guſts into the fiſhy Deep,
Or leſt ſome monſter of the flood receive
Command to ſeize me, of the many ſuch
By the illuſtrious Amphitrite bred;
For that the mighty Shaker of the ſhores
Hates me implacable, too well I know.
While ſuch diſcourſe within himſelf he held,
A huge wave heav'd him on the rugged coaſt,

Where

Where flay'd his fleſh had been, and all his bones
Broken together, but for the infuſed
Good counſel of Minerva azure-eyed.
With both hands ſuddenly he ſeized the rock,
And, groaning, clench'd it 'till the billow paſs'd.
So baffled he that wave; but yet again
The refluent flood ruſh'd on him, and with force
Reſiſtleſs daſh'd him far into the ſea.
As pebbles to the hollow polypus
Extracted from his ſtony bed, adhere,
So he, the rough rocks claſping, ſtripp'd his hands
Raw, and the billows now whelm'd him again.
Then had the hapleſs Hero premature
Periſh'd, but for ſagacity inſpired
By Pallas azure-eyed. Forth from the waves
Emerging, where the ſurf burſt on the rocks,
He coaſted (looking landward as he ſwam)
The ſhore, with hope of port or level beach.
But when, ſtill ſwimming, to the mouth he came
Of a ſmooth-ſliding river, there he deem'd
Safeſt th' aſcent, for it was undeform'd
By rocks, and ſhelter'd cloſe from ev'ry wind.
He felt the current, and thus, ardent, pray'd.
Oh hear, whate'er thy name, Sov'reign, who rul'ſt
This river! at whoſe mouth, from all the threats
Of Neptune 'ſcap'd, with rapture I arrive.
Even the Immortal Gods the wand'rer's pray'r
Reſpect, and ſuch am I, who reach, at length,

Thy

Thy ſtream, and claſp thy knees, after long toil.
I am thy ſuppliant. Oh King! pity me.
He ſaid; the river God at once repreſs'd
His current, and it ceas'd; ſmooth he prepared
The way before Ulyſſes, and the land
Vouchſafed him eaſy at his channel's mouth.
There, once again he bent for eaſe his limbs
Both arms and knees, in conflict with the floods
Exhauſted; ſwoln his body was all o'er,
And from his mouth and noſtrils ſtream'd the brine.
Breathleſs and ſpeechleſs, and of life well nigh
Bereft he lay, through dreadful toil immenſe.
But when, revived, his diſſipated pow'rs
He recollected, looſing from beneath
His breaſt the zone divine, he caſt it far
Into the brackiſh ſtream, and a huge wave
Returning bore it downward to the ſea,
Where Ino caught it. Then, the river's brink
Abandoning, among the ruſhes prone
He lay, kiſs'd oft the ſoil, and ſighing, ſaid,
Ah me! what ſufferings muſt I now ſuſtain,
What doom, at laſt, awaits me? If I watch
This woeful night, here, at the river's ſide,
What hope but that the froſt and copious dews,
Weak as I am, my remnant ſmall of life
Shall quite extinguiſh, and the chilly air
Breath'd from the river at the dawn of day?
But if, aſcending, this declivity

I gain the woods, and in ſome thicket ſleep,
(If ſleep indeed can find me overtoil'd
And cold-benumb'd) then I have cauſe to fear
Leſt I be torn by wild beaſts, and devour'd.
Long time he muſed, but, at the laſt, his courſe
Bent to the woods, which not remote he ſaw
From the ſea-brink, conſpicuous on a hill.
Arrived, between two neighbour ſhrubs he crept,
Both olives, this the fruitful, that the wild;
A covert, which nor rough winds blowing moiſt
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day ſun
Smite through it, or unceaſing ſhow'rs pervade,
So thick a roof the ample branches form'd
Cloſe interwoven; under theſe the Chief
Retiring, with induſtrious hands a bed
Collected broad of leaves, which there he found
Abundant ſtrew'd, ſuch ſtore as had ſufficed
Two travellers or three for cov'ring warm,
Though winter's rougheſt blaſts had rag'd the while.
That bed with joy the ſuff'ring Chief renown'd
Contemplated, and occupying ſoon
The middle ſpace, hillock'd it high with leaves.
As when ſome ſwain hath hidden deep his torch
Beneath the embers, at the verge extreme
Of all his farm, where, having neighbours none,
He ſaves a ſeed or two of future flame
Alive, doom'd elſe to fetch it from afar,

So with dry leaves Ulyſſes overſpread
His body, on whoſe eyes Minerva pour'd
The balm of ſleep copious, that he might taſte
Repoſe again, after long toil ſevere.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE

# SIXTH BOOK.

Minerva deſigning an interview between the daughter of Alcinoüs and Ulyſſes, admoniſhes her in a dream to carry down her cloaths to the river, that ſhe may waſh them, and make them ready for her approaching nuptials. That taſk performed, the Princeſs and her train amuſe themſelves with play; by accident they awake Ulyſſes; he comes forth from the wood, and applies himſelf with much addreſs to Nauſicaa, who compaſſionating his diſtreſſed condition, and being much affected by the dignity of his appearance, intereſts herſelf in his favor, and conducts him to the city.

## BOOK VI.

THERE then the noble ſuff'rer lay, by ſleep
Oppreſs'd and labour; meantime, Pallas ſought
The populous city of Phæacia's ſons.
They, in old time, in Hypereia dwelt
The ſpacious, neighbours of a giant race
The haughty Cyclops, who, endued with pow'r
Superior, troubled them with frequent wrongs.
Godlike Nauſithoüs then aroſe, who thence
To Scheria led them, from all nations verſed
In arts of cultivated life, remote;

With bulwarks ſtrong their city he encloſed,
Built houſes for them, temples to the Gods,
And gave to each a portion of the ſoil.
But he, already by decree of fate
Had journey'd to the ſhades, and in his ſtead
Alcinoüs, by the Gods inſtructed, reign'd.
To his abode Minerva azure-eyed
Repair'd, neglecting nought which might advance
Magnanimous Ulyſſes' ſafe return.
She ſought the ſumptuous chamber where, in form
And feature perfect as the Gods, the young
Nauſicaa, daughter of the King, repoſed.
Faſt by the pillars of the portal lay
Two damſels, one on either ſide, adorn'd
By all the Graces, and the doors were ſhut.
Soft as a breathing air, ſhe ſtole toward
The royal virgin's couch, and at her head
Standing, addreſs'd her. Daughter ſhe appear'd
Of Dymas, famed for maritime exploits,
Her friend and her coeval; ſo diſguiſed
Cærulean-eyed Minerva thus began.

Nauſicaa! wherefore hath thy mother borne
A child ſo negligent? Thy garments ſhare,
Thy moſt magnificent, no thought of thine.
Yet thou muſt marry ſoon, and muſt provide
Robes for thyſelf, and for thy nuptial train.
Thy fame, on theſe concerns, and honour ſtand;
Theſe managed well, thy parents ſhall rejoice.

The

The dawn appearing, let us to the place
Of waſhing, where thy work-mate I will be
For ſpeedier riddance of thy taſk, ſince ſoon
The days of thy virginity ſhall end;
For thou art woo'd already by the prime
Of all Phæacia, country of thy birth.
Come then—ſolicit at the dawn of day
Thy royal father, that he ſend thee forth
With mules and carriage for conveyance hence
Of thy beſt robes, thy mantles and thy zones.
Thus, more commodiouſly thou ſhalt perform
The journey, for the ciſterns lie remote.

So ſaying, Minerva, Goddeſs azure-eyed,
Roſe to Olympus, the reputed ſeat
Eternal of the Gods, which never ſtorms
Diſturb, rains drench, or ſnow invades, but calm
The expanſe and cloudleſs ſhines with pureſt day.
There the inhabitants divine rejoice
For ever, and (her admonition giv'n)
Cærulean-eyed Minerva thither flew.

Now came Aurora bright-enthroned, whoſe rays
Awaken'd fair Nauſicaa; ſhe her dream
Remember'd wond'ring, and her parents ſought
Anxious to tell them. Them ſhe found within.
Beſide the hearth her royal mother ſat,
Spinning ſoft fleeces with ſea-purple dyed
Among her menial maidens, but ſhe met
Her father, whom the Nobles of the land

Had

Had ſummon'd, iſſuing abroad to join
The illuſtrious Chiefs in council. At his ſide
She ſtood, and thus her filial ſuit preferr'd.
* Sir! wilt thou lend me of the royal wains
A ſumpter-carriage? for I wiſh to bear
My coſtly cloaths but ſullied and unfit
For uſe, at preſent, to the river-ſide.
It is but ſeemly that thou ſhould'ſt repair
Thyſelf to conſultation with the Chiefs
Of all Phæacia, clad in pure attire;
And my own brothers five, who dwell at home,
Two wedded, and the reſt of age to wed,
Are all deſirous, when they dance, to wear
Raiment new bleach'd; all which is my concern.
So ſpake Nauſicaa; for ſhe dared not name
Her own glad nuptials to her father's ear,
Who, conſcious yet of all her drift, replied.
I grudge thee neither mules, my child, nor aught
That thou canſt aſk beſide. Go, and my train
Shall furniſh thee a ſumpter-carriage forth
High-built, ſtrong-wheel'd, and of capacious ſize.
So ſaying, he iſſued his command, whom quick
His grooms obey'd. They in the court prepared
The ſumpter-carriage, and adjoin'd the mules.
And now the virgin from her chamber, charged

* In the Original, ſhe calls him, pappa! a more natural ſtile of addreſs, and more endearing. But antient as this appellative is, it is alſo ſo familiar in modern uſe, that the Tranſlator feared to hazard it.

With

With raiment, came, which on the car ſhe placed,
And in the carriage-cheſt, meantime, the Queen,
Her mother, viands of all kinds diſpoſed,
And fill'd a ſkin with wine. Nauſicaa roſe
Into her ſeat; but, ere ſhe went, received
A golden cruſe of oil from the Queen's hand
For unction of herſelf and of her maids.
Then, ſeizing ſcourge and reins, ſhe laſh'd the mules.
They trampled loud the ſoil, ſtraining to draw
Herſelf with all her veſture; nor alone
She went, but follow'd by her virgin train.
At the delightful rivulet arrived
Where thoſe perennial ciſterns were prepared
With pureſt chryſtal of the fountain fed
Profuſe, ſufficient for the deepeſt ſtains,
Looſing the mules, they drove them forth to browze
On the ſweet herb beſide the dimpled flood.
The carriage, next, light'ning, they bore in hand
The garments down to the unſullied wave,
And thruſt them heap'd into the pools, their taſk
Diſpatching briſk, and with an emulous haſte.
When they had all purified, and no ſpot
Could now be ſeen or blemiſh more, they ſpread
The raiment orderly along the beach
Where daſhing tides had cleanſed the pebbles moſt,
And laving, next, and ſmoothing o'er with oil
Their limbs, all ſeated on the river's bank,
They took repaſt, leaving the garments, ſtretch'd

In noon-day fervour of the ſun, to dry.
Their hunger ſatisfied, at once aroſe
The miſtreſs and her train, and putting off
Their head-attire, play'd wanton with the ball,
The princeſs ſinging to her maids the while.
Such as ſhaft-arm'd Diana roams the hills,
Täygetus ſky-capt, or Erymanth,
The wild boar chaſing, or fleet-footed hind,
All joy; the rural nymphs, daughters of Jove,
Sport with her, and Latona's heart exults;
She high her graceful head above the reſt
And features lifts divine, though all be fair,
With eaſe diſtinguiſhable from them all;
So, all her train, ſhe, virgin pure, ſurpaſs'd.
But when the hour of her departure thence
Approach'd (the mules now yoked again, and all
Her elegant apparel folded neat)
Minerva azure-eyed muſed how to wake
Ulyſſes, that he might behold the fair
Virgin, his deſtin'd guide into the town.
The Princeſs, then, caſting the ball toward
A maiden of her train, erroneous threw
And plunged it deep into the dimpling ſtream.
All ſhriek'd; Ulyſſes at the ſound awoke,
And, ſitting, meditated thus the cauſe.
Ah me! what mortal race inhabit here?
Rude are they, contumacious and unjuſt?
Or hoſpitable, and who fear the Gods?

So ſhrill the cry and feminine of nymphs
Fills all the air around, ſuch as frequent
The hills, clear fountains, and herbaceous meads.
Is this a neighbourhood of men endued
With voice articulate? But what avails
To aſk? I will myſelf go forth and ſee.
So ſaying, divine Ulyſſes from beneath
His thicket crept, and from the leafy wood
A ſpreading branch pluck'd forcibly, deſign'd
A decent ſkreen effectual, held before.
So forth he went, as goes the lion forth,
The mountain-lion, conſcious of his ſtrength,
Whom winds have vex'd and rains; fire fills his eyes,
And whether herds or flocks, or woodland deer
He find, he rends them, and, aduſt for blood,
Abſtains not even from the guarded fold,
Such ſure to ſeem in virgin eyes, the Chief,
All naked as he was, left his retreat,
Reluctant, by neceſſity conſtrain'd.
Him foul with ſea-foam horror-ſtruck they view'd,
And o'er the jutting ſhores fled all diſperſed.
Nauſicaa alone fled not; for her
Pallas courageous made, and from her limbs,
By pow'r divine, all tremour took away.
Firm ſhe expected him; he doubtful ſtood,
Or to implore the lovely maid, her knees
Embracing, or, aloof ſtanding, to aſk
In gentle terms diſcrete the gift of cloaths,

And guidance to the city where ſhe dwelt.
Him ſo deliberating, moſt, at length,
This counſel pleas'd; in ſuppliant terms aloof
To ſue to her, leſt if he claſp'd her knees,
The virgin ſhould that bolder courſe reſent.
Then gentle, thus, and well-adviſed he ſpake.
Oh Queen! thy earneſt ſuppliant I approach.
Art thou ſome Goddeſs, or of mortal race?
For if ſome Goddeſs, and from heaven arrived,
Diana, then, daughter of mighty Jove
I deem thee moſt, for ſuch as hers appear
Thy form, thy ſtature, and thy air divine.
But, if, of mortal race, thou dwell below,
Thrice happy then, thy parents I account,
And happy thrice thy brethren. Ah! the joy
Which always, for thy ſake, their boſoms fills,
When thee they view, all lovely as thou art,
Ent'ring majeſtic on the graceful dance.
But him beyond all others bleſt I deem,
The youth, who, wealthier than his rich compeers,
Shall win and lead thee to his honour'd home.
For never with theſe eyes a mortal form
Beheld I comparable aught to thine,
In man or woman. Wonder-rapt I gaze.
Such erſt, in Delos, I beheld a palm
Beſide the altar of Apollo, tall,
And growing ſtill; (for thither too I ſail'd,
And num'rous were my followers in a voyage

Ordain'd

Ordain'd my ruin) and as then I view'd
That palm long time amazed, for never grew
So ſtrait a ſhaft, ſo lovely from the ground,
So, Princeſs! thee with wonder I behold,
Charm'd into fixt aſtoniſhment, by awe
Alone forbidden to embrace thy knees,
For I am one on whom much woe hath fall'n.
Yeſterday I eſcaped (the twentieth day
Of my diſtreſs by ſea) the dreary Deep;
For, all thoſe days, the waves and rapid ſtorms
Bore me along, impetuous, from the iſle
Ogygia; 'till at length the will of heav'n
Caſt me, that I might alſo here ſuſtain
Affliction, on your ſhore; for reſt, I think,
Is not for me. No. The immortal Gods
Have much to accompliſh ere that day arrive.
But, oh Queen, pity me! who after long
Calamities endured, of all who live
Thee firſt approach, nor mortal know beſide
Of the inhabitants of all the land.
Shew me your city; give me, although coarſe,
Some cov'ring (if coarſe cov'ring *thou* canſt give)
And may the Gods thy largeſt wiſhes grant,
Houſe, huſband, concord! for of all the gifts
Of heav'n, more precious none I deem, than peace
'Twixt wedded pair, and union undiſſolved;
Envy torments their enemies, but joy
Fills ev'ry virtuous breaſt, and moſt their own.

To whom Nauſicaa the fair replied.
Since, ſtranger! neither baſe by birth thou ſeem'ſt,
Nor unintelligent, (but Jove, the King
Olympian, gives to good and bad alike
Proſperity according to his will,
And grief to thee, which thou muſt patient bear)
Now, therefore, at our land and city arrived,
Nor garment thou ſhalt want, nor aught beſide
Due to a ſuppliant gueſt like thee forlorn.
I will both ſhow thee where our city ſtands,
And who dwell here. Phæacia's ſons poſſeſs
This land; but I am daughter of their King
The brave Alcinoüs, on whoſe ſway depends
For ſtrength and wealth the whole Phæacian race.
She ſaid, and to her beauteous maidens gave
Inſtant commandment—My attendants, ſtay!
Why flee ye thus, and whither, from the ſight
Of a mere mortal? Seems he in your eyes
Some enemy of ours? The heart beats not,
Nor ſhall it beat hereafter, which ſhall come
An enemy to the Phæacian ſhores,
So dear to the immortal Gods are we.
Remote, amid the billowy Deep, we hold
Our dwelling, utmoſt of all human-kind,
And free from mixture with a foreign race.
This man, a miſerable wand'rer comes,
Whom we are bound to cheriſh, for the poor
And ſtranger are from Jove, and trivial gifts

To ſuch are welcome. Bring ye therefore food
And wine, my maidens, for the gueſt's regale,
And lave him where the ſtream is ſhelter'd moſt.
She ſpake; they ſtood, and by each other's words
Encouraged, placed Ulyſſes where the bank
O'erhung the ſtream, as fair Nauſicaa bade,
Daughter of King Alcinoüs the renown'd.
Apparel alſo at his ſide they ſpread,
Mantle and veſt, and, next, the limpid oil
Preſenting to him in the golden cruſe,
Exhorted him to bathe in the clear ſtream.
Ulyſſes then the maidens thus beſpake.
Ye maidens, ſtand apart, that I may cleanſe,
Myſelf, my ſhoulders from the briny ſurf,
And give them oil which they have wanted long.
But in your preſence I bathe not, aſhamed
To ſhow myſelf uncloath'd to female eyes.
He ſaid; they went, and to Nauſicaa told
His anſwer; then the Hero in the ſtream
His ſhoulders laved, and loins incruſted rough
With the ſalt ſpray, and with his hands the ſcum
Of the wild ocean from his locks expreſs'd.
Thus waſh'd all over, and refreſh'd with oil,
He put the garments on, Nauſicaa's gift.
Then Pallas, progeny of Jove, his form
Dilated more, and from his head diffuſed
His curling locks like hyacinthine flowers.
As when ſome artiſt, by Minerva made

And Vulcan wiſe to execute all taſks
Ingenious, binding with a golden verge
Bright ſilver, finiſhes a graceful work,
Such grace the Goddeſs o'er his ample cheſt
Copious diffuſed, and o'er his manly brows.
Retiring, on the beach he ſat, with grace
And dignity illumed, where, viewing him,
The virgin Princeſs, with amazement mark'd
His beauty, and her damſels thus beſpake.

My white-arm'd maidens, liſten to my voice!
Not hated, ſure, by all above, this man
Among Phæacia's godlike ſons arrives.
At firſt I deem'd him of plebeian ſort
Diſhonourable, but he now aſſumes
A near reſemblance to the Gods above.
Ah! would to heav'n it were my lot to call
Huſband, ſome native of our land like him
Accompliſh'd, and content to inhabit here!
Give him, my maidens, food, and give him wine.

She ended; they, obedient to her will,
Both wine and food, diſpatchful, placed, and, glad,
Before Ulyſſes; he rapacious ate,
Toil-ſuff'ring Chief, and drank, for he had lived
From taſte of aliment long time eſtranged.

On other thoughts meantime intent, her charge
Of folded veſtments neat the Princeſs placed
Within the royal wain, then yoked the mules,
And to her ſeat herſelf aſcending, call'd

Ulyſſes to depart, and thus ſhe ſpake.
Up, ſtranger! ſeek the city. I will lead
Thy ſteps toward my royal Father's houſe,
Where all Phæacia's Nobles thou ſhalt ſee.
But thou (for I account thee not unwiſe)
This courſe purſue. While through the fields we paſs,
And labours of the rural hind, ſo long
With my attendants follow faſt the mules
And ſumpter-carriage. I will be thy guide.
But, once the ſummit gain'd, on which is built
Our city with proud bulwarks fenced around,
And laved on both ſides by its pleaſant port
Of narrow entrance, where our gallant barks
Line all the road, each ſtation'd in her place,
And where, adjoining cloſe the ſplendid fane
Of Neptune, ſtands the forum with huge ſtones
From quarries thither drawn, conſtructed ſtrong,
In which the rigging of their barks they keep
Sail-cloth and cordage, and make ſmooth their oars;
(For bow and quiver the Phæacian race
Heed not, but maſts and oars, and ſhips well-poiſed,
With which exulting they divide the flood)
Then, cautious, I would ſhun their bitter taunts
Diſguſtful, leſt they mock me as I paſs;
For of the meaner people ſome are coarſe
In the extreme, and it may chance that one,
The baſeſt there, ſeeing us ſhall exclaim—
What handſome ſtranger of athletic form

Attends

Attends the Princeſs? Where had ſhe the chance
To find him? We ſhall ſee them wedded ſoon.
Either ſhe hath received ſome vagrant gueſt
From diſtant lands, (for no land neighbours ours)
Or by her pray'rs inceſſant won, ſome God
Hath left the heav'ns to be for ever hers.
'Tis well if ſhe have found, by her own ſearch,
An huſband for herſelf, ſince ſhe accounts
The Nobles of Phæacia, who her hand
Solicit num'rous, worthy to be ſcorn'd——
Thus will they ſpeak, injurious. I ſhould blame
A virgin guilty of ſuch conduct much,
Myſelf, who reckleſs of her parents will,
Should ſo familiar with a man conſort,
Ere celebration of her ſpouſal rites.
But mark me, ſtranger! following my advice,
Thou ſhalt the ſooner at my father's hands
Obtain ſafe conduct and conveyance home.
Sacred to Pallas a delightful grove
Of poplars ſkirts the road, which we ſhall reach
Ere long; within that grove a fountain flows,
And meads encircle it; my father's farm
Is there, and his luxuriant garden-plot;
A ſhout might reach it from the city-walls.
There wait, 'till in the town arrived, we gain
My father's palace, and when reaſon bids
Suppoſe us there, then ent'ring thou the town,
Aſk where Alcinoüs dwells, my valiant Sire.

Well

Well known is his abode, ſo that with eaſe
A child might lead thee to it, for in nought
The other houſes of our land the houſe
Reſemble, in which dwells the Hero, King
Alcinoüs. Once within the court received
Pauſe not, but, with ſwift pace advancing, ſeek
My mother; ſhe beſide a column ſits
In the hearth's blaze, twirling her fleecy threads
Tinged with ſea-purple, bright, magnificent!
With all her maidens orderly behind.
There alſo ſtands my father's throne, on which
Seated, he drinks and banquets like a God.
Paſs that; then ſuppliant claſp my mother's knees,
So ſhalt thou quickly win a glad return
To thy own home, however far remote.
Her favour, once, and her kind aid ſecured,
Thenceforth thou may'ſt expect thy friends to ſee,
Thy dwelling, and thy native ſoil again.
So ſaying, ſhe with her ſplendid ſcourge the mules
Laſh'd onward. They (the ſtream ſoon left behind)
With even footſteps graceful ſmote the ground;
But ſo ſhe ruled them, managing with art
The ſcourge, as not to leave afar, although
Following on foot, Ulyſſes and her train.
The ſun had now declined, when in that grove
Renown'd, to Pallas ſacred, they arrived,
In which Ulyſſes ſat, and fervent thus
Sued to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd.

Daughter invincible of Jove ſupreme!
Oh, hear me! Hear me now, becauſe when erſt
The mighty Shaker of the ſhores incenſed
Toſs'd me from wave to wave, thou heard'ſt me not.
Grant me, among Phæacia's ſons, to find
Benevolence and pity of my woes!

He ſpake, whoſe pray'r well-pleas'd the Goddeſs heard,
But, rev'rencing the * brother of her ſire,
Appear'd not to Ulyſſes yet, whom he
Purſued with fury to his native ſhores.

* Neptune.

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE

# SEVENTH BOOK.

Nauſicaa returns from the river, whom Ulyſſes follows. He halts, by her direction, at a ſmall diſtance from the palace, which at a convenient time he enters. He is well received by Alcinoüs and his Queen; and having related to them the manner of his being caſt on the ſhore of Scheria, and received from Alcinoüs the promiſe of ſafe conduct home, retires to reſt.

## BOOK VII.

SUCH pray'r Ulyſſes, toil-worn Chief renown'd,
To Pallas made; meantime the virgin, drawn
By her ſtout mules, Phæacia's city reach'd,
And, at her father's houſe arrived, the car
Stay'd in the veſtibule; her brothers five,
All godlike youths, aſſembling quick around,
Releaſed the mules, and bore the raiment in.
Meantime, to her own chamber ſhe return'd,
Where, ſoon as ſhe arrived, an antient dame
Eurymeduſa, by peculiar charge
Attendant on that ſervice, kindled fire.
Sea-rovers her had from Epirus brought

Long ſince, and to Alcinoüs ſhe had fall'n
By public gift, for that he ruled, ſupreme,
Phæacia, and as oft as he harangued
The multitude, was rev'renced as a God.
She waited on the fair Nauſicaa, ſhe
Her fuel kindled, and her food prepared.
And now Ulyſſes from his ſeat aroſe
To ſeek the city, around whom, his guard
Benevolent, Minerva, caſt a cloud,
Leſt, haply, ſome Phæacian ſhould preſume
T' inſult the Chief, and queſtion whence he came.
But ere he enter'd yet the pleaſant town,
Minerva azure-eyed met him, in form
A blooming maid, bearing her pitcher forth.
She ſtood before him, and the noble Chief
Ulyſſes, of the Goddeſs thus enquired.

Daughter! wilt thou direct me to the houſe
Of brave Alcinoüs, whom this land obeys?
For I have here arrived, after long toil,
And from a country far remote, a gueſt
To all who in Phæacia dwell, unknown.

To whom the Goddeſs of the azure-eyes.
The manſion of thy ſearch, ſtranger revered!
Myſelf will ſhew thee; for not diſtant dwells
Alcinoüs from my father's own abode:
But huſh! be ſilent—I will lead the way;
Mark no man; queſtion no man; for the ſight
Of ſtrangers is unuſual here, and cold

The welcome by this people ſhown to ſuch.
They, truſting in ſwift ſhips, by the free grant
Of Neptune traverſe his wide waters, borne
As if on wings, or with the ſpeed of thought.
So ſpake the Goddeſs, and with nimble pace
Led on, whoſe footſteps he, as quick, purſued.
But ſtill the ſeaman-throng through whom he paſs'd
Perceiv'd him not; Minerva, Goddeſs dread,
That ſight forbidding them, whoſe eyes ſhe dimm'd
With darkneſs ſhed miraculous around
Her fav'rite Chief. Ulyſſes, wond'ring, mark'd
Their port, their ſhips, their forum, the reſort
Of Heroes, and their battlements ſublime
Fenced with ſharp ſtakes around, a glorious ſhow!
But when the King's auguſt abode he reach'd,
Minerva azure-eyed, then, thus began.
My father! thou behold'ſt the houſe to which
Thou bad'ſt me lead thee. Thou ſhalt find our Chiefs
And high-born Princes banquetting within.
But enter fearing nought, for boldeſt men
Speed ever beſt, come whenceſoe'er they may.
Firſt thou ſhalt find the Queen, known by her name
Areta; lineal in deſcent from thoſe
Who gave Alcinoüs birth, her royal ſpouſe.
Neptune begat Nauſithoüs, at the firſt,
On Peribæa, lovelieſt of her ſex,
Lateſt-born daughter of Eurymedon,
Heroic King of the proud giant race,

But

Who, loſing all his impious people, ſhared
The ſame dread fate himſelf. Her Neptune lov'd,
To whom ſhe bore a ſon, the mighty prince
Nauſithoüs, in his day King of the land.
Nauſithoüs himſelf two ſons begat,
Rhexenor and Alcinoüs. Phoebus ſlew
Rhexenor at his home, a bridegroom yet,
Who, father of no ſon, one daughter left,
Areta, wedded to Alcinoüs now,
And whom the Sov'reign in ſuch honour holds,
As woman none enjoys of all on earth
Exiſting, ſubjects of an huſband's pow'r.
Like veneration ſhe from all receives
Unfeign'd, from her own children, from himſelf
Alcinoüs, and from all Phæacia's race,
Who, gazing on her as ſhe were divine,
Shout when ſhe moves in progreſs through the town.
For ſhe no wiſdom wants, but ſits, herſelf,
Arbitreſs of ſuch conteſts as ariſe
Between her fav'rites, and decides aright.
Her count'nance once and her kind aid ſecured,
Thou may'ſt thenceforth expect thy friends to ſee,
Thy dwelling, and thy native ſoil again.
So Pallas ſpake, Goddeſs cærulean-eyed,
And, o'er the untillable and barren Deep
Departing, Scheria left, land of delight,
Whence reaching Marathon, and Athens next,
She paſs'd into Erectheus' fair abode.

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, then, toward the palace moved
Of King Alcinoüs, but immerſed in thought
Stood, firſt, and pauſed, ere with his foot he preſs'd
The brazen threſhold; for a light he ſaw
As of the ſun or moon illuming clear
The palace of Phæacia's mighty King.
Walls plated bright with braſs, on either ſide
Stretch'd from the portal to th' interior houſe,
With azure cornice crown'd; the doors were gold
Which ſhut the palace faſt; ſilver the poſts
Rear'd on a brazen threſhold, and above,
The lintels, ſilver, architraved with gold.
Maſtiffs, in gold and ſilver, lined the approach
On either ſide, by art celeſtial framed
Of Vulcan, guardians of Alcinoüs gate
For ever, unobnoxious to decay.
Sheer from the threſhold to the inner houſe
Fixt thrones the walls, through all their length, adorn'd,
With mantles overſpread of ſubtleſt warp
Tranſparent, work of many a female hand.
On theſe the princes of Phæacia ſat,
Holding perpetual feaſts, while golden youths
On all the ſumptuous altars ſtood, their hands
With burning torches charg'd, which, night by night,
Shed radiance over all the feſtive throng.
Full fifty female menials ſerv'd the King
In houſehold offices; the rapid mills
Theſe turning, pulverize the mellow'd grain,

Thoſe, ſeated orderly, the purple fleece
Wind off, or ply the loom, reſtleſs as leaves
Of lofty poplars fluttering in the breeze;
*Bright as with oil the new-wrought texture ſhone.
Far as Phæacian mariners all elſe
Surpaſs, the ſwift ſhip urging through the floods,
So far in tiſſue-work the women paſs
All others, by Minerva's ſelf endow'd
With richeſt fancy and ſuperior ſkill.
Without the court, and to the gates adjoin'd
A ſpacious garden lay, fenced all around
Secure, four acres meaſuring complete.
There grew luxuriant many a lofty tree,
Pomegranate, pear, the apple bluſhing bright,
The honied fig, and unctuous olive ſmooth.
Thoſe fruits, nor winter's cold nor ſummer's heat
Fear ever, fail not, wither not, but hang
Perennial, while unceaſing zephyr breathes
Gently on all, enlarging theſe, and thoſe
Maturing genial; in an endleſs courſe
Pears after pears to full dimenſions ſwell,
Figs follow figs, grapes cluſt'ring grow again
Where cluſters grew, and (ev'ry apple ſtript)
The boughs ſoon tempt the gath'rer as before.

* Καιροσίων δ' οθονεων ἀπολείβεται ὑγρον ἔλαιον.

Pope has given no tranſlation of this line in the text of his work, but has tranſlated it in a note. It is variouſly interpreted by commentators; the ſenſe which is here given of it is that recommended by Euſtathius.

There

There too, well-rooted, and of fruit profuſe,
His vineyard grows; part, wide-extended, baſks
In the ſun's beams; the arid level glows;
In part they gather, and in part they tread
The wine-preſs, while, before the eye, the grapes
Here put their bloſſom forth, there, gather faſt
Their blackneſs. On the garden's verge extreme
Flow'rs of all hues ſmile all the year, arranged
With neateſt art judicious, and amid
The lovely ſcene two fountains welling forth,
One viſits, into ev'ry part diffuſed,
The garden-ground, the other ſoft beneath
The threſhold ſteals into the palace-court,
Whence ev'ry citizen his vaſe ſupplies.
Such were the ample bleſſings on the houſe
Of King Alcinoüs by the Gods beſtow'd.
Ulyſſes wond'ring ſtood, and when, at length,
Silent he had the whole fair ſcene admired,
With rapid ſtep enter'd the royal gate.
The Chiefs he found and Senators within
Libation pouring to the vigilant ſpy
Mercurius, whom with wine they worſhipp'd laſt
Of all the Gods, and at the hour of reſt.
Ulyſſes, toil-worn Hero, through the houſe
Paſs'd undelaying, by Minerva thick
With darkneſs circumfus'd, 'till he arrived
Where King Alcinoüs and Areta ſat.
Around Areta's knees his arms he caſt,

And, in that moment, broken clear away
The cloud all went, ſhed on him from above.
Dumb ſat the gueſts, ſeeing the unknown Chief,
And wond'ring gazed. He thus his ſuit preferr'd.
Areta, daughter of the Godlike Prince
Rhexenor! ſuppliant at thy knees I fall,
Thy royal ſpouſe imploring, and thyſelf,
(After ten thouſand toils) and theſe your gueſts,
To whom heav'n grant felicity, and to leave
Their treaſures to their babes, with all the rights
And honours, by the people's ſuffrage, theirs!
But oh vouchſafe me, who have wanted long
And ardent wiſh'd my home, without delay
Safe conduct to my native ſhores again!
Such ſuit he made, and in the aſhes ſat
At the hearth-ſide; they mute long time remain'd,
'Till, at the la , the antient Hero ſpake
Echeneus, eldeſt of Phæacia's ſons,
With eloquence beyond the reſt endow'd,
Rich in traditionary lore, and wiſe
In all, who thus, benevolent, began.
Not honourable to thyſelf, O King!
Is ſuch a ſight, a ſtranger on the ground
At the hearth-ſide ſeated, and in the duſt.
Meantime, thy gueſts, expecting thy command,
Move not; thou therefore raiſing by his hand
The ſtranger, lead him to a throne, and bid
The heralds mingle wine, that we may pour

To

To thunder-bearing Jove, the ſuppliant's friend.
Then let the cat'reſs for thy gueſt produce
Supply, a ſupper from the laſt regale.
Soon as thoſe words Alcinoüs heard, the King,
Upraiſing by his hand the prudent Chief
Ulyſſes from the hearth, he made him ſit
On a bright throne, diſplacing for his ſake
Laodamas his ſon, the virtuous youth
Who ſat beſide him, and whom moſt he lov'd.
And now, a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r
And with an argent laver, pouring, firſt,
Pure water on his hands, ſupply'd him, next,
With a reſplendent table, which the chaſte
Directreſs of the ſtores furniſh'd with bread
And dainties, remnants of the laſt regale.
Then ate the Hero toil-inured, and drank,
And to his herald thus Alcinoüs ſpake.
Pontonoüs! mingling wine, bear it around
To ev'ry gueſt in turn, that we may pour
To thunder-bearer Jove, the ſtranger's friend,
And guardian of the ſuppliant's ſacred rights.
He ſaid; Pontonoüs, as he bade, the wine
Mingled delicious, and the cups diſpenſed
With diſtribution regular to all.
When each had made libation, and had drunk
Sufficient, then, Alcinoüs thus began.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, I ſpeak
The dictates of my mind, therefore attend!

Ye all have feaſted—To your homes and ſleep.
We will aſſemble at the dawn of day
More ſenior Chiefs, that we may entertain
The ſtranger here, and to the Gods perform
Due ſacrifice; the convoy that he aſks
Shall next engage our thoughts, that free from pain
And from vexation, by our friendly aid
He may reviſit, joyful and with ſpeed,
His native ſhore, however far remote.
No inconvenience let him feel or harm,
Ere his arrival; but, arrived, thenceforth
He muſt endure whatever lot the Fates
Spun for him in the moment of his birth.
But ſhould he prove ſome Deity from heav'n
Deſcended, then the Immortals have in view
Deſigns not yet apparent; for the Gods
Have ever from of old reveal'd themſelves
At our ſolemnities, have on our ſeats
Sat with us evident, and ſhared the feaſt;
And even if a ſingle traveller
Of the Phæacians meet them, all reſerve
They lay aſide; for with the Gods we boaſt
As near affinity as do themſelves
* The Cyclops, or the Giant race profane.

* The Scholiaſt explains the paſſage thus—We reſemble the Gods in righteouſneſs as much as the Cyclops and Giants reſembled each other in impiety. But in this ſenſe of it there is ſomething intricate and contrary to Homer's manner. We have ſeen that they derived themſelves from Neptune, which ſufficiently juſtifies the above interpretation.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Alcinoüs! think not ſo. Reſemblance none
In figure or in lineaments I bear
To the immortal tenants of the ſkies,
But to the ſons of earth; if ye have known
A man afflicted with a weight of woe
Peculiar, let me be with him compared;
Woes even paſſing his could I relate,
And all inflicted on me by the Gods.
But let me eat, comfortleſs as I am,
Uninterrupted; for no call is loud
As that of hunger in the ears of man;
Importunate, unreas'nable, it conſtrains
His notice, more than all his woes beſide.
So, I much ſorrow feel, yet not the leſs
Hear I the blatant appetite demand
Due ſuſtenance, and with a voice that drowns
E'en all my ſuff'rings, 'till itſelf be fill'd.
But expedite ye at the dawn of day
My ſafe return into my native land,
After much mis'ry; and let life itſelf
Forſake me, may I but once more behold
All that is mine, in my own lofty abode.

He ſpake, whom all applauded, and adviſed,
Unanimous, the gueſt's conveyance home,
Who had ſo fitly ſpoken. When, at length,
All had libation made, and were ſufficed,
Departing to his houſe, each ſought repoſe.

But

But ſtill Ulyſſes in the hall remain'd,
Where, godlike King, Alcinoüs at his ſide
Sat, and Areta; the attendants clear'd
Meantime the board, and thus the Queen white-arm'd,
(Marking the veſt and mantle which he wore,
And which her maidens and herſelf had made)
In accents wing'd with eager haſte began.

Stranger! the firſt enquiry ſhall be mine;
Who art, and whence? From whom receiv'dſt thou theſe?
Saidſt not—I came a wand'rer o'er the Deep?

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Oh Queen! the taſk were difficult to unfold
In all its length the ſtory of my woes,
For I have num'rous from the Gods receiv'd;
But I will anſwer thee as beſt I may.
There is a certain iſle, Ogygia, placed
Far diſtant in the Deep; there dwells, by man
Alike unviſited, and by the Gods,
Calypſo, beauteous nymph, but deeply ſkill'd
In artifice, and terrible in pow'r,
Daughter of Atlas. Me alone my fate
Her miſerable inmate made, when Jove
Had riv'n aſunder with his candent bolt
My bark in the mid-ſea. There periſh'd all
The valiant partners of my toils, and I
My veſſel's keel embracing day and night
With folded arms, nine days was borne along.
But on the tenth dark night, as pleas'd the Gods,

They

They drove me to Ogygia, where reſides
Calypſo, beauteous nymph, dreadful in pow'r;
She reſcued, cheriſh'd, fed me, and her wiſh
Was to confer on me immortal life,
Exempt for ever from the ſap of age.
But me her offer'd boon ſway'd not. Sev'n years
I there abode continual, with my tears
Bedewing ceaſeleſs my ambroſial robes,
Calypſo's gift divine; but when, at length,
(Sev'n years elaps'd) the circling eighth arrived,
She then, herſelf, my quick departure thence
Adviſed, by Jove's own mandate overaw'd,
Which even her had influenced to a change.
On a well-corded raft ſhe ſent me forth
With num'rous preſents; bread ſhe put and wine
On board, and cloath'd me in immortal robes;
She ſent before me alſo a fair wind
Freſh-blowing, but not dang'rous. Sev'nteen days
I ſail'd the flood continual, and deſcried,
On the eighteenth, your ſhadowy mountains tall,
When my exulting heart ſprang at the ſight,
All wretched as I was, and ſtill ordain'd
To ſtrive with difficulties many and hard
From adverſe Neptune; he the ſtormy winds
Exciting oppoſite, my wat'ry way
Impeded, and the waves heav'd to a bulk
Immeaſurable, ſuch as robb'd me ſoon
Deep-groaning, of the raft, my only hope;

For her the tempeſt ſcatter'd, and myſelf
This ocean meaſured ſwimming, 'till the winds
And mighty waters caſt me on your ſhore.
Me there emerging, the huge waves had daſh'd
Full on the land, where, incommodious moſt,
The ſhore preſented only roughest rocks,
But, leaving it, I ſwam the Deep again,
'Till now, at laſt, a river's gentle ſtream
Receiv'd me, by no rocks deform'd, and where
No violent winds the ſhelter'd bank annoy'd.
I flung myſelf on ſhore, exhauſted, weak,
Needing repoſe; ambroſial night came on,
When from the Jove-deſcended ſtream withdrawn,
I in a thicket lay'd me down on leaves
Which I had heap'd together, and the Gods
O'erwhelm'd my eye-lids with a flood of ſleep.
There under wither'd leaves, forlorn, I ſlept
All the long night, the morning and the noon,
But balmy ſleep, at the decline of day,
Broke from me; then, your daughter's train I heard
Sporting, with whom ſhe alſo ſported, fair
And graceful as the Gods. To her I kneel'd.
She, following the dictates of a mind
Ingenuous, paſs'd in her behaviour all
Which even ye could from an age like hers
Have hoped; for youth is ever indiſcrete.
She gave me plenteous food, with richeſt wine
Refreſh'd my ſpirit, taught me where to bathe,

And

And cloath'd me as thou ſeeſt; thus, though a prey
To many ſorrows, I have told thee truth.
To whom Alcinoüs anſwer thus return'd.
My daughter's conduct, I perceive, hath been
In this erroneous, that ſhe led thee not
Hither, at once, with her attendant train,
For thy firſt ſuit was to herſelf alone.
Thus then Ulyſſes, wary Chief, replied.
Blame not, O Hero, for ſo ſlight a cauſe
Thy faultleſs child; ſhe bade me follow them,
But I refuſed, by fear and awe reſtrain'd,
Leſt thou ſhould'ſt feel diſpleaſure at that ſight
Thyſelf; for we are all, in ev'ry clime,
Suſpicious, and to worſt conſtructions prone.
So ſpake Ulyſſes, to whom thus the King.
I bear not, ſtranger! in my breaſt an heart
Cauſeleſs irafcible; for at all times
A temp'rate equanimity is beſt.
And oh, I would to heav'n, that, being ſuch
As now thou art, and of one mind with me,
Thou would'ſt accept my daughter, would'ſt become
My ſon-in-law, and dwell contented here!
Houſe would I give thee, and poſſeſſions too,
Were ſuch thy choice; elſe, if thou chuſe it not,
No man in all Phæacia ſhall by force
Detain thee. Jupiter himſelf forbid!
For proof, I will appoint thee convoy hence
To-morrow; and while thou by ſleep ſubdued

Shalt on thy bed repoſe, they with their oars
Shall bruſh the placid flood, 'till thou arrive
At home, or at what place ſoe'er thou would'ſt,
Though far more diſtant than Eubœa lies,
Remoteſt iſle from us, by the report
Of ours, who ſaw it when they thither bore
Golden-hair'd Rhadamanthus o'er the Deep,
To viſit earth-born Tityus. To that iſle
They went; they reach'd it, and they brought him thence
Back to Phæacia, in one day, with eaſe.
Thou alſo ſhalt be taught what ſhips I boaſt
Unmatch'd in ſwiftneſs, and how far my crews
Excell, upturning with their oars the brine.
He ceas'd; Ulyſſes toil-inur'd his words
Exulting heard, and, praying, thus replied.
Eternal Father! may the King perform
His whole kind promiſe! grant him in all lands
A never-dying name, and grant to me
To viſit ſafe my native ſhores again!
Thus they conferr'd; and now Areta bade
Her fair attendants dreſs a fleecy couch
Under the portico, with purple rugs
Reſplendent, and with arras ſpread beneath,
And over all with cloaks of ſhaggy pile.
Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
And, as ſhe bade, prepared in haſte a couch
Of depth commodious, then, returning, gave
Ulyſſes welcome ſummons to repoſe.

Stranger!

Stranger! thy couch is ſpread. Hence to thy reſt.
So they—Thrice grateful to his ſoul the thought
Seem'd of repoſe. There ſlept Ulyſſes, then,
On his carv'd couch, beneath the portico,
But in the inner-houſe Alcinoüs found
His place of reſt, and hers with royal ſtate
Prepared, the Queen his conſort, at his ſide.

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# EIGHTH BOOK.

The Phæacians conſult on the ſubject of Ulyſſes. Preparation is made for his departure. Antinoüs entertains them at his table. Games follow the entertainment. Demodocus the bard, ſings, firſt the loves of Mars and Venus, then the introduction of the wooden horſe into Troy. Ulyſſes, much affected by his ſong, is queſtioned by Alcinoüs, whence, and who he is, and what is the cauſe of his ſorrow.

## BOOK VIII.

BUT when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Bluſh'd in the Eaſt, then from his bed aroſe
The ſacred might of the Phæacian King.
Then uproſe alſo, city-waſter Chief,
Ulyſſes, whom the King Alcinoüs
Led forth to council at the ſhips convened.
There, ſide by ſide, on poliſh'd ſtones they ſat
Frequent; meantime, Minerva in the form
Of King Alcinoüs' herald ranged the town,
With purpoſe to accelerate the return
Of brave Ulyſſes to his native home,

And

And thus to ev'ry Chief the Goddeſs ſpake.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, away!
Haſte all to council on the ſtranger held,
Who hath of late beneath Alcinoüs' roof
Our King arrived, a wand'rer o'er the Deep,
But, in his form, majeſtic as a God.
So ſaying, ſhe rouſed the people, and at once
The ſeats of all the ſenate-court were fill'd
With faſt-aſſembling throngs, no few of whom
Had mark'd Ulyſſes with admiring eyes.
Then, Pallas o'er his head and ſhoulders broad
Diffuſing grace celeſtial, his whole form
Dilated, and to ſtatelier height advanced,
That worthier of all rev'rence he might ſeem
To the Phæacians, and might many a feat
Atchieve, with which they ſhould aſſay his force.
When, therefore, the aſſembly now was full,
Alcinoüs, them addreſſing, thus began.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators! I ſpeak
The dictates of my mind, therefore attend.
This gueſt, unknown to me, hath, wand'ring, found
My palace, either from the Eaſt arrived,
Or from ſome nation on our weſtern ſide.
Safe conduct home he aſks, and our conſent
Here wiſhes ratified, whoſe quick return
Be it our part, as uſual, to promote;
For at no time the ſtranger, from what coaſt
Soe'er, who hath reſorted to our doors,

Hath long complain'd of his detention here.
Haſte—draw ye down into the ſacred Deep
A veſſel of prime ſpeed, and, from among
The people, fifty and two youths ſelect,
Approved the beſt; then, laſhing faſt the oars,
Leave her, that at my palace ye may make
Short feaſt, for which myſelf will all provide.
Thus I enjoin the crew; but as for thoſe
Of ſceptred rank, I bid them all alike
To my own board, that here we may regale
The ſtranger nobly, and let none refuſe.
Call, too, Demodocus, the bard divine,
To ſhare my banquet, whom the Gods have bleſt
With pow'rs of ſong delectable, unmatch'd
By any, when his genius once is fired.
He ceas'd, and led the way, whom follow'd all
The ſceptred ſenators, while to the houſe
An herald haſted of the bard divine.
Then, fifty mariners and two, from all
The reſt ſelected, to the coaſt repair'd,
And, from her ſtation on the ſea-bank, launched
The galley down into the ſacred Deep.
They placed the canvas and the maſt on board,
Arranged the oars, unfurl'd the ſhining ſail,
And, leaving her in depth of water moor'd,
All ſought the palace of Alcinoüs.
There, ſoon, the portico, the court, the hall
Were fill'd with multitudes of young and old,

For

For whoſe regale the mighty monarch ſlew
Two beeves, twelve ſheep, and twice four fatted brawns.
They flay'd them firſt, then buſily their taſk
Adminiſt'ring, prepared the joyous feaſt.
And now the herald came, leading with care
The tuneful bard; dear to the muſe was he,
Who yet appointed him both good and ill;
Took from him ſight, but gave him ſtrains divine.
For him, Pontonoüs in the midſt diſpoſed
An argent-ſtudded throne, thruſting it cloſe
To a tall column, where he hung his lyre
Above his head, and taught him where it hung.
He ſet before him, next, a poliſh'd board
And baſket, and a goblet fill'd with wine
For his own uſe, and at his own command.
Then, all aſſail'd at once the ready feaſt,
And when nor hunger more nor thirſt they felt,
Then came the muſe, and rouſed the bard to ſing
Exploits of men renown'd; it was a ſong,
In that day, to the higheſt heav'n extoll'd.
He ſang of a diſpute kindled between
The ſon of Peleus, and Laertes'* ſon,
Both ſeated at a feaſt held to the Gods.
That conteſt Agamemnon, King of men,

* Agamemnon having inquired at Delphos, at what time the Trojan war ſhould end, was anſwered, that the concluſion of it ſhould happen at a time when a diſpute ſhould ariſe between two of his principal commanders. That diſpute occurred at the time here alluded to, Achilles recommending force as moſt likely to reduce the city, and Ulyſſes ſtratagem.

Between

Between the nobleſt of Achaia's hoſt
Hearing, rejoiced; for when in Pytho erſt
He paſs'd the marble threſhold to conſult
The oracle of Apollo, ſuch diſpute
The voice divine had to his ear announced;
For then it was that, firſt, the ſtorm of war
Came rolling on, ordain'd long time to afflict
Troy and the Greecians, by the will of Jove.
So ſang the bard illuſtrious; then his robe
Of purple dye with both hands o'er his head
Ulyſſes drew, behind its ample folds
Veiling his face, through fear to be obſerved
By the Phæacians weeping at the ſong;
And ever as the bard harmonious ceaſed,
He wiped his tears, and, drawing from his brows
The mantle, pour'd libation to the Gods.
But when the Chiefs (for they delighted heard
Thoſe ſounds) ſolicited again the bard,
And he renew'd the ſtrain, then cov'ring cloſe
His count'nance, as before, Ulyſſes wept.
Thus, unperceiv'd by all, the Hero mourn'd,
Save by Alcinoüs; he alone his tears,
(Beſide him ſeated) mark'd, and his deep ſighs
O'erhearing, the Phæacians thus beſpake.
Phæacia's Chiefs and Senators, attend!
We have regaled ſufficient, and the harp
Heard to ſatiety, companion ſweet
And ſeaſonable of the feſtive hour.

Now

Now go we forth for honourable proof
Of our addreſs in games of ev'ry kind,
That this our gueſt may to his friends report,
At home arriv'd, that none like us have learn'd
To leap, to box, to wreſtle, and to run.

So ſaying, he led them forth, whoſe ſteps the gueſts
All follow'd, and the herald hanging high
The ſprightly lyre, took by his hand the bard
Demodocus, whom he the ſelf-ſame way
Conducted forth, by which the Chiefs had gone
Themſelves, for that great ſpectacle prepared.
They ſought the forum; countleſs ſwarm'd the throng
Behind them as they went, and many a youth
Strong and courageous to the ſtrife aroſe.
Upſtood Acroneus and Ocyalus,
Elatreus, Nauteus, Prymneus, after whom
Anchialus with Anabeeſineus
Aroſe, Eretmeus, Ponteus, Proreus bold,
Amphialus and Thöon. Then aroſe,
In aſpect dread as homicidal Mars,
Euryalus, and for his graceful form
(After Laodamas) diſtinguiſh'd moſt
Of all Phæacia's ſons, Naubolides.
Three alſo from Alcinoüs ſprung, aroſe,
Laodamas, his eldeſt; Halius, next,
His ſecond-born; and godlike Clytoneus.
Of theſe, ſome ſtarted for the runner's prize.

*They gave the race its limits. All at once
Along the dusty champaign swift they flew.
But Clytoneus, illustrious youth, outstripp'd
All competition; far as mules surpass
Slow oxen furrowing the fallow ground,
So far before all others he arrived
Victorious, where the throng'd spectators stood.
Some tried the wrestler's toil severe, in which
Euryalus superior proved to all.
In the long leap Amphialus prevail'd;
Elatreus most successful hurl'd the quoit,
And at the †cestus, last, the noble son
Of Scheria's King, Laodamas excell'd.
When thus with contemplation of the games
All had been gratified, Alcinoüs' son
Laodamas, arising, them address'd.

Friends! ask we now the stranger, if he boast
Proficiency in aught. His figure seems
Not ill; in thighs, and legs, and arms he shews
Much strength, and in his brawny neck; nor youth
Hath left him yet, though batter'd he appears
With num'rous troubles, and misfortune-flaw'd.
Nor know I hardships in the world so sure
To break the strongest down, as those by sea.

* Τοισι δ' απο νυσσης τετατο δρομος—This expression is by the commentators generally understood to be significant of the effort which they made at starting, but it is not improbable that it relates merely to the measurement of the course, otherwise, χαρπαλιμως επετοντο—will be tautologous, † In boxing.

Then

Then anſwer thus Euryalus return'd.
Thou haſt well ſaid, Laodamas; thyſelf
Approaching, ſpeak to him, and call him forth.
Which when Alcinous' noble offspring heard,
Advancing from his ſeat, amid them all
He ſtood, and to Ulyſſes thus began.
Stand forth, oh gueſt, thou alſo; prove thy ſkill
(If any ſuch thou boaſt) in games like ours,
Which, likelieſt, thou haſt learn'd; for greater praiſe
Hath no man, while he lives, than that he know
His feet to exerciſe and hands aright.
Come, then; make trial; ſcatter wide thy cares;
We will not hold thee long; the ſhip is launch'd
Already, and the crew ſtand all prepared.
To whom replied the wily Chief renown'd.
Wherefore, as in deriſion, have ye call'd
Me forth, Laodamas, to theſe exploits?
No games have I, but many a grief, at heart,
And with far other ſtruggles worn, here ſit
Deſirous only of conveyance home,
For which both King and people I implore.
Then him Euryalus aloud reproach'd.
I well believ'd it, friend! in thee the guiſe
I ſee not of a man expert in feats
Athletic, of which various are perform'd
In ev'ry land; thou rather ſeem'ſt with ſhips
Familiar; one, accuſtom'd to controul
Some crew of trading mariners; well-learn'd

In ſtowage, pilotage, and wealth acquired
By rapine, but of no gymnaſtic pow'rs.
To whom Ulyſſes, frowning dark, replied.
Thou haſt ill ſpoken, ſir, and like a man
Regardleſs whom he wrongs. Therefore the Gods
Give not endowments graceful in each kind,
Of body, mind, and utt'rance, all to one.
This man in figure leſs excells, yet Jove
Crowns him with eloquence; his hearers charm'd
Behold him, while with modeſt confidence
He bears the prize of fluent ſpeech from all,
And in the ſtreets is gazed on as a God!
Another, in his form the Pow'rs above
Reſembles, but no grace around his words
Twines itſelf elegant. So, thou in form
Haſt excellence to boaſt; a God, employ'd
To make a maſter-piece in human ſhape,
Could but produce proportions juſt as thine;
Yet haſt thou an untutor'd intellect.
Thou much haſt moved me; thy unhandſome phraſe
Hath rouſed my wrath; I am not, as thou ſay'ſt,
A novice in theſe ſports, but took the lead
In all, while youth and ſtrength were on my ſide.
But I am now in bands of ſorrow held,
And of misfortune, having much endured
In war, and buffetting the boiſt'rous waves.
Yet, though with mis'ry worn, I will eſſay
My ſtrength among you; for thy words had teeth

Whoſe

Whoſe bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof.
He ſaid; and mantled as he was, a quoit
Upſtarting, ſeized; in bulk and weight all thoſe
Tranſcending far, by the Phæacians uſed.
Swiftly he ſwung, and from his vig'rous hand
Sent it. Loud ſang the ſtone, and as it flew
The maritime Phæacians low inclined
Their heads beneath it; over all the marks,
And far beyond them, ſped the flying rock.
Minerva in a human form, the caſt
Prodigious meaſur'd, and aloud exclaim'd.
Stranger! the blind himſelf might with his hands
Feel out the 'vantage here. Thy quoit diſdains
Fellowſhip with a crowd, borne far beyond.
Fear not a loſing game; Phæacian none
Will reach thy meaſure, much leſs overcaſt.
She ceaſed; Ulyſſes, hardy Chief, rejoiced
That in the circus he had found a judge
So favorable, and with briſker tone,
As leſs in wrath, the multitude addreſs'd.
Young men reach this, and I will quickly heave
Another ſuch, or yet a heavier quoit.
Then, come the man whoſe courage prompts him forth
To box, to wreſtle with me, or to run;
For ye have chafed me much, and I decline
No ſtrife with any here, but challenge all
Phæacia, ſave Laodamas alone.
He is mine hoſt. Who combats with his friend?

To call to proof of hardiment the man
Who entertains him in a foreign land,
Would but evince the challenger a fool,
Who, ſo, ſhould cripple his own intereſt there.
As for the reſt, I none refuſe, ſcorn none,
But wiſh for trial of you, and to match
In oppoſition fair my force with yours.
There is no game athletic in the uſe
Of all mankind, too difficult for me;
I handle well the poliſh'd bow, and firſt
Amid a thouſand foes ſtrike whom I mark,
Although a throng of warriors at my ſide
Imbattled, ſpeed their ſhafts at the ſame time.
Of all Achaia's ſons who erſt at Troy
Drew bow, the ſole who bore the prize from me
Was Philoctetes; I reſign it elſe
To none now nouriſh'd with the fruits of earth.
Yet mean I no compariſon of myſelf
With men of antient times, with Hercules,
Or with Oechalian Eurytus, who, both,
The Gods themſelves in archery defied.
Soon, therefore, died huge Eurytus, ere yet
Old age he reach'd; him, angry to be call'd
To proof of archerſhip, Apollo ſlew.
But if ye name the ſpear, mine flies a length
By no man's arrow reach'd; I fear no foil
From the Phæacians, ſave in ſpeed alone;
For I have ſuffer'd hardſhips, daſh'd and drench'd

By

By many a wave, nor had I food on board
At all times, therefore am I much unſtrung.
He ſpake, and ſilent the Phæacians ſat,
Of whom alone Alcinoüs thus replied.
Since, ſtranger, not ungraceful is thy ſpeech,
Who haſt but vindicated in our ears
Thy queſtion'd proweſs, angry that this youth
Reproach'd thee in the preſence of us all,
That no man qualified to give his voice
In public, might affront thy courage more;
Now mark me, therefore, that in time to come,
While feaſting with thy children and thy ſpouſe,
Thou may'ſt inform the Heroes of thy land
Even of our proficiency in arts
By Jove enjoin'd us in our father's days.
We boaſt not much the boxer's ſkill, nor yet
The wreſtler's; but light-footed in the race
Are we, and navigators well-inform'd.
Our pleaſures are the feaſt, the harp, the dance,
Garments for change; the tepid bath; the bed.
Come, ye Phæacians, beyond others ſkill'd
To tread the circus with harmonious ſteps,
Come, play before us; that our gueſt, arrived
In his own country, may inform his friends
How far in ſeamanſhip we all excell,
In running, in the dance, and in the ſong.
Haſte! bring ye to Demodocus his lyre
Clear-toned, left ſomewhere in our hall at home.

So ſpake the godlike King, at whoſe command
The herald to the palace quick return'd
To ſeek the charming lyre. Meantime aroſe
Nine arbiters, appointed to intend
The whole arrangement of the public games,
To ſmooth the circus-floor, and give the ring
Its compaſs, widening the attentive throng.
Ere long the herald came, bearing the harp,
With which Demodocus ſupplied, advanced
Into the middle area, around whom
Stood blooming youths, all ſkilful in the dance.
With footſteps juſtly timed all ſmote at once
The ſacred floor; Ulyſſes wonder-fixt,
The ceaſeleſs play of twinkling * feet admired.
Then, tuning his ſweet chords, Demodocus
A jocund ſtrain began, his theme, the loves
Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet-crown'd;
How firſt, clandeſtine, they embraced beneath
The roof of Vulcan; her, by many a gift
Seduced, Mars won, and with adult'rous luſt
The bed diſhonour'd of the King of fire.
The ſun, a witneſs of their amorous ſport,
Bore ſwift the tale to Vulcan; he, apprized
Of that foul deed, at once his ſmithy ſought,

* The Tranſlator is indebted to Mr. Grey for an epithet more expreſſive of the original (Μαρμαρυγας) than any other, perhaps, in all our language. See the Ode on the Progreſs of Poetry.

" To briſk notes in cadence beating,
" Glance their *many-twinkling* feet."

In

In ſecret darkneſs of his inmoſt ſoul
Contriving vengeance; to the ſtock he heav'd
His anvil huge, on which he forged a ſnare
Of bands indiſſoluble, by no art
To be untied, durance for ever firm.
The net prepared, he bore it, fiery-wroth,
To his own chamber and his nuptial couch,
Where, ſtretching them from poſt to poſt, he wrapp'd
With thoſe fine meſhes all his bed around,
And hung them num'rous from the roof, diffuſed
Like ſpiders' filaments, which not the Gods
Themſelves could ſee, ſo ſubtle were the toils.
When thus he had encircled all his bed
On ev'ry ſide, he feign'd a journey thence
To Lemnos, of all cities that adorn
The earth, the city that he favours moſt.
Nor kept the God of the reſplendent reins
Mars, drowſy watch, but ſeeing that the famed
Artificer of heav'n had left his home,
Flew to the houſe of Vulcan, hot to enjoy
The Goddeſs with the wreath-encircled brows.
She, newly from her potent Sire return'd
The ſon of Saturn, ſat. Mars, ent'ring, ſeiz'd
Her hand, hung on it, and thus urged his ſuit.
To bed, my fair, and let us love! for lo!
Thine huſband is from home, to Lemnos gone,
And to the Sintians, men of barb'rous ſpeech.

He ſpake, nor ſhe was loth, but bedward too
Like him inclined; ſo then, to bed they went,
And as they lay'd them down, down ſtream'd the net
Around them, labour exquiſite of hands
By ingenuity divine inform'd.
Small room they found, ſo priſon'd; not a limb
Could either lift, or move, but felt at once
Entanglement from which was no eſcape.
And now the glorious artiſt, ere he yet
Had reach'd the Lemnian iſle, limping, return'd
From his feign'd journey, for his ſpy the ſun
Had told him all. With aching heart he ſought
His home, and, ſtanding in the veſtibule,
Frantic with indignation roar'd to heav'n,
And roar'd again, ſummoning all the Gods.—
Oh Jove! and all ye Pow'rs for ever bleſt!
Here; hither look, that ye may view a ſight
Ludicrous, yet too monſtrous to be borne,
How Venus always with diſhonour loads
Her cripple ſpouſe, doating on fiery Mars!
And wherefore? for that he is fair in form
And ſound of foot, I ricket-boned and weak.
Whoſe fault is this? Their fault, and theirs alone
Who gave me being; ill-employ'd were they
Begetting me, one, better far unborn.
See where they couch together on my bed
Laſcivious! ah, ſight hateful to my eyes!
Yet cooler wiſhes will they feel, I ween,

To

To preſs my bed hereafter; here to ſleep
Will little pleaſe them, fondly as they love.
But theſe my toils and tangles will ſuffice
To hold them here, 'till Jove ſhall yield me back
Complete, the ſum of all my nuptial gifts
Paid to him for the ſhameleſs ſtrumpet's ſake
His daughter, as incontinent as fair.

He ſaid, and in the brazen-floor'd abode
Of Jove the Gods aſſembled. Neptune came
Earth-circling Pow'r; came Hermes friend of man,
And, regent of the far-commanding bow,
Apollo alſo came; but chaſte reſerve
Baſhful kept all the Goddeſſes at home.
The Gods, by whoſe beneficence all live,
Stood in the portal; infinite aroſe
The laugh of heav'n, all looking down intent
On that ſhrewd project of the ſmith divine,
And, turning to each other, thus they ſaid.

Bad works ſpeed ill. The ſlow o'ertakes the ſwift.
So Vulcan, tardy as he is, by craft
Hath outſtript Mars, although the fleeteſt far
Of all who dwell in heav'n, and the light-heel'd
Muſt pay the adult'rer's forfeit to the lame.

So ſpake the Pow'rs immortal; then the King
Of radiant ſhafts thus queſtion'd Mercury.

Jove's ſon, heaven's herald, Hermes, bounteous God!
Would'ſt *thou* ſuch ſtricture cloſe of bands endure
For golden Venus lying at thy ſide?

Whom anſwer'd thus the meſſenger of heav'n.
Archer divine! yea, and with all my heart;
And be the bands which wind us round about
Thrice theſe, innumerable, and let all
The Gods and Goddeſſes in heav'n look on,
So I may claſp Vulcan's fair ſpouſe the while.
He ſpake; then laugh'd the Immortal pow'rs again.
But not ſo Neptune; he with earneſt ſuit
The glorious artiſt urged to the releaſe
Of Mars, and thus in accents wing'd he ſaid.
Looſe him; accept my promiſe; he ſhall pay
Full recompenſe in preſence of us all.
Then thus the limping ſmith far-famed replied.
Earth-circler Neptune, ſpare me that requeſt.
* Lame ſuitor, lame ſecurity. What bands
Could I deviſe for thee among the Gods,
Should Mars, emancipated once, eſcape,
Leaving both debt and durance far behind?
Him anſwer'd then the Shaker of the ſhores.
I tell thee, Vulcan, that if Mars by flight
Shun payment, I will pay, myſelf, the fine.
To whom the glorious artiſt of the ſkies.
Thou muſt not, canſt not, ſhalt not be refuſed.

* The original line has received ſuch a variety of interpretations, that a Tranſlator ſeems free to chuſe. It has, however, a proverbial turn, which I have endeavoured to preſerve, and have adopted that ſenſe of the words which appears beſt to accord with what immediately follows. Vulcan pleads his own inability to enforce the demand, as a circumſtance that made Neptune's promiſe unacceptable.

So

So ſaying, the might of Vulcan loos'd the ſnare,
And they, detain'd by thoſe coercive bands
No longer, from the couch upſtarting, flew,
Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home
The Queen of ſmiles, where deep in myrtle groves
Her incenſe-breathing altar ſtands embow'r'd.
Her there, the Graces laved, and oils diffuſed
O'er all her form, ambroſial, ſuch as add
Freſh beauty to the Gods for ever young,
And cloath'd her in the lovelieſt robes of heav'n.
Such was the theme of the illuſtrious bard.
Ulyſſes with delight that ſong, and all
The maritime Phæacian concourſe heard.
Alcinoüs, then, (for in the dance they paſs'd
All others) call'd his ſons to dance alone,
Halius and Laodamas; they gave
The purple ball into their hands, the work
Exact of Polybus; one, re-ſupine,
Upcaſt it high toward the duſky clouds,
The other, ſpringing into air, with eaſe
Received it, ere he ſank to earth again.
When thus they oft had ſported with the ball
Thrown upward, next, with nimble interchange
They paſs'd it to each other many a time,
Footing the plain, while ev'ry youth of all
The circus clapp'd his hands, and from beneath
The din of ſtamping feet fill'd all the air.

Then,

Then, turning to Alcinoüs, thus the wiſe
Ulyſſes ſpake. Alcinoüs! mighty King!
Illuſtrious above all Phæacia's ſons!
Incomparable are ye in the dance,
Ev'n as thou ſaid'ſt. Amazement-fixt I ſtand!
So he, whom hearing, the imperial might
Exulted of Alcinoüs, and aloud
To his oar-ſkill'd Phæacians thus he ſpake.
Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend!
Wiſdom beyond the common ſtint I mark
In this our gueſt; good cauſe in my account,
For which we ſhould preſent him with a pledge
Of hoſpitality and love. The Chiefs
Are twelve, who, higheſt in command, controul
The people, and the thirteenth Chief am I.
Bring each a golden talent, with a veſt
Well-bleach'd, and tunic; gratified with theſe,
The ſtranger to our banquet ſhall repair
Exulting; bring them all without delay;
And let Euryalus by word and gift
Appeaſe him, for his ſpeech was unadviſed.
He ceas'd, whom all applauded, and at once
Each ſent his herald forth to bring the gifts,
When thus Euryalus his Sire addreſs'd.
Alcinoüs! o'er Phæacia's ſons ſupreme!
I will appeaſe our gueſt, as thou command'ſt.
This ſword ſhall be his own, the blade all ſteel,
The hilt of ſilver, and the unſullied ſheath

Of

Of iv'ry recent from the carver's hand.
A gift like this he ſhall not need deſpiſe.
So ſaying, his ſilver-ſtudded ſword he gave
Into his graſp, and, courteous, thus began.
Hail, honour'd ſtranger! and if word of mine
Have harm'd thee, raſhly ſpoken, let the winds
Bear all remembrance of it ſwift away!
May the Gods give thee to behold again
Thy wife, and to attain thy native ſhore,
Whence abſent long, thou haſt ſo much endured!
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Hail alſo thou, and may the Gods, my friend,
Grant thee felicity, and may never want
Of this thy ſword touch thee in time to come,
By whoſe kind phraſe appeas'd my wrath ſubſides!
He ended, and athwart his ſhoulders threw
The weapon bright-emboſs'd. Now ſank the ſun,
And thoſe rich gifts arrived, which to the houſe
Of King Alcinoüs the heralds bore.
Alcinoüs' ſons receiv'd them, and beſide
Their royal mother placed the precious charge.
The King then led the way, at whoſe abode
Arrived, again they preſs'd their lofty thrones,
And to Areta thus the monarch ſpake.
Haſte, bring a coffer; bring thy beſt, and ſtore
A mantle and a ſumptuous veſt within;
Warm for him, next, a brazen bath, by which
Refreſh'd, and viewing in fair order placed

The noble gifts by the Phæacian Lords
Conferr'd on him, he may the more enjoy
Our banquet, and the bard's harmonious ſong.
I give him alſo this my golden cup
Splendid, elaborate; that, while he lives,
What time he pours libation forth to Jove
And all the Gods, he may remember me.

He ended, at whoſe words Areta bade
Her maidens with diſpatch place o'er the fire
A tripod ample-womb'd; obedient they
Advanced a laver to the glowing hearth,
Water infuſed, and kindled wood beneath.
The flames encircling bright the bellied vaſe,
Warm'd ſoon the flood within. Meantime, the Queen
Producing from her chamber-ſtores a cheſt
All-elegant, within it placed the gold
And raiment, gifts of the Phæacian Chiefs,
With her own gifts, the mantle and the veſt,
And in wing'd accents to Ulyſſes ſaid.

Now take, thyſelf, the coffer's lid in charge;
Girdle it quickly with a cord, leſt loſs
Befall thee on thy way, while thou perchance
Shalt ſleep ſecure on board the ſable bark.

Which when Ulyſſes heard, Hero renown'd,
Adjuſting cloſe the lid, he caſt a cord
Around it, which with many a mazy knot
He tied, by Circe taught him long before.
And now, the miſtreſs of the houſehold charge

Summon'd

Summon'd him to his bath; glad he beheld
The ſteaming vaſe, uncuſtom'd to its uſe
E'er ſince his voyage from the iſle of fair
Calypſo, although, while a gueſt with her,
Ever familiar with it, as a God.
Laved by attendant damſels, and with oil
Refreſh'd, he put his ſumptuous tunic on
And mantle, and proceeding from the bath
To the ſympoſium, join'd the num'rous gueſts;
But, as he paſs'd, the Princeſs all divine
Beſide the pillars of the portal, loſt
In admiration of his graceful form,
Stood, and in accents wing'd him thus addreſs'd.
Hail, ſtranger! at thy native home arrived
Remember me, thy firſt deliv'rer here.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Nauſicaa! daughter of the noble King
Alcinoüs! So may Jove, high-thund'ring mate
Of Juno, grant me to behold again
My native land, and my delightful home,
As, even there, I will preſent my vows
To thee, adoring thee as I adore
The Gods themſelves, virgin, by whom I live!
He ſaid, and on his throne beſide the King
Alcinoüs ſat. And now they portion'd out
The feaſt to all, and charged the cups with wine,
And introducing by his hand the bard
Phæacia's glory, at the column's ſide

The herald placed Demodocus again.
Then, carving forth a portion from the loins
Of a huge brawn, of which uneaten ſtill
Large part and delicate remain'd, thus ſpake
Ulyſſes—Herald! bear it to the bard
For his regale, whom I will ſoon embrace
In ſpite of ſorrow; for reſpect is due
And veneration to the ſacred bard
From all mankind, for that the muſe inſpires
Herſelf his ſong, and loves the tuneful tribe.
He ended, and the herald bore his charge
To the old Hero, who with joy received
That meed of honour at the bearer's hand.
Then, all, at once, aſſail'd the ready feaſt,
And hunger now, and thirſt both ſatisfied,
Thus to Demodocus Ulyſſes ſpake.
Demodocus! I give thee praiſe above
All mortals, for that either thee the muſe
Jove's daughter teaches, or the King, himſelf,
Apollo; ſince thou ſo record'ſt the fate,
With ſuch clear method, of Achaia's hoſt,
Their deeds heroic, and their num'rous toils,
As thou hadſt preſent been thyſelf, or learnt
From others preſent there, the glorious tale.
Come, then, proceed; that rare invention ſing,
The horſe of wood, which by Minerva's aid
Epeus framed, and which Ulyſſes erſt
Convey'd into the citadel of Troy

With

With warriors fill'd, who lay'd all Ilium waſte.
Theſe things rehearſe regular, and myſelf
Will, inſtant, publiſh in the ears of all
Thy fame, reporting thee a bard to whom
Apollo free imparts celeſtial ſong.
He ended; then Apollo with full force
Ruſh'd on Demodocus, and he began
What time the Greeks, firſt firing their own camp,
Steer'd all their galleys from the ſhore of Troy.
Already, in the horſe conceal'd, his band
Around Ulyſſes ſat; for Ilium's ſons
Themſelves had drawn it to the citadel,
And there the miſchief ſtood. Then, ſtrife aroſe
Among the Trojans compaſſing the horſe,
And threefold was the doubt; whether to cleave
The hollow trunk aſunder, or updrawn
Aloft, to caſt it headlong from the rocks,
Or to permit the enormous image, kept
Entire, to ſtand an off'ring to the Gods,
Which was their deſtined courſe; for Fate had fix'd
Their ruin ſure, when once they had received
Within their walls that engine huge, in which
Sat all the braveſt Greecians with the fate
Of Ilium charged, and ſlaughter of her ſons.
He ſang, how, from the horſe effuſed, the Greeks
Left their capacious ambuſh, and the town
Made deſolate. To others, in his ſong,

He gave the praiſe of waſting all beſide,
But told how, fierce as Mars, Ulyſſes join'd
With godlike Menelaus, to the houſe
Flew of Deiphobus; him there engaged
In direſt fight he ſang, and through the aid
Of glorious Pallas, conqu'ror over all.

So ſang the bard illuſtrious, at whoſe ſong
Ulyſſes melted, and tear after tear
Fell on his cheeks. As when a woman weeps,
Her huſband, who hath fallen in defence
Of his own city and his babes before
The gates; ſhe, ſinking, folds him in her arms,
And, gazing on him as he pants and dies,
Shrieks at the ſight; meantime, the enemy
Smiting her ſhoulders with the ſpear, to toil
Command her and to bondage far away,
And her cheek fades with horror at the ſound;
Ulyſſes, ſo, from his moiſt lids let fall
The frequent tear. Unnoticed by the reſt
Thoſe drops, but not by King Alcinoüs, fell,
Who, ſeated at his ſide, his heavy ſighs
Remark'd, and the Phæacians thus beſpake:

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators attend!
Now let Demodocus enjoin his harp
Silence, for not alike grateful to all
His muſic ſounds; during our feaſt, and ſince
The bard divine began, continual flow

The

The ſtranger's ſorrows, by remembrance cauſed
Of ſome great woe which wraps his ſoul around.
Then, let the bard ſuſpend his ſong, that all
(As moſt befits th' occaſion) may rejoice,
Both gueſt and hoſts together; ſince we make
This voyage, and theſe gifts confer, in proof
Of hoſpitality and unfeign'd love,
Judging, with all wiſe men, the ſtranger-gueſt
And ſuppliant worthy of a brother's place.
And thou conceal not, artfully reſerv'd,
What I ſhall aſk, far better plain declared
Than ſmother'd cloſe; who art thou? ſpeak thy name,
The name by which thy father, mother, friends
And fellow-citizens, with all who dwell
Around thy native city, in times paſt
Have known thee; for of all things human none
Lives altogether nameleſs, whether good
Or whether bad, but ev'ry man receives
Ev'n in the moment of his birth, a name.
Thy country, people, city, tell; the mark
At which my ſhips, intelligent, ſhall aim,
That they may bear thee thither; for our ſhips
No pilot need or helm, as ſhips are wont,
But know, themſelves, our purpoſe; know beſide
All cities, and all fruitful regions well
Of all the earth, and with dark clouds involv'd
Plough rapid the rough Deep, fearleſs of harm,

(Whate'er

(Whate'er betide) and of diſaſt'rous wreck.
Yet thus, long ſince, my father I have heard
Nauſithoüs ſpeaking; Neptune, he would ſay,
Is angry with us, for that ſafe we bear
Strangers of ev'ry nation to their home;
And he foretold a time when he would ſmite
In vengeance ſome Phæacian gallant bark
Returning after convoy of her charge,
And fix her in the ſable flood, transform'd
Into a mountain, right before the town.
So ſpake my hoary Sire, which let the God
At his own pleaſure do, or leave undone.
But tell me truth, and plainly. Where have been
Thy wand'rings? in what regions of the earth
Haſt thou arrived? what nations haſt thou ſeen,
What cities? ſay, how many haſt thou found
Harſh, ſavage and unjuſt? how many, kind
To ſtrangers, and diſpoſed to fear the Gods?
Say alſo, from what ſecret grief of heart
Thy ſorrows flow, oft as thou hear'ſt the fate
Of the Achaians, or of Ilium ſung?
That fate the Gods prepared; they ſpin the thread
Of man's deſtruction, that in after days
The bard may make the ſad event his theme.
Periſh'd thy father or thy brother there?
Or haſt thou at the ſiege of Ilium loſt
Father-in-law, or ſon-in-law? for ſuch

Are

Are next and deareſt to us after thoſe
Who ſhare our own deſcent; or was the dead
Thy boſom-friend, whoſe heart was as thy own?
For worthy as a brother of our love
The conſtant friend and the diſcrete I deem.

## ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE

# NINTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes diſcovers himſelf to the Phæacians, and begins the hiſtory of his adventures. He deſtroys Iſmarus, city of the Ciconians; arrives among the Lotophagi; and afterwards at the land of the Cyclops. He is impriſoned by Polypheme in his cave, who devours ſix of his companions; intoxicates the monſter with wine, blinds him while he ſleeps, and eſcapes from him.

## BOOK IX.

THEN anſwer, thus, Ulyſſes wiſe return'd.
Alcinoüs! King! illuſtrious above all
Phæacia's ſons! pleaſant it is to hear
A bard like this, ſweet as the Gods in ſong.
The world, in my account, no ſight affords
More gratifying, than a people bleſt
With cheerfulneſs and peace, a palace throng'd
With gueſts in order ranged, liſt'ning to ſounds
Melodious, and the ſteaming tables ſpread
With plenteous viands, while the cups, with wine
From brimming beakers fill'd, paſs briſk around.
No lovelier ſight know I. But thou, it ſeems,

Thy

Thy thoughts haſt turn'd to aſk me whence my groans
And tears, that I may ſorrow ſtill the more.
What firſt, what next, what laſt ſhall I rehearſe,
On whom the Gods have ſhow'r'd ſuch various woes?
Learn firſt my name, that even in this land
Remote I may be known, and that eſcaped
From all adverſity, I may requite
Hereafter, this your hoſpitable care
At my own home, however diſtant hence.
I am Ulyſſes, fear'd in all the earth
For ſubtleſt wiſdom, and renown'd to heaven,
The offspring of Laertes; my abode
Is ſun-burnt Ithaca; there waving ſtands
The mountain Neritus his num'rous boughs,
And it is neighbour'd cloſe by cluſt'ring iſles
All populous; thence Samos is beheld,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus foreſt-clad.
Flat on the Deep ſhe lies, fartheſt removed
Toward the Weſt, while, ſituate apart,
Her ſiſter iſlands face the riſing day;
Rugged ſhe is, but fruitful nurſe of ſons
Magnanimous; nor ſhall theſe eyes behold,
Eſewhere, an object dear and ſweet as ſhe.
Calypſo, beauteous Goddeſs, in her grot
Detain'd me, wiſhing me her own eſpouſed;
Ææan Circe alſo, ſkill'd profound
In potent arts, within her palace long
Detain'd me, wiſhing me her own eſpouſed;

But never could they warp my conſtant mind.
So much our parents and our native ſoil
Attract us moſt, even although our lot
Be fair and plenteous in a foreign land.
But come—my painful voyage, ſuch as Jove
Gave me from Ilium, I will now relate.
From Troy the winds bore me to Iſmarus,
City of the Ciconians; them I ſlew,
And laid their city waſte; whence bringing forth
Much ſpoil with all their wives, I portion'd it
With equal hand, and each received a ſhare.
Next, I exhorted to immediate flight
My people; but in vain; they madly ſcorn'd
My ſober counſel, and much wine they drank,
And ſheep and beeves ſlew num'rous on the ſhore.
Meantime, Ciconians to Ciconians call'd,
Their neighbours ſummoning, a mightier hoſt
And braver, natives of the continent,
Expert, on horſes mounted, to maintain
Fierce fight, or if occaſion bade, on foot.
Num'rous they came as leaves, or vernal flow'rs
At day-ſpring. Then, by the decree of Jove,
Misfortune found us. At the ſhips we ſtood
Piercing each other with the brazen ſpear,
And 'till the morning brighten'd into noon,
Few as we were, we yet withſtood them all;
But, when the ſun verged weſtward, then the Greeks
Fell back, and the Ciconian hoſt prevail'd.

Six

Six warlike Greecians from each galley's crew
Periſh'd in that dread field; the reſt eſcaped.
Thus, after loſs of many, we purſued
Our courſe, yet, difficult as was our flight,
Went not 'till firſt we had invoked by name
Our friends, whom the Ciconians had deſtroy'd.
But cloud-aſſembler Jove aſſail'd us ſoon
With a tempeſtuous North-wind; earth alike
And ſea with ſtorms he overhung, and night
Fell faſt from heav'n. Their heads deep-plunging oft
Our gallies flew, and rent, and rent again
Our tatter'd ſail-cloth crackled in the wind.
We, fearing inſtant death, within the barks
Our canvas lodg'd, and, toiling ſtrenuous, reach'd
At length the continent. Two nights we lay
Continual there, and two long days, conſumed
With toil and grief; but when the beauteous morn
Bright-hair'd, had brought the third day to a cloſe,
(Our maſts erected, and white ſails unfurl'd)
Again we ſat on board; meantime, the winds
Well managed by the ſteerſman, urged us on.
And now, all danger paſs'd, I had attain'd
My native ſhore, but, doubling in my courſe
Malea, waves and currents and North-winds
Conſtrain'd me devious to Cythera's iſle.
Nine days by cruel ſtorms thence was I borne
Athwart the fiſhy Deep, but on the tenth
Reach'd the Lotophagi, a race ſuſtain'd

On ſweeteſt fruit alone. There quitting ſhip,
We landed and drew water, and the crews
Beſide the veſſels took their ev'ning cheer.
When, haſty, we had thus our ſtrength renew'd,
I order'd forth my people to inquire
(Two I ſelected from the reſt, with whom
I join'd an herald, third) what race of men
Might there inhabit. They, departing, mix'd
With the Lotophagi; nor hoſtile aught
Or ſavage the Lotophagi deviſed
Againſt our friends, but offer'd to their taſte
The lotus; of which fruit what man ſoe'er
Once taſted, no deſire felt he to come
With tidings back, or ſeek his country more,
But rather wiſh'd to feed on lotus ſtill
With the Lotophagi, and to renounce
All thoughts of home. Them, therefore, I conſtrain'd
Weeping on board, and dragging each beneath
The benches, bound him there. Then, all in haſte,
I urged my people to aſcend again
Their hollow barks, leſt others alſo, fed
With fruit of lotus, ſhould forget their home.
They quick embark'd, and on the benches ranged
In order, threſh'd with oars the foamy flood.

Thence, o'er the Deep proceeding ſad, we reach'd
The land at length, where, * giant-ſized and free
From all conſtraint of law, the Cyclops dwell.

* So the Scholium interprets in this place, the word ὑπερφιαλος.

They,

They, truſting to the Gods, plant not, or plough,
But earth unſow'd, untill'd, brings forth for them
All fruits, wheat, barley, and the vinous grape
Large-cluſter'd, nouriſh'd by the ſhow'rs of Jove.
No councils they convene, no laws contrive,
But in deep caverns dwell, found on the heads
Of lofty mountains, judging each ſupreme
His wife and children, heedleſs of the reſt.
In front of the Cyclopean haven lies
A level iſland, not adjoining cloſe
Their land, nor yet remote, woody and rude.
There, wild-goats breed numberleſs, by no foot
Of man moleſted; never huntſman there,
Inured to winter's cold and hunger, roams
The dreary woods, or mountain-tops ſublime;
No fleecy flocks dwell there, nor plough is known,
But the unſeeded and unfurrow'd ſoil,
Year after year a wilderneſs by man
Untrodden, food for blatant goats ſupplies.
For no ſhips crimſon-prow'd the Cyclops own,
Nor naval artizan is there, whoſe toil
Might furniſh them with oary barks, by which
Subſiſts all diſtant commerce, and which bear
Man o'er the Deep to cities far remote
Who might improve the peopled iſle, that ſeems
Not ſteril in itſelf, but apt to yield,
In their due ſeaſon, fruits of ev'ry kind.
For ſtretch'd beſide the hoary ocean lie

Green meadows moiſt, where vines would never fail;
Light is the land, and they might yearly reap
The talleſt crops, ſo unctuous is the glebe.
Safe is its haven alſo, where no need
Of cable is or anchor, or to laſh
The hawſer faſt aſhore, but puſhing in
His bark, the mariner might there abide
'Till riſing gales ſhould tempt him forth again.
At bottom of the bay runs a clear ſtream
Iſſuing from a cove hemm'd all around
With poplars; down into that bay we ſteer'd
Amid the darkneſs of the night, ſome God
Conducting us; for all unſeen it lay,
Such gloom involved the fleet, nor ſhone the moon
From heav'n to light us, veil'd by pitchy clouds.
Hence, none the iſle deſcried, nor any ſaw
The lofty ſurge roll'd on the ſtrand, or ere
Our veſſels ſtruck the ground; but when they ſtruck,
Then, low'ring all our ſails, we diſembark'd,
And on the ſea-beech ſlept till dawn appear'd.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, we with admiring eyes
The iſle ſurvey'd, roaming it wide around.
Meantime, the nymphs, Jove's daughters, rouſed the goats
Bred on the mountains, to ſupply with food
The partners of my toils; then, bringing forth
Bows and long-pointed javelins from the ſhips,
Divided all into three ſep'rate bands

We ſtruck them, and the Gods gave us much prey.
Twelve ſhips attended me, and ev'ry ſhip
Nine goats received by lot; myſelf alone
Selected ten. All day, 'till ſet of ſun,
We eating fat goat's fleſh, and drinking wine
Delicious, without ſtint; for dearth was none
Of ruddy wine on board, but much remain'd,
With which my people had their jars ſupplied
What time we ſack'd Ciconian Iſmarus.
Thence looking forth toward the neighbour-land
Where dwell the Cyclops, riſing ſmoke we ſaw,
And voices heard, their own, and of their flocks.
Now ſank the ſun, and (night o'erſhadowing all)
We ſlept along the ſhore; but when again
The roſy-finger'd daughter of the dawn
Look'd forth, my crews convened, I thus began.
Companions of my courſe! here reſt ye all,
Save my own crew, with whom I will explore
This people, whether wild they be, unjuſt,
And to contention giv'n, or well-diſpoſed
To ſtrangers, and a race who fear the Gods.
So ſpeaking, I embark'd, and bade embark
My followers, throwing, quick, the hawſers looſe.
They, ent'ring at my word, the benches fill'd
Well-ranged, and threſh'd with oars the foamy flood.
Attaining ſoon that neighbor-land, we found
At its extremity, faſt by the ſea,
A cavern, lofty, and dark-brow'd above

With laurels; in that cavern ſlumb'ring lay
Much cattle, ſheep and goats, and a broad court
Encloſed it, fenced with ſtones from quarries hewn,
With ſpiry firs, and oaks of ample bough.
Here dwelt a giant vaſt, who far remote
His flocks fed ſolitary, converſe none
Deſiring, ſullen, ſavage, and unjuſt.
Monſter, in truth, he was, hideous in form,
Reſembling leſs a man by Ceres gift
Suſtain'd, than ſome aſpiring mountain-crag
Tufted with wood, and ſtanding all alone.
Enjoining, then, my people to abide
Faſt by the ſhip which they ſhould cloſely guard,
I went; but not without a goat-ſkin fill'd
With ſable wine which I had erſt received
From Maron, offspring of Evanthes, prieſt
Of Phœbus, guardian god of Iſmarus,
Becauſe, through rev'rence of him, we had ſaved
Himſelf, his wife and children; for he dwelt
Amid the grove umbrageous of his God.
He gave me, therefore, noble gifts; from him
Sev'n talents I received of beaten gold,
A beaker, argent all, and after theſe
No fewer than twelve jars with wine replete,
Rich, unadult'rate, drink for Gods; nor knew
One ſervant, male or female, of that wine
In all his houſe; none knew it, ſave himſelf,
His wife, and the intendant of his ſtores.

Oft

Oft as they drank that luſcious juice, he ſlaked
A ſingle cup with twenty from the ſtream,
And, even then, the beaker breath'd abroad
A ſcent celeſtial, which whoever ſmelt,
Thenceforth no pleaſure found it to abſtain.
Charged with an ample goat-ſkin of this wine
I went, and with a wallet well ſupplied,
But felt a ſudden preſage in my ſoul
That, haply, with terrific force endued,
Some ſavage would appear, ſtrange to the laws
And privileges of the human race.
Few ſteps convey'd us to his den, but him
We found not; he his flocks paſtur'd abroad.
His cavern ent'ring, we with wonder gazed
Around on all; his ſtrainers hung with cheeſe
Diſtended wide; with lambs and kids his penns
Cloſe-throng'd we ſaw, and folded ſeparate
The various charge; the eldeſt all apart,
Apart the middle-aged, and the new-yean'd
Alſo apart. His pails and bowls with whey
Swam all, neat veſſels into which he milk'd.
Me then my friends firſt importuned to take
A portion of his cheeſes, then to drive
Forth from the ſheep-cotes to the rapid bark
His kids and lambs, and plow the brine again.
But me they moved not, happier had they moved!
I wiſh'd to ſee him, and to gain, perchance,
Some pledge of hoſpitality at his hands,

Whoſe form was ſuch, as ſhould not much beſpeak
When he appear'd, our confidence or love.
Then, kindling fire, we offer'd to the Gods,
And of his cheeſes eating, patient ſat
'Till home he trudg'd from paſture. Charged he came
With dry wood bundled, an enormous load,
Fuel by which to ſup. Loud craſh'd the thorns
Which down he caſt before the cavern's mouth,
To whoſe interior nooks we trembling flew.
At once he drove into his ſpacious cave
His batten'd flock, all thoſe which gave him milk,
But all the males, both rams and goats, he left
Abroad, excluded from the cavern-yard.
Upheaving, next, a rocky barrier huge
To his cave's mouth, he thruſt it home. That weight
Not all the oxen from its place had moved
Of twenty and two wains; with ſuch a rock
Immenſe his den he cloſed. Then down he ſat,
And as he milk'd his ewes and bleating goats
All in their turns, her yeanling gave to each;
Coagulating, then, with briſk diſpatch,
The half of his new milk, he thruſt the curd
Into his wicker ſieves, but ſtored the reſt
In pans and bowls—his cuſtomary drink.
His labours thus perform'd, he kindled, laſt,
His fuel, and diſcerning *us*, enquired,
Who are ye, ſtrangers? from what diſtant ſhore
Roam ye the waters? traffick ye? or bound

To no one port, wander, as pirates uſe,
At large the Deep, expoſing life themſelves,
And enemies of all mankind beſide?
He ceaſed; we, daſh'd with terrour, heard the growl
Of his big voice, and view'd his form uncouth,
To whom, though ſore-appall'd, I thus replied.
Of Greece are we, and, bound from Ilium home,
Have wander'd wide the expanſe of ocean, ſport
For ev'ry wind, and driven from our courſe,
Have here arrived; ſo ſtood the will of Jove.
We boaſt ourſelves of Agamemnon's train,
The ſon of Atreus, at this hour the Chief
Beyond all others under heav'n renown'd,
So great a city he hath ſack'd, and ſlain
Such num'rous foes; but ſince we reach, at laſt,
Thy knees, we beg ſuch hoſpitable fare,
Or other gift, as gueſts are wont to obtain.
Illuſtrious lord! reſpect the Gods, and us
Thy ſuitors; ſuppliants are the care of Jove
The hoſpitable; he their wrongs reſents,
And where the ſtranger ſojourns, there is he.
I ceas'd, when anſwer thus he, fierce, return'd.
Friend! either thou art fool, or haſt arrived
Indeed from far, who bidd'ſt me fear the Gods
Leſt they be wroth. The Cyclops little heeds
Jove ægis-arm'd, or all the Pow'rs of heav'n.
Our race is mightier far; nor ſhall myſelf,
Through fear of Jove's hoſtility, abſtain

From thee or thine, unleſs my choice be ſuch.
But tell me now. Where touch'd thy gallant bark
Our country, on thy firſt arrival here?
Remote, or nigh? for I would learn the truth.
So ſpake he, tempting me; but, artful, thus
I anſwer'd, penetrating his intent.
My veſſel, Neptune, Shaker of the ſhores,
At yonder utmoſt promontory daſh'd
In pieces, hurling her againſt the rocks
With winds that blew right thither from the ſea,
And I, with theſe alone, eſcaped alive.
So I, to whom, relentleſs, anſwer none
He deign'd, but, with his arms extended, ſprang
Toward my people, of whom ſeizing two
At once, like whelps againſt his cavern-floor
He daſh'd them, and their brains ſpread on the ground.
Theſe, piece-meal hewn, for ſupper he prepared,
And, like a mountain-lion, neither fleſh
Nor entrails left, nor yet their marrowy bones.
We, viewing that tremendous ſight, upraiſed
Our hands to Jove, all hope and courage loſt.
When thus the Cyclops had with human fleſh
Fill'd his capacious belly, and had quaff'd
Much undiluted milk, among his flocks
Outſtretch'd immenſe, he preſs'd his cavern-floor.
Me, then, my courage prompted to approach
The monſter with my ſword drawn from the ſheath,
And to transfix him where the vitals wrap

The liver; but maturer thoughts forbad.
For ſo, we alſo had incurr'd a death
Tremendous, wanting pow'r to thruſt aſide
The rocky maſs that cloſed his cavern-mouth
By force of hand alone. Thus many a ſigh
Heaving, we watch'd the dawn. But when, at length,
Aurora, day-ſpring's daughter roſy-palm'd
Look'd forth, then, kindling fire, his flocks he milk'd
In order, and her yeanling kid or lamb
Thruſt under each. When thus he had perform'd
His wonted taſk, two ſeizing, as before,
He ſlew them for his next obſcene regale.
His dinner ended, from the cave he drove
His fatted flocks abroad, moving with eaſe
That pond'rous barrier, and replacing it
As he had only clofed a quiver's lid.
Then, hiſſing them along, he drove his flocks
Toward the mountain, and me left, the while,
Deep ruminating how I beſt might take
Vengeance, and by the aid of Pallas win
Deathleſs renown. This counſel pleas'd me moſt.
Beſide the ſheep-cote lay a maſſy club
Hewn by the Cyclops from an olive ſtock,
Green, but which dried, ſhould ſerve him for a ſtaff.
To us conſid'ring it, that ſtaff appear'd
Tall as the maſt of a huge trading-bark,
Impell'd by twenty rowers o'er the Deep.
Such ſeem'd its length to us, and ſuch its bulk.

Part amputating, (an whole fathom's length)
I gave my men that portion, with command
To ſhave it ſmooth. They ſmooth'd it, and myſelf,
Shaping its blunt extremity to a point,
Seaſon'd it in the fire; then cov'ring cloſe
The weapon, hid it under litter'd ſtraw,
For much lay ſcatter'd on the cavern-floor.
And now I bade my people caſt the lot
Who of us all ſhould take the pointed brand,
And grind it in his eye when next he ſlept.
The lots were caſt, and four were choſen, thoſe
Whom moſt I wiſh'd, and I was choſen fifth.
At even-tide he came, his fleecy flocks
Paſturing homeward, and compell'd them all
Into his cavern, leaving none abroad,
Either through ſome ſurmiſe, or ſo inclined
By influence, haply, of the Gods themſelves.
The huge rock pull'd into its place again
At the cave's mouth, he, ſitting, milk'd his ſheep
And goats in order, and her kid or lamb
Thruſt under each; thus, all his work diſpatch'd,
Two more he ſeiz'd, and to his ſupper fell.
I then, approaching to him, thus addreſs'd
The Cyclops, holding in my hand a cup
Of ivy-wood, well-charged with ruddy wine.
Lo, Cyclops! this is wine. Take this and drink
After thy meal of man's fleſh. Taſte and learn
What precious liquor our loft veſſel bore.

I brought

I brought it hither, purpoſing to make
Libation to thee, if to pity inclined
Thou would'ſt diſmiſs us home. But, ah, thy rage
Is inſupportable! thou cruel one!
Who, thinkeſt thou, of all mankind, henceforth
Will viſit *thee* guilty of ſuch exceſs?
I ceas'd. He took and drank, and * hugely pleas'd
With that delicious bev'rage, thus enquired.
Give me again, and ſpare not. Tell me, too,
Thy name, incontinent, that I may make
Requital, gratifying alſo thee
With ſomewhat to thy taſte. We Cyclops own
A bounteous ſoil, which yields *us* alſo wine
From cluſters large, nouriſh'd by ſhow'rs from Jove;
But this—oh this is from above—a ſtream
Of nectar and ambroſia, all divine!
He ended, and received a ſecond draught,
Like meaſure. Thrice I bore it to his hand,
And, fooliſh, thrice he drank. But when the fumes
Began to play around the Cyclop's brain,
With ſhow of amity I thus replied.
Cyclops! thou haſt my noble name enquired,
Which I will tell thee. Give me, in return,
The promiſed boon, ſome hoſpitable pledge.
My name is † Outis; Outis I am call'd

At

* Αινως.

† Clarke, who has preſerved this name in his marginal verſion, contends ſtrenuouſly, and with great reaſon, that Outis ought not to be tranſlated; and in a paſſage which he

At home, abroad, wherever I am known.
So I; to whom he, ſavage, thus replied.
Outis, when I have eaten all his friends,
Shall be my laſt regale. Be that thy boon.
He ſpake, and, downward ſway'd, fell reſupine,
With his huge neck aſlant. All-conqu'ring ſleep
Soon ſeized him. From his gullet guſh'd the wine
With human morſels mingled, many a blaſt
Sonorous iſſuing from his glutted maw.
Then, thruſting far the ſpike of olive-wood
Into the embers glowing on the hearth,
I heated it, and cheer'd my friends, the while,
Leſt any ſhould, through fear, ſhrink from his part.
But when that ſtake of olive-wood, though green,
Should ſoon have flamed, for it was glowing hot,
I bore it to his ſide. Then all my aids
Around me gather'd, and the Gods infuſed
Heroic fortitude into our hearts.
They, ſeizing the hot ſtake raſp'd to a point,
Bored his eye with it, and myſelf, advanced
To a ſuperior ſtand, twirl'd it about.
As when a ſhipwright with his wimble bores

he quotes from the *Acta eruditorum*, we ſee much fault found with Giphanius and other interpreters of Homer for having tranſlated it. It is certain that in Homer the word is declined not as ουτις-τινος, which ſignifies no man, but as ουτις-τιδος, making ουτιν in the accuſative, conſequently as a proper name. It is ſufficient that the ambiguity was ſuch as to deceive the friends of the Cyclops. Outis is ſaid by ſome (perhaps abſurdly) to have been a name given to Ulyſſes on account of his having larger ears than common.

Tough

Tough oaken timber, placed on either ſide
Below, his fellow-artiſts ſtrain the thong
Alternate, and the reſtleſs iron ſpins.
So, graſping hard the ſtake pointed with fire,
We twirl'd it in his eye; the bubbling blood
Boil'd round about the brand; his pupil ſent
A ſcalding vapour forth that ſinged his brow,
And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame.
As when the ſmith an hatchet or large axe
Temp'ring with ſkill, plunges the hiſſing blade
Deep in cold water, (whence the ſtrength of ſteel)
So hiſs'd his eye around the olive-wood.
The howling monſter with his outcry fill'd
The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,
Fled terrified. He, plucking forth the ſpike
From his burnt ſocket, mad with anguiſh, caſt
The implement all bloody far away.
Then, bellowing, he ſounded forth the name
Of ev'ry Cyclops dwelling in the caves
Around him, on the wind-ſwept mountain-tops;
They, at his cry flocking from ev'ry part,
Circled his den, and of his ail enquired.

What grievous hurt hath cauſed thee, Polypheme!
Thus yelling to alarm the peaceful ear
Of night, and break our ſlumbers? Fear'ſt thou left
Some mortal man drive off thy flocks? or fear'ſt
Thyſelf to die by cunning or by force?

Them anſwer'd, then, Polypheme from his cave.
Oh, friends! I die, and Outis gives the blow.
To whom with accents wing'd his friends without.
If no * man harm thee, but thou art alone,
And ſickneſs feel'ſt, it is the ſtroke of Jove,
And thou muſt bear it; yet invoke for aid
Thy father Neptune, Sov'reign of the floods.
So ſaying, they went, and in my heart I laugh'd
That by the fiction only of a name,
Slight ſtratagem! I had deceived them all.
Then groan'd the Cyclops wrung with pain and grief,
And, fumbling with ſtreteh'd hands, removed the rock
From his cave's mouth, which done, he ſat him down
Spreading his arms athwart the paſs, to ſtop
Our egreſs with his flocks abroad; ſo dull,
It ſeems, he held me, and ſo ill-adviſed.
I, pondering what means might fitteſt prove
To ſave from inſtant death, (if ſave I might)
My people and myſelf, to ev'ry ſhift
Inclined, and various counſels framed, as one
Who ſtrove for life, conſcious of woe at hand.
To me, thus meditating, this appear'd
The likelieſt courſe. The rams well-thriven were,
Thick-fleeced, full-ſized, with wool of ſable hue.
Theſe, ſilently, with oſier twigs on which
The Cyclops, hideous monſter, ſlept, I bound,

* Outis, as a *name*, could only denote him who bore it; but as a *noun*, it ſignifies *no man*, which accounts ſufficiently for the ludicrous miſtake of his brethren.

Three

Three in one leaſh; the intermediate rams
Bore each a man, whom the exterior two
Preſerved, concealing him on either ſide.
Thus each was borne by three, and I, at laſt,
The curl'd back ſeizing of a ram, (for one
I had reſerv'd far ſtatelieſt of them all)
Slipp'd underneath his belly, and both hands
Enfolding faſt in his exub'rant fleece,
Clung ceaſeleſs to him as I lay ſupine.
We, thus diſpoſed, waited with many a ſigh
The ſacred dawn; but when, at length, aris'n,
Aurora, day-ſpring's daughter roſy-palm'd
Again appear'd, the males of all his flocks
Ruſh'd forth to paſture, and, meantime, unmilk'd,
The wethers bleated, by the load diſtreſs'd
Of udders overcharged. Their maſter, rack'd
With pain intolerable, handled yet
The backs of all, inquiſitive, as they ſtood,
But, groſs of intellect, ſuſpicion none
Conceiv'd of men beneath their bodies bound.
And now (none left beſide) the ram approach'd
With his own wool burthen'd, and with myſelf,
Whom many a fear moleſted. Polypheme
The giant ſtroak'd him as he ſat, and ſaid,

My darling ram! why, lateſt of the flock
Com'ſt thou, whom never, heretofore, my ſheep
Could leave behind, but ſtalking at their head,
Thou firſt was wont to crop the tender graſs,

Firſt to arrive at the clear ſtream, and firſt
With ready will to ſeek my ſheep-cote here
At evening; but, thy practice chang'd, thou com'ſt,
Now laſt of all. Feel'ſt thou regret, my ram!
Of thy poor maſter's eye, by a vile wretch
Bored out, who overcame me firſt with wine,
And by a crew of vagabonds accurs'd,
Followers of Outis, whoſe eſcape from death
Shall not be made to day? Ah! that thy heart
Were as my own, and that diſtinct as I
Thou could'ſt articulate, ſo ſhould'ſt thou tell,
Where hidden, he eludes my furious wrath.
Then, daſh'd againſt the floor his ſpatter'd brain
Should fly, and I ſhould lighter feel my harm
From Outis, wretch baſe-named and nothing-worth.
So ſaying, he left him to purſue the flock.
When, thus drawn forth, we had, at length, eſcaped
Few paces from the cavern and the court,
Firſt, quitting my own ram, I loos'd my friends,
Then, turning ſeaward many a thriven ewe
Sharp-hoof'd, we drove them ſwiftly to the ſhip.
Thrice welcome to our faithful friends we came
From death eſcaped, but much they mourn'd the dead.
I ſuffer'd not their tears, but ſilent ſhook
My brows, by ſigns commanding them to lift
The ſheep on board, and inſtant plow the main.
They, quick embarking, on the benches ſat
Well ranged, and threſh'd with oars the foamy flood;

But diſtant now ſuch length as a loud voice
May reach, I hail'd with taunts the Cyclop's ear.
Cyclops! when thou devouredſt in thy cave
With brutal force my followers, thou devour'dſt
The followers of no timid Chief, or baſe.
Vengeance was ſure to recompenſe that deed
Atrocious. Monſter! who waſt not afraid
To eat the gueſt ſhelter'd beneath thy roof!
Therefore the Gods have well requited thee.
I ended; he, exaſp'rate, raged the more,
And rending from its hold a mountain-top,
Hurl'd it toward us; at our veſſel's ſtern
Down came the maſs, nigh ſweeping in its fall
The rudder's head. The ocean at the plunge
Of that huge rock, high on its refluent flood
Heav'd, irreſiſtible, the ſhip to land.
I ſeizing, quick, our longeſt pole on board,
Back thruſt her from the coaſt, and by a nod
In ſilence given, bade my companions ply
Strenuous their oars, that ſo we might eſcape.
* Procumbent, each obey'd, and when, the flood
Cleaving, † we twice that diſtance had obtain'd,
Again I hail'd the Cyclops; but my friends
Earneſt diſſuaded me on ev'ry ſide.

* προπεσοντες.

——— Olli certamine ſummo
Procumbunt. VIRGIL.

† The ſeeming incongruity of this line with line 660, is reconciled by ſuppoſing that Ulyſſes exerted his voice, naturally loud, in an extraordinary manner on this ſecond occaſion. See Clarke.

Ah,

Ah, raſh Ulyſſes! why with taunts provoke
The ſavage more, who hath this moment hurl'd
A weapon, ſuch as heav'd the ſhip again
To land, where death ſeem'd certain to us all?
For had he heard a cry, or but the voice
Of one man ſpeaking, he had all our heads
With ſome ſharp rock, and all our timbers cruſh'd
Together, ſuch vaſt force is in his arm.
So they, but my courageous heart remain'd
Unmoved, and thus again, incenſed, I ſpake.
Cyclops! ſhould any mortal man inquire
To whom thy ſhameful loſs of ſight thou ow'ſt,
Say, to Ulyſſes, city-waſter Chief,
Laertes' ſon, native of Ithaca.
I ceas'd, and with a groan thus he replied.
Ah me! an antient oracle I feel
Accompliſh'd. Here abode a prophet erſt,
A man of nobleſt form, and in his art
Unrivall'd, Telemus Eurymedes.
He, propheſying to the Cyclops-race,
Grew old among us, and preſaged my loſs
Of ſight, in future, by Ulyſſes' hand.
I therefore watch'd for the arrival here,
Always, of ſome great Chief, for ſtature, bulk
And beauty prais'd, and cloath'd with wond'rous might.
But now—a dwarf, a thing impalpable,
A ſhadow, overcame me firſt by wine,

Then quench'd my ſight. Come hither, O my gueſt!
Return, Ulyſſes! hoſpitable cheer
Awaits thee, and my pray'rs I will prefer
To glorious Neptune for thy proſp'rous courſe;
For I am Neptune's offspring, and the God
Is proud to be my Sire; he, if he pleaſe,
And he alone can heal me; none beſide
Of Pow'rs Immortal, or of men below.
He ſpake, to whom I anſwer thus return'd.
I would that of thy life and ſoul amerced,
I could as ſure diſmiſs thee down to Hell,
As none ſhall heal thine eye—not even He.
So I; then pray'd the Cyclops to his Sire
With hands uprais'd toward the ſtarry heav'n.
Hear, Earth encircler Neptune, azure-hair'd!
If I indeed am thine, and if thou boaſt
Thyſelf my father, grant that never more
Ulyſſes, leveller of hoſtile tow'rs,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair,
Behold his native home! but if his fate
Decree him yet to ſee his friends, his houſe,
His native country, let him deep diſtreſs'd
Return and late, all his companions loſt,
Indebted for a ſhip to foreign aid,
And let affliction meet him at his door.
He ſpake, and Ocean's ſov'reign heard his pray'r.
Then lifting from the ſhore a ſtone of ſize

Far more enormous, o'er his head he whirl'd
The rock, and his immeaſurable force
Exerting all, diſmiſs'd it. Cloſe behind
The ſhip, nor diſtant from the rudder's head,
Down came the maſs. The ocean at the plunge
Of ſuch a weight, high on its refluent flood
Tumultuous, heaved the bark well-nigh to land.

But when we reached the iſle where we had left
Our num'rous barks, and where my people ſat
Watching with ceaſeleſs ſorrow our return,
We thruſt our veſſel to the ſandy ſhore,
Then diſembark'd, and of the Cyclop's ſheep
Gave equal ſhare to all. To me alone
My fellow-voyagers the ram conſign'd
In diſtribution, my peculiar meed.
Him, therefore, to cloud-girt Saturnian Jove
I offer'd on the ſhore, burning his thighs
In ſacrifice; but Jove my hallow'd rites
Reck'd not, deſtruction purpoſing to all
My barks, and all my followers o'er the Deep.
Thus, feaſting largely, on the ſhore we ſat
'Till even-tide, and quaffing gen'rous wine;
But when day fail'd, and night o'erſhadow'd all,
Then, on the ſhore we ſlept; and when again
Aurora, roſy daughter of the Dawn,
Look'd forth, my people, anxious, I enjoin'd
To climb their barks, and caſt the hawſers looſe.

They,

They, all obedient, took their ſeats on board
Well-ranged, and threſh'd with oars the foamy flood.
Thus, 'ſcaping narrowly, we roam'd the Deep
With aching hearts and with diminiſh'd crews.

## ARGUMENT

OF THE

# TENTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes, in purſuit of his narrative, relates his arrival at the iſland of Æolus, his departure thence, and the unhappy occaſion of his return thither. The monarch of the winds diſmiſſes him at laſt with much aſperity. He next tells of his arrival among the Læſtrygonians, by whom his whole fleet, together with their crews, are deſtroyed, his own ſhip and crew excepted. Thence he is driven to the iſland of Circe. By her the half of his people are transformed into ſwine. Aſſiſted by Mercury, he reſiſts her enchantments himſelf, and prevails with the Goddeſs to recover them to their former ſhape. In conſequence of Circe's inſtructions, after having ſpent a complete year in her palace, he prepares for a voyage to the infernal regions.

## BOOK X.

WE came to the Æolian iſle; there dwells
Æolus, ſon of Hippotas, belov'd
By the Immortals, in an iſle afloat.
A brazen wall impregnable on all ſides
Girds it, and ſmooth its rocky coaſt aſcends.
His children, in his own fair palace born,
Are twelve; ſix daughters, and ſix blooming ſons.

He

He gave his daughters to his ſons to wife;
They with their father hold perpetual feaſt
And with their royal mother, ſtill ſupplied
With dainties numberleſs; the ſounding dome
Is fill'd with ſav'ry odours all the day,
And with their conſorts chaſte at night they ſleep
On ſtatelieſt couches with rich arras ſpread.
Their city and their ſplendid courts we reach'd.
A month complete he, friendly, at his board
Regaled me, and enquiry made minute
Of Ilium's fall, of the Achaian fleet,
And of our voyage thence. I told him all.
But now, deſirous to embark again,
I aſk'd diſmiſſion home, which he approved,
And well provided for my proſp'rous courſe.
He gave me, furniſh'd by a bullock flay'd
In his ninth year, a bag; ev'ry rude blaſt
Which from its bottom turns the Deep, that bag
Impriſon'd held; for him Saturnian Jove
Hath officed arbiter of all the winds,
To rouſe their force, or calm them, at his will.
He gave me them on board my bark, ſo bound
With ſilver twine that not a breath eſcaped,
Then order'd gentle Zephyrus to fill
Our ſails propitious. Order vain, alas!
So fatal proved the folly of my friends.
Nine days continual, night and day we ſail'd,
And on the tenth my native land appear'd.

Not far remote my Ithacans I ſaw
Fires kindling on the coaſt; but me with toil
Worn, and with watching, gentle ſleep ſubdued;
For conſtant I had ruled the helm, nor giv'n
That charge to any, fearful of delay.
Then, in cloſe conference combined, my crew
Each other thus beſpake—He carries home
Silver and gold from Æolus received,
Offſpring of Hippotas, illuſtrious Chief—
And thus a mariner the reſt harangued.

Ye Gods! what city or what land ſoe'er
Ulyſſes viſits, how is he belov'd
By all, and honour'd! many precious ſpoils
He homeward bears from Troy; but we return,
(We who the ſelf-ſame voyage have perform'd)
With empty hands. Now alſo he hath gain'd
This pledge of friendſhip from the King of winds.
But come—be quick—ſearch we the bag, and learn
What ſtores of gold and ſilver it contains.

So he, whoſe miſchievous advice prevailed.
They loos'd the bag; forth iſſued all the winds,
And, caught by tempeſts o'er the billowy waſte,
Weeping they flew, far, far from Ithaca.
I then, awaking, in my noble mind
Stood doubtful, whether from my veſſel's ſide
Immerſed to periſh in the flood, or calm
To endure my ſorrows, and conſent to live.
I calm endured them; but around my head

Winding my mantle, lay'd me down below,
While adverſe blaſts bore all my fleet again
To the Æolian iſle; then groan'd my people.
We diſembark'd and drew freſh water there,
And my companions, at their galley's ſides
All ſeated, took repaſt; ſhort meal we made,
When, with an herald and a choſen friend,
I fought once more the hall of Æolus.
Him banquetting with all his ſons we found,
And with his ſpouſe; we, ent'ring, on the floor
Of his wide portal ſat, whom they amazed
Beheld, and of our coming thus enquired.
Return'd? Ulyſſes! by what adverſe Pow'r
Repuls'd haſt thou arrived? we ſent thee hence
Well-fitted forth to reach thy native iſle,
Thy palace, or what place ſoe'er thou would'ſt.
So they—to whom, heart-broken, I replied.
My worthleſs crew have wrong'd me, nor alone
My worthleſs crew, but ſleep ill-timed, as much.
Yet heal, O friends, my hurt; the pow'r is yours!
So I their favour woo'd. Mute ſat the ſons,
But thus their father anſwer'd. Hence—be gone—
Leave this our iſle, thou moſt obnoxious wretch
Of all mankind. I ſhould, myſelf, tranſgreſs,
Receiving here, and giving conduct hence
To one deteſted by the Gods as thou.
Away—for hated by the Gods thou com'ſt.

So ſaying, he ſent me from his palace forth,
Groaning profound; thence, therefore, o'er the Deep
We ſtill proceeded ſorrowful, our force
Exhauſting ceaſeleſs at the toilſome oar,
And, through our own imprudence, hopeleſs now
Of other furth'rance to our native iſle.
Six days we navigated, day and night,
The briny flood, and on the ſeventh reach'd
The city erſt by Lamus built ſublime,
Proud Læſtrigonia, with the diſtant gates.
* The herdſman, there, driving his cattle home,
Summons the ſhepherd with his flocks abroad.
The ſleepleſs there might double wages earn,
Attending, now, the herds, now, tending ſheep,
For the night-paſtures, and the paſtures grazed
By day, cloſe border, both, the city-walls.
To that illuſtrious port we came, by rocks
Uninterrupted flank'd on either ſide
Of tow'ring height, while prominent the ſhores
And bold, converging at the haven's mouth
Leave narrow paſs. We puſh'd our galleys in,
Then moor'd them ſide by ſide; for never ſurge
There lifts its head, or great or ſmall, but clear
We found, and motionleſs, the ſhelter'd flood.

* It is ſuppoſed by Euſtathius that the paſtures being infeſted by gad-flies and other noxious inſects in the day-time, they drove their ſheep a-field in the morning, which by their wool were defended from them, and their cattle in the evening, when the inſects had withdrawn. It is one of the few paſſages in Homer that muſt lie at the mercy of conjecture.

Myſelf

Myſelf alone, ſtaying my bark without,
Secured her well with hawſers to a rock
At the land's point, then climb'd the rugged ſteep,
And ſpying ſtood the country. Labours none
Of men or oxen in the land appear'd,
Nor aught beſide ſaw we, but from the earth
Smoke riſing; therefore of my friends I ſent
Before me two, adding an herald third,
To learn what race of men that country fed.
Departing, they an even track purſued
Made by the waggons bringing timber down
From the high mountains to the town below.
Before the town a virgin bearing forth
Her ew'r they met, daughter of him who ruled
The Læſtrygonian race, Antiphatas.
Deſcending from the gate, ſhe ſought the fount
Artacia; for their cuſtom was to draw
From that pure fountain for the city's uſe.
Approaching they accoſted her, and aſk'd
What King reign'd there, and over whom he reign'd.
She gave them ſoon to know where ſtood ſublime
The palace of her Sire; no ſooner they
The palace enter'd, than within they found,
In ſize reſembling an huge mountain-top,
A woman, whom they ſhudder'd to behold.
She forth from council ſummon'd quick her ſpouſe
Antiphatas, who teeming came with thoughts
Of carnage, and, arriving, ſeized at once

A Greecian,

A Greecian, whom, next moment, he devoured.
With headlong terrour the ſurviving two
Fled to the ſhips. Then ſent Antiphatas
His voice through all the town, and on all ſides,
Hearing that cry, the Læſtrygonians flock'd
Numberleſs, and in ſize reſembling more
The giants than mankind. They from the rocks
Caſt down into our fleet enormous ſtones,
A ſtrong man's burthen each; dire din aroſe
Of ſhattered galleys and of dying men,
Whom ſpear'd like fiſhes to their home they bore,
A loathſome prey. While them within the port
They ſlaughter'd, I, (the faulchion at my ſide
Drawn forth) cut looſe the hawſer of my ſhip,
And all my crew enjoin'd with boſoms laid
Prone on their oars, to fly the threaten'd woe.
They, dreading inſtant death, tugg'd reſupine
Together, and the galley from beneath
Thoſe * beetling rocks into the open ſea
Shot gladly; but the reſt all periſh'd there.
Proceeding thence, we ſigh'd, and roam'd the waves,
Glad that we lived, but ſorrowing for the ſlain.
We came to the Ææan iſle; there dwelt
The awful Circe, Goddeſs amber-hair'd,
Deep-ſkill'd in magic ſong, ſiſter by birth
Of the all-wiſe Æætes; them the Sun,

* The word has the authority of Shakeſpear, and ſignifies overhanging.

Bright

Bright luminary of the world, begat
On Perſe, daughter of Oceanus.
Our veſſel there, noiſeleſs, we puſh'd to land
Within a ſpacious haven, thither led
By ſome celeſtial Pow'r. We diſembark'd,
And on the coaſt two days and nights entire
Extended lay, worn with long toil, and each
The victim of his heart-devouring woes.
Then, with my ſpear and with my faulchion arm'd,
I left the ſhip to climb with haſty ſteps
An airy height, thence, hoping to eſpie
Some works of man, or hear, perchance, a voice.
Exalted on a rough rock's craggy point
I ſtood, and on the diſtant plain, beheld
Smoke which from Circe's palace through the gloom
Of trees and thickets roſe. That ſmoke diſcern'd,
I ponder'd next if thither I ſhould haſte,
Seeking intelligence. Long time I muſed,
But choſe at laſt, as my diſcreter courſe,
To ſeek the ſea-beach and my bark again,
And, when my crew had eaten, to diſpatch
Before me, others, who ſhould firſt enquire.
But, ere I yet had reach'd my gallant bark,
Some God with pity viewing me alone
In that untrodden ſolitude, ſent forth
An antler'd ſtag full-ſized into my path.
His woodland paſtures left, he ſought the ſtream,
For he was thirſty, and already parch'd

By the ſun's heat. Him iſſuing from his haunt,
Sheer through the back beneath his middle ſpine
I wounded, and the lance ſprang forth beyond.
Moaning he fell, and in the duſt expired.
Then, treading on his breathleſs trunk, I pluck'd
My weapon forth, which leaving there reclined,
I tore away the oſiers with my hands
And ſallows green, and to a fathom's length
Twiſting the gather'd twigs into a band,
Bound faſt the feet of my enormous prey,
And, ſlinging him athwart my neck, repair'd
Toward my ſable bark, propp'd on my lance,
Which now to carry ſhoulder'd as before
Surpaſs'd my pow'r, ſo bulky was the load.
Arriving at the ſhip, there I let fall
My burthen, and with pleaſant ſpeech and kind,
Man after man addreſſing, cheer'd my crew.

My friends! we ſuffer much, but ſhall not ſeek
The ſhades, ere yet our deſtined hour arrive.
Behold a feaſt! and we have wine on board—
Pine not with needleſs famine; riſe and eat.

I ſpake; they readily obey'd, and each
Iſſuing at my word abroad, beſide
The galley ſtood, admiring, as he lay,
The ſtag, for of no common bulk was he.
At length, their eyes gratified to the full
With that glad ſpectacle, they laved their hands,
And preparation made of noble cheer.

That

That day complete, 'till ſet of ſun, we ſpent
Feaſting delicioufly without reſtraint,
And quaffing gen'rous wine; but when the ſun
Went down, and darkneſs overſhadow'd all,
Extended, then, on Ocean's bank we lay;
And when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, convening all my crew
To council, I aroſe, and thus began.
My fellow-voyagers, however worn
With num'rous hardſhips, hear! for neither Weſt
Know we, nor Eaſt, where riſes, or where ſets
The all-enlight'ning ſun. But let us think,
If thought perchance may profit us, of which
Small hope I ſee; for when I lately climb'd
Yon craggy rock, plainly I could diſcern
The land encompaſs'd by the boundleſs Deep.
The iſle is flat, and in the midſt I ſaw
Dun ſmoke aſcending from an oaken bow'r.
So I, whom hearing, they all courage loſt,
And at remembrance of Antiphatas
The Læſtrygonian, and the Cyclop's deeds,
Ferocious feeder on the fleſh of man,
Mourn'd loud and wept, but tears could nought avail.
Then, numb'ring man by man, I parted them
In equal portions, and aſſign'd a Chief
To either band, myſelf to theſe, to thoſe
Godlike Eurylochus. This done, we caſt
The lots into the helmet, and at once

Forth ſprang the lot of bold Eurylochus.
He went, and with him of my people march'd
Twenty and two, all weeping; nor ourſelves
Wept leſs, at ſeparation from our friends.
Low in a vale, but on an open ſpot,
They found the ſplendid houſe of Circe, built
With hewn and poliſh'd ſtones; compaſs'd ſhe dwelt
By lions on all ſides and mountain-wolves
Tamed by herſelf with drugs of noxious pow'rs.
Nor were they miſchievous, but as my friends
Approach'd, ariſing on their hinder feet,
Paw'd them in blandiſhment, and wagg'd the tail.
As, when from feaſt he riſes, dogs around
Their maſter fawn, accuſtom'd to receive
The ſop conciliatory from his hand,
Around my people, ſo, thoſe talon'd wolves
And lions fawn'd. They, terrified, that troop
Of ſavage monſters horrible beheld.
And now, before the Goddeſs' gates arrived,
They heard the voice of Circe ſinging ſweet
Within, while, buſied at the loom, ſhe wove
An ample web immortal, ſuch a work
Tranſparent, graceful, and of bright deſign
As hands of Goddeſſes alone produce.
Thus then Polites, Prince of men, the friend
Higheſt in my eſteem, the reſt beſpake.
Ye hear the voice, comrades, of one who weaves
An ample web within, and at her taſk

So

So ſweetly chaunts that all the marble floor
Re-echoes; human be ſhe or divine
I doubt, but let us call, that we may learn.
He ceas'd; they call'd; ſoon iſſuing at the ſound,
The Goddeſs open'd wide her ſplendid gates,
And bade them in; they, heedleſs, all complied,
All ſave Eurylochus, who fear'd a ſnare.
She, introducing them, conducted each
To a bright throne, then gave them Pramnian wine,
With grated cheeſe, pure meal, and honey new,
But medicated with her pois'nous drugs
Their food, that in oblivion they might loſe
The wiſh of home. She gave them, and they drank,—
When, ſmiting each with her enchanting wand,
She ſhut them in her ſties. In head, in voice,
In body, and in briſtles they became
All ſwine, yet intellected as before,
And at her hand were dieted alone
With acorns, cheſnuts, and the cornel-fruit,
Food grateful ever to the groveling ſwine.
Back flew Eurylochus toward the ſhip,
To tell the woeful tale; ſtruggling to ſpeak,
Yet ſpeechleſs, there he ſtood, his heart transfixt
With anguiſh, and his eyes deluged with tears.
Me boding terrours occupied. At length,
When, gazing on him, all had oft enquired,
He thus rehears'd to us the dreadful change.

Renown'd

Renown'd Ulyſſes! as thou bad'ſt, we went
Through yonder oaks; there, boſom'd in a vale,
But built conſpicuous on a ſwelling knoll
With poliſh'd rock, we found a ſtately dome.
Within, ſome Goddeſs or ſome woman wove
An ample web, carolling ſweet the while.
They call'd aloud; ſhe, iſſuing at the voice,
Unfolded, ſoon, her ſplendid portals wide,
And bade them in. Heedleſs they enter'd, all,
But I remain'd, ſuſpicious of a ſnare.
Ere long the whole band vaniſh'd, none I ſaw
Thenceforth, though, ſeated there, long time I watch'd.
He ended; I my ſtudded faulchion huge
Athwart my ſhoulder caſt, and ſeized my bow,
Then bade him lead me thither by the way
Himſelf had gone; but with both hands my knees
He claſp'd, and in wing'd accents ſad exclaim'd.
My King! ah lead me not unwilling back;
But leave me here; for confident I judge
That neither thou wilt bring another thence,
Nor come thyſelf again. Haſte—fly we ſwift
With theſe, for we, at leaſt, may yet eſcape.
So he, to whom this anſwer I return'd,
Eurylochus! abiding here, eat thou
And drink thy fill beſide the ſable bark;
I go; neceſſity forbids my ſtay.
So ſaying, I left the galley and the ſhore.
But ere that awful vale ent'ring, I reach'd

The palace of the ſorcereſs, a God
Met me, the bearer of the golden wand,
Hermes. He ſeem'd a ſtripling in his prime,
His cheeks cloath'd only with their earlieſt down,
For youth is then moſt graceful; faſt he lock'd
His hand in mine, and thus, familiar, ſpake.
Unhappy! whither, wand'ring o'er the hills,
Stranger to all this region, and alone,
Go'ſt thou? Thy people—they within the walls
Are ſhut of Circe, where as ſwine cloſe-pent
She keeps them. Comeſt thou to ſet them free?
I tell thee, never wilt thou thence return
Thyſelf, but wilt be priſon'd with the reſt.
Yet hearken—I will diſappoint her wiles,
And will preſerve thee. Take this precious drug;
Poſſeſſing this, enter the Goddeſs' houſe
Boldly, for it ſhall ſave thy life from harm.
Lo! I reveal to thee the cruel arts
Of Circe; learn them. She will mix for thee
A potion, and will alſo drug thy food
With noxious herbs; but ſhe ſhall not prevail
By all her pow'r to change thee; for the force
Superior of this noble plant, my gift,
Shall baffle her. Hear ſtill what I adviſe.
When ſhe ſhall ſmite thee with her ſlender rod,
With faulchion drawn and with death-threat'ning looks
Ruſh on her; ſhe will bid thee to her bed
Affrighted; then beware. Decline not thou.

Her

Her love, that ſhe may both releaſe thy friends,
And may with kindneſs entertain thyſelf.
But force her ſwear the dreaded oath of heav'n
That ſhe will other miſchief none deviſe
Againſt thee, leſt ſhe ſtrip thee of thy might,
And, quenching all thy virtue, make thee vile.
So ſpake the Argicide, and from the earth
That plant extracting, placed it in my hand,
Then taught me all its pow'rs. Black was the root,
Milk-white the bloſſom; Moly is its name
In heav'n; not eaſily by mortal man
Dug forth, but all is eaſy to the Gods.
Then, Hermes through the iſland-woods repair'd
To heav'n, and I to Circe's dread abode,
In gloomy muſings buſied as I went.
Within the veſtibule arrived, where dwelt
The beauteous Goddeſs, ſtaying there my ſteps,
I call'd aloud; ſhe heard me, and at once
Iſſuing, threw her ſplendid portals wide,
And bade me in. I follow'd, heart-diſtreſs'd.
Leading me by the hand to a bright throne
With argent ſtuds embelliſh'd, and beneath
Foot-ſtool'd magnificent, ſhe made me ſit.
Then mingling for me in a golden cup
My bev'rage, ſhe infuſed a drug, intent
On miſchief; but when I had drunk the draught
Unchanged, ſhe ſmote me with her wand, and ſaid,

Hence

Hence—ſeek the ſty. There wallow with thy friends.
She ſpake; I drawing from beſide my thigh
My faulchion keen, with death-denouncing looks
Ruſh'd on her; ſhe, with a ſhrill ſcream of fear
Ran under my rais'd arm, ſeized faſt my knees,
And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began.
Who? whence? thy city and thy birth declare.
Amazed I ſee thee with that potion drench'd,
Yet uninchanted; never man before
Once paſs'd it through his lips, and liv'd the ſame;
But in thy breaſt a mind inhabits, proof
Againſt all charms. Come then—I know thee well.
Thou art Ulyſſes artifice-renown'd,
Of whoſe arrival here in his return
From Ilium, Hermes of the golden wand
Was ever wont to tell me. Sheath again
Thy ſword, and let us, on my bed reclined,
Mutual embrace, that we may truſt thenceforth
Each other, without jealouſy or fear.
The Goddeſs ſpake, to whom I thus replied.
O Circe! canſt thou bid me meek become
And gentle, who beneath thy roof detain'ſt
My fellow-voyagers transform'd to ſwine?
And, fearing my eſcape, invit'ſt thou me
Into thy bed, with fraudulent pretext
Of love, that there, enfeebling by thy arts
My noble ſpirit, thou may'ſt make me vile?
No—truſt me—never will I ſhare thy bed

'Till firſt, oh Goddeſs, thou conſent to ſwear
The dread all-binding oath, that other harm
Againſt myſelf thou wilt imagine none.
I ſpake. She ſwearing as I bade, renounced
All evil purpoſe, and (her ſolemn oath
Concluded) I aſcended, next, her bed
Magnificent. Meantime, four graceful nymphs
Attended on the ſervice of the houſe,
Her menials, from the fountains ſprung and groves,
And from the ſacred ſtreams that ſeek the ſea.
Of theſe, one caſt fine linen on the thrones,
Which, next, with purple arras rich ſhe ſpread;
Another placed before the gorgeous ſeats
Bright tables, and ſet on baſkets of gold.
The third, an argent beaker fill'd with wine
Delicious, which in golden cups ſhe ſerved;
The fourth brought water, which ſhe warm'd within
An ample vaſe, and when the ſimm'ring flood
Sang in the tripod, led me to a bath,
And laved me with the pleaſant ſtream profuſe
Pour'd o'er my neck and body, 'till my limbs
Refreſh'd, all ſenſe of laſſitude reſign'd.
When ſhe had bathed me, and with limpid oil
Anointed me, and clothed me in a veſt
And mantle, next, ſhe led me to a throne
Of royal ſtate, with ſilver ſtuds emboſs'd,
And footſtool'd ſoft beneath; then came a nymph
With golden ewer charged and ſilver bowl,

Who

Who pour'd pure water on my hands, and placed
The poliſh'd board before me, which with food
Various, ſelected from her preſent ſtores,
The cat'reſs ſpread, then, courteous, bade me eat.
But me it pleas'd not; with far other thoughts
My ſpirit teem'd, on vengeance more intent.
Soon, then, as Circe mark'd me on my ſeat
Faſt-rooted, ſullen, nor with outſtretch'd hands
Deigning to touch the banquet, ſhe approach'd,
And in wing'd accents ſuaſive thus began.
Why ſits Ulyſſes like the Dumb, dark thoughts
His only food? loaths he the touch of meat,
And taſte of wine? Thou fear'ſt, as I perceive,
Some other ſnare, but idle is that fear,
For I have ſworn the inviolable oath.
She ceas'd, to whom this anſwer I return'd.
How can I eat? what virtuous man and juſt
O Circe! could endure the taſte of wine
Or food, 'till he ſhould ſee his priſon'd friends
Once more at liberty? If then thy wiſh
That I ſhould eat and drink be true, produce
My captive people; let us meet again.
So I; then Circe, bearing in her hand
Her potent rod, went forth, and op'ning wide
The door, drove out my people from the ſty,
In bulk reſembling brawns of the ninth year.
They ſtood before me; ſhe through all the herd
Proceeding, with an unctuous antidote

Anointed each, and at the wholeſome touch
All ſhed the ſwiniſh briſtles by the drug
Dread Circe's former magic gift, produced.
Reſtored at once to manhood, they appear'd
More vig'rous far, and ſightlier than before.
They knew me, and with graſp affectionate
Hung on my hand. Tears follow'd, but of joy,
And with loud cries the vaulted palace rang.
Even the awful Goddeſs felt, herſelf,
Compaſſion, and, approaching me, began.
Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Hence to the ſhore, and to thy gallant bark;
Firſt, hale her ſafe aground, then, hiding all
Your arms and treaſures in the caverns, come
Thyſelf again, and hither lead thy friends.
So ſpake the Goddeſs, and my gen'rous mind
Perſuaded; thence repairing to the beach,
I ſought my ſhip; arrived, I found my crew
Lamenting miſerably, and their cheeks
With tears bedewing ceaſeleſs at her ſide.
As when the calves within ſome village rear'd
Behold, at eve, the herd returning home
From fruitful meads where they have grazed their fill,
No longer in the ſtalls contain'd, they ruſh
With many a friſk abroad, and, blaring oft,
With one conſent all dance their dams around,
So they, at ſight of me, diſſolved in tears
Of rapt'rous joy, and each his ſpirit felt

With like affections warm'd as he had reach'd
Juſt then his country, and his city ſeen,
Fair Ithaca, where he was born and rear'd.
Then in wing'd accents tender thus they ſpake.
Noble Ulyſſes! thy appearance fills
Our ſoul with tranſports, ſuch as we ſhould feel
Arrived in ſafety on our native ſhore.
Speak—ſay how periſh'd our unhappy friends?
So they; to whom this anſwer mild I gave.
Hale we our veſſel firſt aſhore, and hide
In caverns all our treaſures and our arms,
Then, haſting hence, follow me, and ere long
Ye ſhall behold your friends, beneath the roof
Of Circe banquetting and drinking wine
Abundant, for no dearth attends them there.
So I; whom all with readineſs obey'd,
All ſave Eurylochus; he ſought alone
To ſtay the reſt, and, eager, interpoſed.
Ah whither tend we, miſerable men?
Why covet ye this evil, to go down
To Circe's palace? ſhe will change us all
To lions, wolves or ſwine, that we may guard
Her palace, by neceſſity conſtrain'd.
So ſome were pris'ners of the Cyclops erſt,
When, led by raſh Ulyſſes, our loſt friends
Intruded needleſsly into his cave,
And periſh'd by the folly of their Chief.

He

He ſpake, whom hearing, occupied I ſtood
In ſelf-debate, whether, my faulchion keen
Forth-drawing from beſide my ſturdy thigh,
To tumble his lopp'd head into the duſt,
Although he were my kinſman in the bonds
Of cloſe affinity; but all my friends
As with one voice, thus gently interpoſed.

Noble Ulyſſes! we will leave him here
Our veſſel's guard, if ſuch be thy command,
But us lead thou to Circe's dread abode.

So ſaying, they left the galley, and ſet forth
Climbing the coaſt; nor would Eurylochus
Beſide the hollow bark remain, but join'd
His comrades, by my dreadful menace awed.
Meantime the Goddeſs, buſily employ'd,
Bathed and refreſh'd my friends with limpid oil,
And clothed them. We, arriving, found them all
Banquetting in the palace; there they met;
Theſe aſk'd, and thoſe rehearſed the wond'rous tale,
And, the recital made, all wept aloud
'Till the wide dome reſounded. Then approach'd
The graceful Goddeſs, and addreſs'd me thus.

Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Provoke ye not each other, now, to tears.
I am not ignorant, myſelf, how dread
Have been your woes, both on the fiſhy Deep,
And on the land by force of hoſtile pow'rs.
But come—Eat now, and drink ye wine, that ſo

Your

Your freſhen'd ſpirit may revive, and ye
Courageous grow again, as when ye left
The rugged ſhores of Ithaca, your home.
For now, through recollection, day by day,
Of all your pains and toils, ye are become
Spiritleſs, ſtrengthleſs, and the taſte forget
Of pleaſure, ſuch have been your num'rous woes.
She ſpake, whoſe invitation kind prevail'd,
And won us to her will. There, then, we dwelt
The year complete, fed with delicious fare
Day after day, and quaffing gen'rous wine.
But when (the year fulfill'd) the circling hours
Their courſe reſumed, and the ſucceſſive months
With all their tedious days were ſpent, my friends,
Summoning me abroad, thus greeted me.
Sir! recollect thy country, if indeed
The fates ordain thee to reviſit ſafe
That country, and thy own glorious abode.
So they; whoſe admonition I receiv'd
Well-pleas'd. Then, all the day, regaled we ſat
At Circe's board with ſav'ry viands rare,
And quaffing richeſt wine; but when, the ſun
Declining, darkneſs overſhadow'd all,
Then, each within the duſky palace took
Cuſtom'd repoſe, and to the Goddeſs' bed
Magnificent aſcending, there I urged
My earneſt ſuit, which gracious ſhe receiv'd,
And in wing'd accents earneſt thus I ſpake.

O Circe! let us prove thy promiſe true;
Diſmiſs us hence. My own deſires, at length,
Tend homeward vehement, and the deſires
No leſs of all my friends, who with complaints
Unheard by thee, wear my ſad heart away.
So I; to whom the Goddeſs in return.
Laertes' noble ſon, Ulyſſes famed
For deepeſt wiſdom! dwell not longer here,
Thou and thy followers, in my aboe
Reluctant; but your next muſt be a courſe
Far diff'rent; hence departing, ye muſt ſeek
The dreary houſe of Ades and of dread
Perſephone, there to conſult the Seer
Theban Tireſias, prophet blind, but bleſt
With faculties which death itſelf hath ſpared.
To him alone, of all the dead, Hell's Queen
Gives ſtill to prophecy, while others flit
Mere forms, the ſhadows of what once they were.
She ſpake, and by her words daſh'd from my ſoul
All courage; weeping on the bed I ſat,
Reckleſs of life and of the light of day.
But when, with tears and rolling to and fro
Satiate, I felt relief, thus I replied.
O Circe! with what guide ſhall I perform
This voyage, unperform'd by living man?
I ſpake, to whom the Goddeſs quick replied.
Brave Laertiades! let not the fear
To want a guide diſtreſs thee. Once on board,

Your maſt erected, and your canvas white
Unfurl'd, ſit thou; the breathing North ſhall waft
Thy veſſel on. But when ye ſhall have croſs'd
The broad expanſe of Ocean, and ſhall reach
The oozy ſhore, where grow the poplar groves
And fruitleſs willows wan of Proſerpine,
Puſh thither through the gulphy Deep thy bark,
And, landing, haſte to Pluto's murky abode.
There, into Acheron runs not alone
Dread Pyriphlegethon, but Cocytus loud,
From Styx derived; there alſo ſtands a rock,
At whoſe broad baſe the roaring rivers meet.
There, thruſting, as I bid, thy bark aſhore,
O Hero! ſcoop the ſoil, op'ning a trench
Ell-broad on ev'ry ſide; then pour around
Libation conſecrate to all the dead,
Firſt, milk with honey mixt, then luſcious wine,
Then water, ſprinkling, laſt, meal over all.
Next, ſupplicate the unſubſtantial forms
Fervently of the dead, vowing to ſlay,
(Return'd to Ithaca) in thy own houſe,
An heifer barren yet, faireſt and beſt
Of all thy herds, and to enrich the pile
With delicacies ſuch as pleaſe the ſhades;
But, in peculiar, to Tireſias vow
A ſable ram, nobleſt of all thy flocks.
When thus thou haſt propitiated with pray'r

All the illuſtrious nations of the dead,
Next, thou ſhalt ſacrifice to them a ram
And ſable ewe, turning the face of each
Right toward Erebus, and look thyſelf,
Meantime, aſkance toward the river's courſe.
Souls num'rous, ſoon, of the departed dead
Will thither flock; then, ſtrenuous urge thy friends,
Flaying the victims which thy ruthleſs ſteel
Hath ſlain, to burn them, and to ſooth by pray'r
Illuſtrious Pluto and dread Proſerpine.
While thus is done, thou ſeated at the foſs,
Faulchion in hand, chaſe thence the airy forms
Afar, nor ſuffer them to approach the blood,
'Till with Tireſias thou have firſt conferr'd.
Then, glorious Chief! the Prophet ſhall himſelf
Appear, who will inſtruct thee, and thy courſe
Delineate, meaſuring from place to place
Thy whole return athwart the fiſhy flood.
While thus ſhe ſpake, the golden dawn aroſe,
When, putting on me my attire, the nymph
Next, cloath'd herſelf, and girding to her waiſt
With an embroider'd zone her ſnowy robe
Graceful, redundant, veil'd her beauteous head.
Then, ranging the wide palace, I aroufed
My followers, ſtanding at the ſide of each—
Up! ſleep no longer! let us quick depart,
For thus the Goddeſs hath, herſelf, adviſed.

So

So I, whoſe early ſummons my brave friends
With readineſs obey'd. Yet even thence
I brought not all my crew. There was a youth,
Youngeſt of all my train, Elpenor; one
Not much in eſtimation for deſert
In arms, nor prompt in underſtanding more,
Who overcharged with wine, and covetous
Of cooler air, high on the palace-roof
Of Circe ſlept, apart from all the reſt.
Awaken'd by the clamour of his friends
Newly ariſen, he alſo ſprang to riſe,
And, in his haſte, forgetful where to find
The deep-deſcending ſtairs, plunged through the roof.
With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ
Outſtretch'd he lay; his ſpirit ſought the ſhades.
Then, thus to my aſſembling friends I ſpake.
Ye think, I doubt not, of an homeward courſe,
But Circe points me to the drear abode
Of Proſerpine and Pluto, to conſult
The ſpirit of Tireſias, Theban ſeer.
I ended, and the hearts of all alike
Felt conſternation; on the earth they ſat
Diſconſolate, and plucking each his hair,
Yet profit none of all their ſorrow found.
But while we ſought my galley on the beach
With tepid tears bedewing, as we went,
Our cheeks, meantime the Goddeſs to the ſhore

Deſcending, bound within the bark a ram
And ſable ewe, paſſing us unperceived.
For who hath eyes that can diſcern a God
Going or coming, if he ſhun the view?

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# ELEVENTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes relates to Alcinoüs his voyage to the infernal regions, his conference there with the prophet Tireſias concerning his return to Ithaca, and gives him an account of the heroes, heroines, and others whom he ſaw there.

## BOOK XI.

ARRIVING on the ſhore, and launching, firſt,
Our bark into the ſacred Deep, we ſet
Our maſt and ſails, and ſtow'd ſecure on board
The ram and ewe, then, weeping, and with hearts
Sad and diſconſolate, embark'd ourſelves.
And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
Sent after us a canvas-ſtretching breeze,
Pleaſant companion of our courſe, and we
(The decks and benches clear'd) untoiling ſat,
While managed gales ſped ſwift the bark along.
All day, with ſails diſtended, o'er the Deep
She flew, and when the ſun, at length, declined,
And twilight dim had ſhadow'd all the ways,
Approach'd the bourn of Ocean's vaſt profound.

The

The city, there, of the Cimmerians ſtands
With clouds and darkneſs veil'd, on whom the ſun
Deigns not to look with his beam-darting eye,
Or when he climbs the ſtarry arch, or when
Earthward he ſlopes again his * weſt'ring wheels,
But ſad night canopies the woeful race.
We haled the bark aground, and, landing there
The ram and ſable ewe, journey'd beſide
The Deep, 'till we arrived where Circe bade.
Here, Perimedes' ſon Eurylochus
Held faſt the deſtined ſacrifice, while I
Scoop'd with my ſword the ſoil, op'ning a trench
Ell-broad on ev'ry ſide, then pour'd around
Libation conſecrate to all the dead,
Firſt, milk with honey mixt, then luſcious wine,
Then water, ſprinkling, laſt, meal over all.
This done, adoring the unreal forms
And ſhadows of the dead, I vow'd to ſlay,
(Return'd to Ithaca) in my own abode,
An heifer barren yet, faireſt and beſt
Of all my herds, and to enrich the pile
With delicacies, ſuch as pleaſe the ſhades.
But, in peculiar, to the Theban ſeer
I vow'd a ſable ram, largeſt and beſt
Of all my flocks. When thus I had implored
With vows and pray'r, the nations of the dead,
Piercing the victims next, I turn'd them both

* Milton.

To

To bleed into the trench; then ſwarming came
From Erebus the ſhades of the deceaſed,
Brides, youths unwedded, ſeniors long with woe
Oppreſs'd, and tender girls yet new to grief.
Came alſo many a warrior by the ſpear
In battle pierced, with armour gore-diſtain'd,
And all the multitude around the foſs
Stalk'd ſhrieking dreadful; me pale horror ſeized.
I next, importunate, my people urged,
Flaying the victims which myſelf had ſlain,
To burn them, and to ſupplicate in pray'r
Illuſtrious Pluto and dread Proſerpine.
Then down I ſat, and with drawn faulchion chaſed
The ghoſts, nor ſuffer'd them to approach the blood,
'Till with Tireſias I ſhould firſt confer.
The ſpirit, firſt, of my companion came,
Elpenor; for no burial honours yet
Had he received, but we had left his corſe
In Circe's palace, tombleſs, undeplored,
Ourſelves by preſſure urged of other cares.
Touch'd with compaſſion ſeeing him, I wept,
And in wing'd accents brief him thus beſpake.
Elpenor! how cam'ſt thou into the realms
Of darkneſs? Haſt thou, though on foot, ſo far
Outſtripp'd my ſpeed, who in my bark arrived?
So I, to whom with tears he thus replied.
Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Fool'd by ſome dæmon and the intemp'rate bowl,
I periſh'd.

I periſh'd in the houſe of Circe; there
The deep-deſcending ſteps heedleſs I miſs'd,
And fell precipitated from the roof.
With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ
Outſtretch'd I lay; my ſpirit ſought the ſhades.
But now, by thoſe whom thou haſt left at home,
By thy Penelope, and by thy ſire,
The gentle nouriſher of thy infant growth,
And by thy only ſon Telemachus
I make my ſuit to thee. For, ſure, I know
That from the houſe of Pluto ſafe return'd,
Thou ſhalt ere long thy gallant veſſel moor
At the Ææan iſle. Ah! there arrived
Remember me. Leave me not undeplored
Nor uninhumed, leſt, for my ſake, the Gods
In vengeance viſit thee; but with my arms
(What arms ſoe'er I left) burn me, and raiſe
A kind memorial of me on the coaſt,
Heap'd high with earth; that an unhappy man
May yet enjoy an unforgotten name.
Thus do at my requeſt, and on my hill
Funereal, plant the oar with which I row'd,
While yet I lived a mariner of thine.

He ſpake, to whom thus anſwer I return'd.
Poor youth! I will perform thy whole deſire.

Thus we, there ſitting, doleful converſe held,
With outſtretch'd faulchion, I, guarding the blood,
And my companion's ſhadowy ſemblance ſad

Meantime

Meantime diſcourſing me on various themes.
The ſoul of my departed mother, next,
Of Anticleia came, daughter of brave
Autolycus; whom, when I ſought the ſhores
Of Ilium, I had living left at home.
Seeing her, with compaſſion touch'd, I wept,
Yet even her, (although it pain'd my ſoul)
Forbad, relentleſs, to approach the blood,
'Till with Tireſias I ſhould firſt confer.
Then came the ſpirit of the Theban ſeer
Himſelf, his golden ſceptre in his hand,
Who knew me, and, enquiring, thus began.

Why, hapleſs Chief! leaving the cheerful day,
Arriv'ſt thou to behold the dead, and this
Unpleaſant land? but, from the trench awhile
Receding, turn thy faulchion keen away,
That I may drink the blood, and tell thee truth.

He ſpake; I thence receding, deep infix'd
My ſword bright-ſtudded in the ſheath again.
The noble prophet then, approaching, drank
The blood, and, ſatisfied, addreſs'd me thus.

Thou ſeek'ſt a pleaſant voyage home again,
Renown'd Ulyſſes! but a God will make
That voyage difficult; for, as I judge,
Thou wilt not paſs by Neptune unperceiv'd,
Whoſe anger follows thee, for that thou haſt
Deprived his ſon the Cyclops of his eye.
At length, however, after num'rous woes

Endur'd, thou may'ſt attain thy native iſle,
If thy own appetite thou wilt controul
And theirs who follow thee, what time thy bark
Well-built, ſhall at *Thrinacia's ſhore arrive,
Eſcaped from perils of the gloomy Deep.
There ſhall ye find grazing the flocks and herds
Of the all-ſeeing and all-hearing Sun,
Which, if attentive to thy ſafe return,
Thou leave unharm'd, though after num'rous woes,
Ye may at length arrive in Ithaca.
But if thou violate them, I denounce
Deſtruction on thy ſhip and all thy band,
And though thyſelf eſcape, late ſhalt thou reach
Thy home and † hard-beſted, in a ſtrange bark,
All thy companions loſt; trouble beſide
Awaits thee there, for thou ſhalt find within
Proud ſuitors of thy noble wife, who waſte
Thy ſubſtance, and with promis'd ſpouſal gifts
Ceaſeleſs ſolicit her to wed; yet well
Shalt thou avenge all their injurious deeds.
That once perform'd, and ev'ry ſuitor ſlain
Either by ſtratagem, or face to face,
In thy own palace, bearing, as thou go'ſt,
A ſhapely oar, journey, 'till thou haſt found
A people who the ſea know not, nor eat

* The ſhore of Sicily, commonly called Trinacria, but *Euphonicè* by Homer, Thrinacia. † The expreſſion is uſed by Milton, and ſignifies—Beſet with many difficulties.

Food

Food ſalted; they trim galley crimſon-prow'd
Have ne'er beheld, nor yet ſmooth-ſhaven oar,
With which the veſſel wing'd ſcuds o'er the waves.
Well thou ſhalt know them; this ſhall be the ſign—
When thou ſhalt meet a trav'ler, who ſhall name
The oar on thy broad ſhoulder borne, a *van,
There, deep infixing it within the ſoil,
Worſhip the King of Ocean with a bull,
A ram, and a laſcivious boar, then ſeek
Thy home again, and ſacrifice at home
An hecatomb to the Immortal Gods,
Adoring each duly, and in his courſe.
So ſhalt thou die in peace a gentle death,
Remote from Ocean; it ſhall find thee late,
In ſoft ſerenity of age, the Chief
Of a bleſt people.—I have told thee truth.
He ſpake, to whom I anſwer thus return'd.
Tireſias! thou, I doubt not, haſt reveal'd
The ordinance of heav'n. But tell me, Seer!
And truly. I behold my mother's ſhade;
Silent ſhe ſits beſide the blood, nor word
Nor even look vouchſafes to her own ſon.
How ſhall ſhe learn, prophet! that I am her's!
So I, to whom Tireſias quick replied.
The courſe is eaſy. Learn it, taught by me.
What ſhade ſoe'er, by leave from thee obtain'd,

* Miſtaking the oar for a corn-van. A ſure indication of his ignorance of maritime concerns.

Shall taſte the blood, that ſhade will tell thee truth;
The reſt, prohibited, will all retire.

When thus the ſpirit of the royal Seer
Had his prophetic mind reveal'd, again
He enter'd Pluto's gates; but I unmoved
Still waited 'till my mother's ſhade approach'd;
She drank the blood, then knew me, and in words
Wing'd with affection, plaintive, thus began.

My ſon! how haſt thou enter'd, ſtill alive,
This darkſome region? Difficult it is
For living man to view the realms of death.
Broad rivers roll, and awful floods between,
But chief, the Ocean, which to paſs on foot,
Or without ſhip, impoſſible is found.
Haſt thou, long-wand'ring in thy voyage home
From Ilium, with thy ſhip and crew arrived,
Ithaca and thy conſort yet unſeen?

She ſpake, to whom this anſwer I return'd.
My mother! me neceſſity conſtrain'd
To Pluto's dwelling, anxious to conſult
Theban Tireſias; for I have not yet
Approach'd Achaia, nor have touch'd the ſhore
Of Ithaca, but ſuff'ring ceaſeleſs woe
Have roam'd, ſince firſt in Agamemnon's train
I went to combat with the ſons of Troy.
But ſpeak, my mother, and the truth alone;
What ſtroke of fate ſlew *thee*? Fell'ſt thou a prey
To ſome ſlow malady? or by the ſhafts

Of

Of gentle Dian ſuddenly ſubdued?
Speak to me alſo of my antient Sire,
And of Telemachus, whom I left at home;
Poſſeſs I ſtill unalienate and ſafe
My property, or hath ſome happier Chief
Admittance free into my fortunes gain'd,
No hope ſubſiſting more of my return?
The mind and purpoſe of my wedded wife
Declare thou alſo. Dwells ſhe with our ſon
Faithful to my domeſtic intereſts,
Or is ſhe wedded to ſome Chief of Greece?
I ceas'd, when thus the venerable ſhade.
Not ſo; ſhe faithful ſtill and patient dwells
Thy roof beneath; but all her days and nights
Devoting ſad to anguiſh and to tears.
Thy fortunes ſtill are thine; Telemachus
Cultivates, undiſturb'd, thy land, and ſits
At many a noble banquet, ſuch as well
Beſeems the ſplendour of his princely ſtate,
For all invite him; at his farm retired
Thy father dwells, nor to the city comes
For aught; nor bed, nor furniture of bed,
Furr'd cloaks or ſplendid arras he enjoys,
But, with his ſervile hinds all winter ſleeps
In aſhes and in duſt at the hearth-ſide,
Coarſely attired; again, when ſummer comes,
Or genial autumn, on the fallen leaves
In any nook, not curious where, he finds

An humble couch among his fruitful vines.
There, ſtretch'd forlorn, nouriſhing grief, he weeps
Thy lot, enfeebled now by num'rous years.
So periſh'd I; ſuch fate I alſo found;
Me, neither the right-aiming arch'reſs ſtruck,
Diana, with her gentle ſhafts, nor me
Diſtemper ſlew, my limbs by ſlow degrees
But ſure, bereaving of their little life,
But long regret, tender ſolicitude,
And recollection of thy kindneſs paſt,
Theſe, my Ulyſſes! fatal proved to me.
She ſaid; I, ardent wiſh'd to claſp the ſhade
Of my departed mother; thrice I ſprang
Toward her, by deſire impetuous urged,
And thrice ſhe flitted from between my arms,
Light as a paſſing ſhadow or a dream.
Then, pierced by keener grief, in accents wing'd
With filial earneſtneſs I thus replied.
My mother, why elud'ſt thou my attempt
To claſp thee, that ev'n here, in Pluto's realm,
We might to full ſatiety indulge
Our grief, enfolded in each other's arms?
Hath Proſerpine, alas! only diſpatch'd
A ſhadow to me, to augment my woe?
Then, inſtant, thus the venerable form.
Ah, ſon! thou moſt afflicted of mankind!
On thee, Jove's daughter, Proſerpine, obtrudes
No airy ſemblance vain; but ſuch the ſtate

And nature is of mortals once deceaſed.
For they nor muſcle have, nor fleſh, nor bone;
All thoſe (the ſpirit from the body once
Divorced) the violence of fire conſumes,
And, like a dream, the ſoul flies ſwift away.
But haſte thou back to light, and, taught thyſelf
Theſe ſacred truths, hereafter teach thy ſpouſe.
Thus mutual we conferr'd. Then, thither came,
Encouraged forth by royal Proſerpine,
Shades female num'rous, all who conſorts, erſt,
Or daughters were of mighty Chiefs renown'd.
About the ſable blood frequent they ſwarm'd.
But I, conſid'ring ſat, how I might each
Interrogate, and thus reſolv'd. My ſword
Forth drawing from beſide my ſturdy thigh,
Firm I prohibited the ghoſts to drink
The blood together; they ſucceſſive came;
Each told her own diſtreſs; I queſtion'd all.
There, firſt, the high-born Tyro I beheld;
She claim'd Salmoneus as her ſire, and wife
Was once of Cretheus, ſon of Æolus.
Enamour'd of Enipeus, ſtream divine,
Lovelieſt of all that water earth, beſide
His limpid current ſhe was wont to ſtray,
When Ocean's God, (Enipeus' form aſſumed)
Within the eddy-whirling river's mouth
Embraced her; there, while the o'er-arching flood,
Uplifted mountainous, conceal'd the God

And his fair human bride, her virgin zone
He loos'd, and o'er her eyes ſweet ſleep diffuſed.
His am'rous purpoſe ſatisfied, he graſp'd
Her hand, affectionate, and thus he ſaid.
Rejoice in this my love, and when the year
Shall tend to conſummation of its courſe,
Thou ſhalt produce illuſtrious twins, for love
Immortal never is unfruitful love.
Rear them with all a mother's care; meantime,
Hence to thy home. Be ſilent. Name it not.
For I am Neptune, Shaker of the ſhores.
So ſaying, he plunged into the billowy Deep.
She, pregnant grown, Pelias and Neleus bore,
Both, valiant miniſters of mighty Jove.
In wide-ſpread Iäolchus Pelias dwelt,
Of num'rous flocks poſſeſs'd; but his abode
Amid the ſands of Pylus Neleus choſe.
To Cretheus wedded next, the lovely nymph
Yet other ſons, Æſon and Pheres bore,
And Amythaon of equeſtrian fame.
I, next, the daughter of Aſopus ſaw,
Antiope; ſhe gloried to have known
Th' embrace of Jove himſelf, to whom ſhe brought
A double progeny, Amphion named
And Zethus; they the ſeven-gated Thebes
Founded and girded with ſtrong tow'rs, becauſe,
Though puiſſant Heroes both, in ſpacious Thebes
Unfenced by tow'rs, they could not dwell ſecure.

Alcmena,

Alcmena, next, wife of Amphitryon
I ſaw; ſhe in the arms of ſov'reign Jove
The lion-hearted Hercules conceiv'd,
And, after, bore to Creon brave in fight
His daughter Megara, by the noble ſon
Unconquer'd of Amphitryon eſpouſed.
The beauteous *Epicaſte ſaw I then,
Mother of Oedipus, who guilt incurr'd
Prodigious, wedded, unintentional,
To her own ſon; his father firſt he ſlew,
Then wedded her, which ſoon the Gods divulged.
He, under vengeance of offended heav'n,
In pleaſant Thebes dwelt miſerable, King
Of the Cadmean race; ſhe to the gates
Of Ades brazen-barr'd deſpairing went,
Self-ſtrangled by a cord faſten'd aloft
To her own palace-roof, and woes bequeath'd
(Such as the Fury ſiſters execute
Innumerable) to her guilty ſon.
There alſo ſaw I Chloris, lovelieſt fair,
Whom Neleus woo'd and won with ſpouſal gifts
Ineſtimable, by her beauty charm'd.
She youngeſt daughter was of Iaſus' ſon,
Amphion, in old time a ſov'reign prince
In Minuëian Orchomenus,
And King of Pylus. Three illuſtrious ſons
She bore to Neleus, Neſtor, Chromius,

* By the Tragedians called—Jocaſta.

And Periclymenus the wide-renown'd,
And, laſt, produced a wonder of the earth,
Pero, by ev'ry neighbour prince around
In marriage ſought; but Neleus her on none
Deign'd to beſtow, ſave only on the Chief
Who ſhould from Phylace drive off the beeves
(Broad-fronted, and with jealous care ſecured)
Of valiant Iphicles. One undertook
That taſk alone, a prophet high in fame,
Melampus; but the Fates faſt bound him there
In rig'rous bonds by ruſtic hands impoſed.
At length (the year, with all its months and days
Concluded, and the new-born year begun)
Illuſtrious Iphicles releas'd the ſeer,
* Grateful for all the oracles reſolved,
'Till then obſcure. So ſtood the will of Jove.
Next, Leda, wife of Tyndarus I ſaw,
Who bore to Tyndarus a noble pair,
Caſtor the bold, and Pollux ceſtus-famed.
They pris'ners in the fertile womb of earth,
Though living, dwell, and even there from Jove
High priv'lege gain; alternate they revive
And die, and dignity partake divine.
The conſort of Aloëus, next, I view'd,
Iphimedeia; ſhe th' embrace profeſs'd

* Iphicles had been informed by the Oracles, that he ſhould have no children 'till inſtructed by a prophet how to obtain them; a ſervice which Melampus had the good fortune to render him.

Of

Of Neptune to have ſhared, to whom ſhe bore
Two ſons; ſhort-lived they were, but godlike both,
Otus and Ephialtes far-renown'd.
Orion ſole except, all-bounteous Earth
Ne'er nouriſh'd forms for beauty or for ſize
To be admired as theirs; in his ninth year
Each meaſur'd, broad, nine cubits, and the height
Was found nine ells of each. Againſt the Gods
Themſelves they threaten'd war, and to excite
The din of battle in the realms above.
To the Olympian ſummit they eſſay'd
To heave up Oſſa, and to Oſſa's crown
Branch-waving Pelion; ſo to climb the heav'ns.
Nor had they failed, maturer grown in might,
To accompliſh that emprize, but them the * ſon
Of radiant-hair'd Latona and of Jove
Slew both, ere yet the down of blooming youth
Thick-ſprung, their cheeks or chins had tufted o'er.
Phædra I alſo there, and Procris ſaw,
And Ariadne for her beauty praiſed,
Whoſe ſire was all-wiſe Minos. Theſeus her
From Crete toward the fruitful region bore
Of ſacred Athens, but enjoy'd not there,
For, firſt, ſhe periſh'd by Diana's ſhafts
In Dia, Bacchus † witneſſing her crime.

* Apollo. † Bacchus accuſed her to Diana of having lain with Theſeus in his temple, and the Goddeſs puniſhed her with death.

Mæra and Clymene I ſaw beſide,
And odious Eriphyle, who received
The price in gold of her own huſband's life.
But all the wives of Heroes whom I ſaw,
And all their daughters can I not relate;
Night, firſt, would fail; and even now the hour
Calls me to reſt either on board my bark,
Or here; meantime, I in yourſelves confide,
And in the Gods to ſhape my conduct home.
He ceaſed; the whole aſſembly ſilent ſat,
Charm'd into ecſtacy by his diſcourſe
Throughout the twilight hall, 'till, at the laſt,
Areta iv'ry-arm'd them thus beſpake.
Phæacians! how appears he in your eyes
This ſtranger, graceful as he is in port,
In ſtature noble, and in mind diſcrete?
My gueſt he is, but ye all ſhare with me
That honour; him diſmiſs not, therefore, hence
With haſte, nor from ſuch indigence withhold
Supplies gratuitous; for ye are rich,
And by kind heav'n with rare poſſeſſions bleſt.
The Hero, next, Echeneus ſpake, a Chief
Now antient, eldeſt of Phæacia's ſons.
Your prudent Queen, my friends, ſpeaks not beſide
Her proper ſcope, but as beſeems her well.
Her voice obey; yet the effect of all
Muſt on Alcinoüs himſelf depend.

To whom Alcinoüs, thus, the King, replied.
I ratify the word. So ſhall be done,
As ſurely as myſelf ſhall live ſupreme
O'er all Phæacia's maritime domain.
Then let the gueſt, though anxious to depart,
Wait 'till the morrow, that I may complete
The whole donation. His ſafe conduct home
Shall be the gen'ral care, but mine in chief,
To whom dominion o'er the reſt belongs.
Him anſwer'd, then, Ulyſſes ever-wiſe.
Alcinoüs! Prince! exalted high o'er all
Phæacia's ſons! ſhould ye ſolicit, kind,
My ſtay throughout the year, preparing ſtill
My conduct home, and with illuſtrious gifts
Enriching me the while, ev'n that requeſt
Should pleaſe me well; the wealthier I return'd,
The happier my condition; welcome more
And more reſpectable I ſhould appear
In ev'ry eye, to Ithaca reſtored.
To whom Alcinoüs anſwer thus return'd.
Ulyſſes! viewing thee, no fears we feel
Leſt thou, at length, ſome falſe pretender prove,
Or ſubtle hypocrite, of whom no few
Diſſeminated o'er its face the earth
Suſtains, adepts in fiction, and who frame
Fables, where fables could be leaſt ſurmiſed.
Thy phraſe well turn'd, and thy ingenuous mind
Proclaim *thee* diff'rent far, who haſt in ſtrains

Muſical as a poet's voice, the woes
Rehears'd of all thy Greecians, and thy own.
But ſay, and tell me true. Beheld'ſt thou there
None of thy followers to the walls of Troy
Slain in that warfare? Lo! the night is long—
A night of utmoſt length; nor yet the hour
Invites to ſleep. Tell me thy wond'rous deeds,
For I could watch 'till ſacred dawn, could'ſt thou
So long endure to tell me of thy toils.
Then thus Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Alcinoüs! high exalted over all
Phæacia's ſons! the time ſuffices yet
For converſe both and ſleep, and if thou wiſh
To hear ſtill more, I ſhall not ſpare to unfold
More pitiable woes than theſe, ſuſtain'd
By my companions, in the end deſtroy'd;
Who, ſaved from perils of diſaſt'rous war
At Ilium, periſh'd yet in their return,
Victims of a pernicious * woman's crime.
Now, when chaſte Proſerpine had wide diſpers'd
Thoſe female ſhades, the ſpirit ſore diſtreſs'd
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' ſon, appear'd;
Encircled by a throng, he came; by all
Who with himſelf beneath Ægiſthus' roof
Their fate fulfill'd, periſhing by the ſword.
He drank the blood, and knew me; ſhrill he wail'd
And querulous; tears trickling bathed his cheeks,

* Probably meaning Helen.

And

And with ſpread palms, through ardour of deſire,
He ſought to enfold me faſt, but vigour none,
Or force, as erſt, his agile limbs inform'd.
I, pity-moved, wept at the ſight, and him,
In accents wing'd by friendſhip, thus addreſs'd.
Ah glorious ſon of Atreus, King of men!
What hand inflicted the all-numbing ſtroke
Of death on thee? Say, didſt thou periſh ſunk
By howling tempeſts irreſiſtible
Which Neptune raiſed, or on dry land by force
Of hoſtile multitudes, while cutting off
Beeves from the herd, or driving flocks away,
Or fighting for Achaia's daughters, ſhut
Within ſome city's bulwarks cloſe beſieged?
I ceaſed, when Agamemnon thus replied.
Ulyſſes, noble Chief, Laertes' ſon
For wiſdom famed! I neither periſh'd ſunk
By howling tempeſts irreſiſtible
Which Neptune raiſed, nor on dry land received
From hoſtile multitudes the fatal blow,
But me Ægiſthus ſlew; my woeful death
Confed'rate with my own pernicious wife
He plotted, with a ſhow of love ſincere
Bidding me to his board, where as the ox
Is ſlaughter'd at his crib, he ſlaughter'd *me*.
Such was my dreadful death; carnage enſued
Continual of my friends ſlain all around,
Num'rous as boars bright-tuſk'd at nuptial feaſt,

Or feaſt convivial of ſome wealthy Chief.
Thou haſt already witneſs'd many a field
With warriors overſpread, ſlain one by one,
But that dire ſcene had moſt thy pity moved,
For we, with brimming beakers at our ſide,
And underneath full tables, bleeding lay.
Blood floated all the pavement. Then the cries
Of Priam's daughter ſounded in my ears
Moſt pitiable of all, Caſſandra's cries,
Whom Clytemneſtra cloſe beſide me ſlew.
Expiring as I lay, I yet eſſay'd
To graſp my faulchion, but the trayt'reſs quick
Withdrew herſelf, nor would vouchſafe to cloſe
My languid eyes, or prop my drooping chin
Ev'n in the moment when I ſought the ſhades.
So that the thing breathes not, ruthleſs and fell
As woman once reſolv'd on ſuch a deed
Deteſtable, as my baſe wife contrived,
The murther of the huſband of her youth.
I thought to have return'd welcome to all,
To my own children and domeſtic train;
But ſhe, paſt meaſure profligate, hath poured
Shame on herſelf, on women yet unborn,
And even on the virtuous of her ſex.
He ceas'd, to whom, thus, anſwer I return'd.
Gods! how ſeverely hath the Thund'rer plagued
The houſe of Atreus, even from the firſt,
By female counſels! we for Helen's ſake

Have

Have num'rous died, and Clytemneſtra framed
While thou waſt far remote, this ſnare for thee!
So I, to whom Atrides thus replied.
Thou, therefore, be not pliant overmuch
To woman; truſt her not with all thy mind,
But half diſcloſe to her, and half conceal.
Yet, from thy conſort's hand no bloody death,
My friend, haſt thou to fear; for paſſing wiſe
Icarius' daughter is, far other thoughts,
Intelligent, and other plans, to frame.
Her, going to the wars we left a bride
New-wedded, and thy boy hung at her breaſt,
Who, man himſelf, conſorts ere now with men
A proſp'rous youth; his father, ſafe reſtored
To his own Ithaca, ſhall ſee him ſoon,
And *he* ſhall claſp his father in his arms
As nature bids; but me, my cruel one
Indulged not with the dear delight to gaze
On my Oreſtes, for ſhe ſlew me firſt.
* But liſten; treaſure what I now impart.
Steer ſecret to thy native iſle; avoid
Notice; for woman merits truſt no more.
Now tell me truth. Hear ye in whoſe abode
My ſon reſides? dwells he in Pylus, ſay,

* This is, ſurely, one of the moſt natural ſtrokes to be found in any poet. Convinced, for a moment, by the virtues of Penelope, he mentions her with reſpect; but, recollecting himſelf ſuddenly, involves even her in his general ill opinion of the ſex, begotten in him by the crimes of Clytemneſtra.

Or in Orchomenos, or elſe beneath
My brother's roof in Sparta's wide domain?
For my Oreſtes is not yet a ſhade.
So he, to whom I anſwer thus return'd.
Atrides, aſk not me. Whether he live,
Or have already died, I nothing know;
Mere words are vanity, and better ſpared.
Thus we diſcourſing mutual ſtood, and tears
Shedding diſconſolate. The ſhade, meantime,
Came of Achilles, Peleus' mighty ſon;
Patroclus alſo, and Antilochus
Appear'd, with Ajax, for proportion juſt
And ſtature tall, (Pelides ſole except)
Diſtinguiſh'd above all Achaia's ſons.
The ſoul of ſwift Æacides at once
Knew me, and in wing'd accents thus began.
Brave Laertiades, for wiles renown'd!
What mightier enterprize than all the paſt
Hath made thee here a gueſt? raſh as thou art!
How haſt thou dared to penetrate the gloom
Of Ades, dwelling of the ſhadowy dead,
Semblances only of what once they were?
He ſpake, to whom I, anſw'ring, thus replied.
O Peleus' ſon! Achilles! braveſt far
Of all Achaia's race? I here arrived
Seeking Tireſias, from his lips to learn,
Perchance, how I might ſafe regain the coaſt
Of craggy Ithaca; for tempeſt-toſs'd



Perpetual,

Perpetual, I have neither yet approach'd
Achaia's ſhore, or landed on my own.
But as for thee, Achilles! never man
Hath known felicity like thine, or ſhall,
Whom living we all honour'd as a God,
And who maintain'ſt here, reſident, ſupreme
Controul among the dead; indulge not then,
Achilles, cauſeleſs grief that thou haſt died.
I ceaſed, and anſwer thus inſtant received.
Renown'd Ulyſſes! think not death a theme
Of conſolation; I had rather live
The ſervile hind for hire, and eat the bread
Of ſome man ſcantily himſelf ſuſtain'd,
Than ſov'reign empire hold o'er all the ſhades.
But come—ſpeak to me of my noble boy;
Proceeds he, as he promis'd, brave in arms,
Or ſhuns he war? Say alſo, haſt thou heard
Of royal Peleus? ſhares he ſtill reſpect
Among his num'rous Myrmidons, or ſcorn
In Hellas and in Phthia, for that age
Predominates in his enfeebled limbs?
For help is none in me; the glorious ſun
No longer ſees me ſuch, as when in aid
Of the Achaians I o'erſpread the field
Of ſpacious Troy with all their braveſt ſlain.
*Oh might I, vigorous as then, repair

For

* Another moſt beautiful ſtroke of nature. Ere yet Ulyſſes has had opportunity to anſwer, the very thought that Peleus may poſſibly be inſulted, fires him, and he

For one ſhort moment to my father's houſe,
They all ſhould tremble; I would ſhew an arm,
Such as ſhould daunt the fierceſt who preſumes
To injure *him*, or to deſpiſe his age.

Achilles ſpake, to whom I thus replied.
Of noble Peleus have I nothing heard;
But I will tell thee, as thou bidd'ſt, the truth
Unfeign'd of Neoptolemus thy ſon;
For him, myſelf, on board my hollow bark
From Scyros to Achaia's hoſt convey'd.
Oft as in council under Ilium's walls
We met, he ever foremoſt was in ſpeech,
Nor ſpake erroneous; Neſtor and myſelf
Except, no Greecian could with him compare.
Oft, too, as we with battle hemm'd around
Troy's bulwarks, from among the mingled crowd
Thy ſon ſprang foremoſt into martial act,
Inferior in heroic worth to none.
Beneath him num'rous fell the ſons of Troy
In dreadful fight, nor have I pow'r to name
Diſtinctly all, who by his glorious arm
Exerted in the cauſe of Greece, expired.
Yet will I name Eurypylus, the ſon
Of Telephus, an Hero whom his ſword
Of life bereaved, and all around him ſtrew'd
The plain with his Cetean warriors, won

takes the whole for granted. Thus is the impetuous character of Achilles ſuſtained to the laſt moment!

To

To Ilium's ſide by bribes * to women giv'n.
Save noble Memnon only, I beheld
No Chief at Ilium beautiful as he.
Again, when we within the horſe of wood
Framed by Epeüs ſat, an ambuſh chos'n
Of all the braveſt Greeks, and I in truſt
Was placed to open or to keep faſt-cloſed
The hollow fraud; then, ev'ry Chieftain there
And Senator of Greece wiped from his cheeks
The tears, and tremors felt in ev'ry limb;
But never ſaw I changed to terror's hue
*His* ruddy cheek, no tears wiped *he* away,
But oft he preſs'd me to go forth, his ſuit
With pray'rs enforcing, griping hard his hilt
And his braſs-burthen'd ſpear, and dire revenge
Denouncing, ardent, on the race of Troy.
At length, when we had ſack'd the lofty town
Of Priam, laden with abundant ſpoils
He ſafe embark'd, neither by ſpear or ſhaft
Aught hurt, or in cloſe fight by faulchion's edge,
As oft in war befalls, where wounds are dealt
Promiſcuous, at the will of fiery Mars.
So I; then ſtriding large, the ſpirit thence
Withdrew of ſwift Æacides, along.

* Γυναίων εινεκα δώρων—Priam is ſaid to have influenced by gifts the wife and mother of Eurypylus, to perſuade him to the aſſiſtance of Troy, he being himſelf unwilling to engage. The paſſage through defect of hiſtory has long been dark, and commentators have adapted different ſenſes to it, all conjectural. The Ceteans are ſaid to have been a people of Myſia, of which Eurypylus was King.

The

The * hoary mead pacing, with joy elate
That I had blazon'd bright his ſon's renown.
The other ſouls of men by death diſmiſs'd
Stood mournful by, ſad uttering each his woes;
The ſoul alone I ſaw ſtanding remote
Of Telamonian Ajax, ſtill incenſed
That in our public conteſt for the arms
Worn by Achilles, and by Thetis thrown
Into diſpute, my claim had ſtrongeſt proved,
Troy and Minerva judges of the cauſe.
Diſaſtrous victory! which I could wiſh
Not to have won, ſince for that armour's ſake
The earth hath cover'd Ajax, in his form
And martial deeds ſuperior far to all
The Greecians, Peleus' matchleſs ſon except.
I, ſeeking to appeaſe him, thus began.
O Ajax, ſon of glorious Telamon!
Canſt thou remember, even after death,
Thy wrath againſt me, kindled for the ſake
Of thoſe pernicious arms? arms which the Gods
Ordain'd of ſuch dire conſequence to Greece,
Which cauſed thy death, our bulwark! Thee we mourn
With grief perpetual, nor the death lament
Of Peleus' ſon, Achilles, more than thine.
Yet none is blameable; Jove evermore

* Κατ' ασφοδελον λειμωνα—Aſphodel was planted on the graves, and around the tombs of the deceaſed, and hence the ſuppoſition, that the Stygian plain was cloathed with aſphodel. F.

With

With bitt'reſt hate purſued Achaia's hoſt,
And he ordain'd thy death. Hero! approach,
That thou may'ſt hear the words with which I ſeek
To ſooth thee; let thy long diſpleaſure ceaſe!
Quell all reſentment in thy gen'rous breaſt!
I ſpake; nought anſwer'd he, but ſullen join'd
His fellow ghoſts; yet, angry as he was,
I had prevail'd even on him to ſpeak,
Or had, at leaſt, accoſted him again,
But that my boſom teem'd with ſtrong deſire
Urgent, to ſee yet others of the dead.
There ſaw I Minos, offspring famed of Jove;
His golden ſceptre in his hand, he ſat
Judge of the dead; they, pleading each in turn
His cauſe, ſome ſtood, ſome ſat, filling the houſe
Whoſe ſpacious folding-gates are never cloſed.
Orion next, huge ghoſt, engaged my view,
Droves urging o'er the graſſy mead, of beaſts
Which he had ſlain, himſelf, on the wild hills,
With ſtrong club arm'd of ever-during braſs.
There alſo Tityus on the ground I ſaw
Extended, offspring of the glorious earth;
Nine acres he o'erſpread, and, at his ſide
Station'd, two vultures on his liver prey'd,
Scooping his entrails; nor ſufficed his hands
To fray them thence; for he had ſought to force
Latona, illuſtrious concubine of Jove,
What time the Goddeſs journey'd o'er the rocks

Of Pytho into pleaſant Panopeus.
Next, ſuff'ring grievous torments, I beheld
Tantalus; in a pool he ſtood, his chin
Waſh'd by the wave; thirſt-parch'd he ſeem'd, but found
Nought to aſſuage his thirſt; for when he bow'd
His hoary head, ardent to quaff, the flood
Vaniſh'd abſorb'd, and, at his feet, aduſt
The ſoil appear'd, dried, inſtant, by the Gods.
Tall trees, fruit-laden, with inflected heads
Stoop'd to him, pears, pomegranates, apples bright,
The luſcious fig, and unctuous olive ſmooth;
Which when with ſudden graſp he would have ſeized,
Winds whirl'd them high into the duſky clouds.
There, too, the hard-taſk'd Siſyphus I ſaw,
* Thruſting before him, ſtrenuous, a vaſt rock.
With hands and feet ſtruggling, he ſhoved the ſtone
Up to a hill-top; but the ſteep well-nigh
Vanquiſh'd, by † ſome great force repulſed, the maſs
Ruſh'd again, obſtinate, down to the plain.
Again, ſtretch'd prone, ſevere he toil'd, the ſweat
Bathed all his weary limbs, and his head reek'd.
The might of Hercules I, next, ſurvey'd;
His ſemblance; for himſelf their banquet ſhares

* Βαρᾳζοντα muſt have this ſenſe interpreted by what follows. To attempt to make the Engliſh numbers expreſſive as the Greek, is a labour like that of Siſyphus. The Tranſlator has done what he could.

† It is now, perhaps, impoſſible to aſcertain with preciſion what Homer meant by the word χραταιῖς, which he uſes only here, and in the next book, where it is the name of Scylla's dam.—Αναιδης—is alſo of very doubtful explication.

With

With the Immortal Gods, and in his arms
Enfolds neat-footed Hebe, daughter fair
Of Jove, and of his golden-ſandal'd ſpouſe.
Around him, clamorous as birds, the dead
Swarm'd turbulent; he, gloomy-brow'd as night,
With uncaſed bow and arrow on the ſtring
Peer'd terrible from ſide to ſide, as one
Ever in act to ſhoot; a dreadful belt
He bore athwart his boſom, thong'd with gold.
There, broider'd ſhone many a ſtupendous form,
Bears, wild-boars, lions with fire-flaſhing eyes,
Fierce combats, battles, bloodſhed, homicide.
The artiſt, author of that belt, none ſuch
Before, produced, or after. Me his eye
No ſooner mark'd, than knowing me, in words
By ſorrow quick ſuggeſted, he began.
Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Ah, hapleſs Hero! thou art, doubtleſs, charged,
Thou alſo, with ſome arduous labour, ſuch
As in the realms of day I once endured.
Son was I of Saturnian Jove, yet woes
Immenſe ſuſtain'd, ſubjected to a King
Inferior far to me, whoſe harſh commands
Enjoin'd me many a terrible exploit.
He even bade me on a time lead hence
The dog, that taſk believing above all
Impracticable; yet from Ades him
I dragg'd reluctant into light, by aid

Of Hermes, and of Pallas azure-eyed.
So ſaying, he penetrated deep again
The abode of Pluto; but I ſtill unmoved
There ſtood expecting, curious, other ſhades
To ſee of Heroes in old time deceaſed.
And now, more ancient worthies ſtill, and whom
I wiſh'd, I had beheld, Pirithoüs
And Theſeus, glorious progeny of Gods,
But nations, firſt, numberleſs of the dead
Came ſhrieking hideous; me pale horror ſeized,
Leſt awful Proſerpine ſhould thither ſend
The Gorgon-head from Ades, ſight abhorr'd!
I, therefore, haſting to the veſſel, bade
My crew embark, and caſt the hawſers looſe.
They, quick embarking, on the benches ſat.
Down the *Oceanus the current bore
My galley, winning, at the firſt, her way
With oars, then, wafted by propitious gales.

* The two firſt lines of the following book ſeem to aſcertain the true meaning of the concluſion of this, and to prove ſufficiently that by Ωκεανὸς' here, Homer could not poſſibly intend any other than a river. In thoſe lines he tells us in the plaineſt terms, that *the ſhip left the ſtream of the river Oceanus, and arrived in the open ſea.* Diodorus Siculus informs us, that 'Ωκεανὸς had been a name anciently given to the Nile. See Clarke.

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# TWELFTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes, purſuing his narrative, relates his return from the ſhades to Circe's iſland, the precautions given him by that Goddeſs, his eſcape from the Sirens, and from Scylla and Charybdis; his arrival in Sicily, where his companions, having ſlain and eaten the oxen of the Sun, are afterward ſhipwreck'd and loſt; and concludes the whole with an account of his arrival, alone, on the maſt of his veſſel, at the iſland of Calypſo.

## BOOK XII.

AND now, borne ſeaward from the river-ſtream
Of the Oceanus, we plow'd again
The ſpacious Deep, and reach'd th' Ææan iſle,
Where, daughter of the dawn, Aurora takes
Her choral ſports, and whence the ſun aſcends.
We, there arriving, thruſt our bark aground
On the ſmooth beach, then landed, and on ſhore
Repoſed, expectant of the ſacred dawn.
But ſoon as day-ſpring's daughter roſy-palm'd
Look'd forth again, ſending my friends before,
I bade them bring Elpenor's body down

From the abode of Circe to the beach.
Then, on the utmoſt headland of the coaſt
We timber fell'd, and, ſorrowing o'er the dead,
His fun'ral rites water'd with tears profuſe.
The dead conſumed, and with the dead his arms,
We heap'd his tomb, and the ſepulchral poſt
Erecting, fix'd his ſhapely oar aloft.
Thus, punctual, we perform'd; nor our return
From Ades knew not Circe, but attired
In haſte, ere long arrived, with whom appear'd
Her female train with plenteous viands charged,
And bright wine roſy-red. Amidſt us all
Standing, the beauteous Goddeſs thus began.
Ah miſerable! who have ſought the ſhades
Alive! while others of the human race
Die only once, appointed twice to die!
Come—take ye food; drink wine; and on the ſhore
All day regale, for ye ſhall hence again
At day-ſpring o'er the Deep; but I will mark
Myſelf your future courſe, nor uninform'd
Leave you in aught, leſt, through ſome dire miſtake,
By ſea or land new mis'ries ye incur.
The Goddeſs ſpake, whoſe invitation kind
We glad accepted; thus we feaſting ſat
'Till ſet of ſun, and quaffing richeſt wine;
But when the ſun went down and darkneſs fell,
My crew beſide the hawſers ſlept, while me
The Goddeſs by the hand leading apart,

Firſt bade me ſit, then, ſeated oppoſite,
Enquired, minute, of all that I had ſeen,
And I, from firſt to laſt, recounted all.
Then, thus the awful Goddeſs in return.
Thus far thy toils are finiſh'd. Now attend!
Mark well my words, of which the Gods will ſure
Themſelves remind thee in the needful hour.
Firſt ſhalt thou reach the Sirens; they the hearts
Enchant of all who on their coaſt arrive.
The wretch, who unforewarn'd approaching, hears
The Sirens' voice, his wife and little-ones
Ne'er fly to gratulate his glad return,
But him the Sirens ſitting in the meads
Charm with mellifluous ſong, while all around
The bones accumulated lie of men
Now putrid, and the ſkins mould'ring away.
But, paſs them thou, and, leſt thy people hear
Thoſe warblings, ere thou yet approach, fill all
Their ears with wax moulded between thy palms;
But as for thee—thou hear them if thou wilt.
Yet let thy people bind thee to the maſt
Erect, encompaſſing thy feet and arms
With cordage well-ſecured to the maſt-foot,
So ſhalt thou, raptur'd, hear the Sirens' ſong.
But if thou ſupplicate to be releaſed,
Or give ſuch order, then, with added cords
Let thy companions bind thee ſtill the more.
When thus thy people ſhall have ſafely paſs'd

The Sirens by, think not from me to learn
What courſe thou next ſhall ſteer; two will occur;
Delib'rate chuſe; I ſhall deſcribe them both.
Here vaulted rocks impend, daſh'd by the waves
Immenſe of Amphitrite azure-eyed;
The bleſſed Gods thoſe rocks, Erratic, call.
Birds cannot paſs them ſafe; no, not the doves
Which his ambroſia bear to Father Jove,
But even of thoſe doves the ſlipp'ry rock
Proves fatal ſtill to one, for which the God
Supplies another, leſt the number fail.
No ſhip, what ſhip ſoever there arrives,
Eſcapes them, but both mariners and planks
Whelm'd under billows of the Deep, or, caught
By fiery tempeſts, ſudden diſappear.
Thoſe rocks the billow-cleaving bark alone
The Argo, further'd by the vows of all,
Paſs'd ſafely, ſailing from Ææta's iſle;
Nor ſhe had paſs'd, but ſurely daſh'd had been
On thoſe huge rocks, but that, propitious ſtill
To Jaſon, Juno ſped her ſafe along.
Theſe rocks are two; one lifts his ſummit ſharp
High as the ſpacious heav'ns, wrapt in dun clouds
Perpetual, which nor autumn ſees diſpers'd
Nor ſummer, for the ſun ſhines never there;
No mortal man might climb it or deſcend,
Though twice ten hands and twice ten feet he own'd,
For it is levigated as by art.

Down ſcoop'd to Erebus, a cavern drear
Yawns in the centre of its weſtern ſide;
Paſs it, renown'd Ulyſſes! but aloof
So far, that a keen arrow ſmartly ſent
Forth from thy bark ſhould fail to reach the cave.
There Scylla dwells, and thence her howl is heard
Tremendous; ſhrill her voice is as the note
Of hound new-whelp'd, but hideous her aſpect,
Such as no mortal man, nor ev'n a God
Encount'ring her, ſhould with delight ſurvey.
Her feet are twelve, all fore-feet; ſix her necks
Of hideous length, each clubb'd into a head
Terrific, and each head with fangs is arm'd
In triple row, thick-planted, ſtored with death.
Plunged to her middle in the hollow den
She lurks, protruding from the black abyſs
Her heads, with which the rav'ning monſter dives
In queſt of dolphins, dog-fiſh, or of prey
More bulky, ſuch as in the roaring gulphs
Of Amphitrite without end abounds.
It is no ſeaman's boaſt that e'er he ſlipp'd
Her cavern by, unharm'd. In ev'ry mouth
She bears upcaught a mariner away.
The other rock, Ulyſſes, thou ſhalt find
Humbler, a bow-ſhot only from the firſt;
On this a wild fig grows broad-leav'd, and here
Charybdis dire ingulphs the ſable flood.
Each day ſhe thrice diſgorges, and each day

Thrice

Thrice ſwallows it. Ah! well-forewarn'd, beware
What time ſhe ſwallows, that thou come not nigh,
For not himſelf, Neptune, could ſnatch thee thence.
Cloſe paſſing Scylla's rock, ſhoot ſwift thy bark
Beyond it, ſince the loſs of ſix alone
Is better far than ſhipwreck made of all.

So Circe ſpake, to whom I thus replied.
Tell me, O Goddeſs, next, and tell me true!
If, chance, from fell Charybdis I eſcape,
May I not alſo ſave from Scylla's force
My people, ſhould the monſter threaten them?

I ſaid, and quick the Goddeſs in return.
Unhappy! can exploits and toils of war
Still pleaſe thee? yield'ſt not to the Gods themſelves?
She is no mortal, but a deathleſs peſt,
Impracticable, ſavage, battle-proof.
Defence is vain; flight is thy ſole reſource.
For ſhould'ſt thou linger putting on thy arms
Beſide the rock, beware, leſt darting forth
Her num'rous heads, ſhe ſeize with ev'ry mouth
A Greecian, and with others, even thee.
Paſs therefore ſwift, and paſſing, loud invoke
Cratais, mother of this plague of man,
Who will forbid her to aſſail thee more.
Thou, next, ſhall reach Thrinacia; there, the beeves
And fatted flocks graze num'rous of the Sun;
Sev'n herds; as many flocks of ſnowy fleece;
Fifty in each; they breed not, neither die,

Nor

Nor are they kept by leſs than Goddeſſes,
Lampetia fair, and Phäethuſa, both
By nymph Næera to Hyperion borne.
Them, ſoon as ſhe had train'd them to an age
Proportion'd to that charge, their mother ſent
Into Thrinacia, there to dwell and keep
Inviolate their father's flocks and herds.
If, anxious for a ſafe return, thou ſpare
Thoſe herds and flocks, though after much endured,
Ye may at laſt your Ithaca regain;
But ſhould'ſt thou violate them, I foretell
Deſtruction of thy ſhip and of thy crew,
And though thyſelf eſcape, thou ſhalt return
Late, in ill plight, and all thy friends deſtroy'd.
She ended, and the golden morning dawn'd.
Then, all-divine, her graceful ſteps ſhe turn'd
Back through the iſle, and, at the beach arrived,
I ſummon'd all my followers to aſcend
The bark again, and caſt the hawſers looſe.
They, at my voice, embarking, fill'd in ranks
The ſeats, and rowing, threſh'd the hoary flood.
And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
Sent after us a canvas-ſtretching breeze,
Pleaſant companion of our courſe, and we
(The decks and benches clear'd) untoiling ſat,
While managed gales ſped ſwift the bark along.
Then, with dejected heart, thus I began.

Oh friends! (for it is needful that not one
Or two alone the admonition hear
Of Circe, beauteous propheteſs divine)
To all I ſpeak, that whether we eſcape
Or periſh, all may be, at leaſt, forewarn'd.
She bids us, firſt, avoid the dang'rous ſong
Of the ſweet Sirens and their flow'ry meads.
Me only ſhe permits thoſe ſtrains to hear;
But ye ſhall bind me with coercion ſtrong
Of cordage well-ſecured to the maſt-foot,
And by no ſtruggles to be loos'd of mine.
But ſhould I ſupplicate to be releaſed
Or give ſuch order, then, with added cords
Be it your part to bind me ſtill the more.
Thus with diſtinct precaution I prepared
My people; rapid in her courſe, meantime,
My gallant bark approach'd the Siren's iſle,
For briſk and favourable blew the wind.
Then fell the wind ſuddenly, and ſerene
A breathleſs calm enſued, while all around
The billows ſlumber'd, lull'd by pow'r divine.
Up-ſprang my people, and the folded ſails
Beſtowing in the hold, ſat to their oars,
Which with their poliſh'd blades whiten'd the Deep.
I, then, with edge of ſteel ſev'ring minute
A waxen cake, chafed it and moulded it
Between my palms; ere long the ductile maſs
Grew warm, obedient to that ceaſeleſs force,

And

And to Hyperion's all-pervading beams.
With that ſoft liniment I fill'd the ears
Of my companions, man by man, and they
My feet and arms with ſtrong coercion bound
Of cordage to the maſt-foot well ſecured.
Then down they ſat, and, rowing, threſh'd the brine.
But when with rapid courſe we had arrived
Within ſuch diſtance as a voice may reach,
Not unperceived by them the gliding bark
Approach'd, and, thus, harmonious they began.
Ulyſſes, Chief by ev'ry tongue extoll'd,
Achaia's boaſt, oh hither ſteer thy bark!
Here ſtay thy courſe, and liſten to our lay!
Theſe ſhores none paſſes in his ſable ſhip
'Till, firſt, the warblings of our voice he hear,
Then, happier hence and wiſer he departs.
All that the Greeks endured, and all the ills
Inflicted by the Gods on Troy, we know,
Know all that paſſes on the boundleſs earth.
So they with voices ſweet their muſic poured
Melodious on my ear, winning with eaſe
My heart's deſire to liſten, and by ſigns
I bade my people, inſtant, ſet me free.
But they incumbent row'd, and from their ſeats
Eurylochus and Perimedes ſprang
With added cords to bind me ſtill the more.
This danger paſt, and when the Siren's voice,
Now left remote, had loſt its pow'r to charm,

Then, my companions freeing from the wax
Their ears, deliver'd me from my reſtraint.
The iſland left afar; ſoon I diſcern'd
Huge waves, and ſmoke, and horrid thund'rings heard.
All ſat aghaſt; forth flew at once the oars
From ev'ry hand, and with a claſh the waves
Smote all together; check'd, the galley ſtood,
By billow-ſweeping oars no longer urged,
And I, throughout the bark, man after man
Encouraged all, addreſſing thus my crew.

We meet not, now, my friends, our firſt diſtreſs.
This evil is not greater than we found
When the huge Cyclops in his hollow den
Impriſon'd us, yet even thence we 'ſcaped,
My intrepidity and fertile thought
Opening the way; and we ſhall recollect
Theſe dangers alſo, in due time, with joy.
Come, then—purſue my counſel. Ye your ſeats
Still occupying, ſmite the furrow'd flood
With well-timed ſtrokes, that by the will of Jove
We may eſcape, perchance, this death, ſecure.
To thee the pilot thus I ſpeak, (my words
Mark thou, for at thy touch the rudder moves)
This ſmoke, and theſe tumultuous waves avoid;
Steer wide of both; yet with an eye intent
On yonder rock, leſt unaware thou hold
Too near a courſe, and plunge us into harm.

So

So I; with whoſe advice all, quick, complied.
But Scylla I as yet named not, (that woe
Without a cure) left, terrified, my crew
Should all renounce their oars, and crowd below.
Juſt then, forgetful of the ſtrict command
Of Circe not to arm, I cloath'd me all
In radiant armour, graſp'd two quiv'ring ſpears,
And to the deck aſcended at the prow,
Expecting earlieſt notice there, what time
The rock-bred Scylla ſhould annoy my friends.
But I diſcern'd her not, nor could, although
To wearineſs of ſight the duſky rock
I vigilant explored. Thus, many a groan
Heaving, we navigated ſad the ſtreight,
For here ſtood Scylla, while Charybdis there
With hoarſe throat deep abſorb'd the briny flood.
Oft as ſhe vomited the deluge forth,
Like water cauldron'd o'er a furious fire
The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the ſpray
On both thoſe rocky ſummits fell in ſhow'rs.
But when ſhe ſuck'd the ſalt wave down again,
Then, all the pool appear'd wheeling about
Within, the rock rebellow'd, and the ſea
Drawn off into that gulph diſcloſed to view
The oozy bottom. Us pale horror ſeized.
Thus, dreading death, with faſt-ſet eyes we watch'd
Charybdis; meantime, Scylla from the bark
Caught ſix away, the braveſt of my friends.

With

With eyes, that moment, on my ſhip and crew
Retorted, I beheld the legs and arms
Of thoſe whom ſhe uplifted in the air;
On me they call'd, my name, the laſt, laſt time
Pronouncing then, in agony of heart.
As when from ſome bold point among the rocks
The angler, with his taper rod in hand,
Caſts forth his bait to ſnare the ſmaller fry,
He ſwings away remote * his guarded line,
Then jerks his gaſping prey forth from the Deep,
So Scylla them raiſed gaſping to the rock,
And at her cavern's mouth devour'd them loud-
Shrieking, and ſtretching forth to me their arms
In ſign of hopeleſs mis'ry. Ne'er beheld
Theſe eyes in all the ſeas that I have roam'd,
A ſight ſo piteous, nor in all my toils.
From Scylla and Charybdis dire eſcaped,
We reach'd the noble iſland of the Sun
Ere long, where bright Hyperion's beauteous herds
Broad-fronted grazed, and his well-batten'd flocks.
I, in the bark and on the ſea, the voice
Of oxen bellowing in hovels heard,
And of loud bleating ſheep; then dropp'd the word
Into my memory of the ſightleſs Seer,
Theban Tireſias, and the caution ſtrict
Of Circe, my Ææan monitreſs,

* They paſſed the line through a pipe of horn, to ſecure it againſt the fiſhes' bite.

Who

Who with ſuch force had caution'd me to avoid
The iſland of the Sun, joy of mankind.
Thus then to my companions, ſad, I ſpake.
Hear ye, my friends! although long time diſtreſs'd,
The words prophetic of the Theban ſeer
And of Ææan Circe, whoſe advice
Was oft repeated to me to avoid
This iſland of the Sun, joy of mankind.
There, ſaid the Goddeſs, dread your heavieſt woes,
Paſs the iſle, therefore, ſcudding ſwift away.
I ceaſed; they me with conſternation heard,
And harſhly thus Eurylochus replied.
Ulyſſes, ruthleſs Chief! no toils impair
Thy ſtrength, of ſenſeleſs iron thou art form'd,
Who thy companions weary and o'erwatch'd
Forbidd'ſt to diſembark on this fair iſle,
Where now, at laſt, we might with eaſe regale.
Thou, raſh, command'ſt us, leaving it afar,
To roam all night the Ocean's dreary waſte;
But winds to ſhips injurious ſpring by night,
And how ſhall we eſcape a dreadful death
If, chance, a ſudden guſt from South ariſe
Or ſtormy Weſt, that daſh in pieces oft
The veſſel, even in the Gods deſpight?
Prepare we rather now, as night enjoins,
Our evening fare beſide the ſable bark,
In which at peep of day we may again
Launch forth ſecure into the boundleſs flood.

He

He ceas'd, whom all applauded. Then I knew
That ſorrow by the will of adverſe heav'n
Approach'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
I ſuffer force, Eurylochus! and yield
O'er-ruled by numbers. Come, then, ſwear ye all
A ſolemn oath, that ſhould we find an herd
Or num'rous flock, none here ſhall either ſheep
Or bullock ſlay, by appetite profane
Seduced, but ſhall the viands eat content
Which from immortal Circe we received.
I ſpake; they readily a ſolemn oath
Sware all, and when their oath was fully ſworn,
Within a creek where a freſh fountain roſe
They moor'd the bark, and, iſſuing, began
Briſk preparation of their evening cheer.
But when nor hunger now nor thirſt remain'd
Unſated, recollecting, then, their friends
By Scylla ſeized and at her cave devour'd,
They mourn'd, nor ceaſed to mourn them, 'till they ſlept.
The night's third portion come, when now the ſtars
Had travers'd the mid ſky, cloud-gath'rer Jove
Call'd forth a vehement wind with tempeſt charged,
Menacing earth and ſea with pitchy clouds
Tremendous, and the night fell dark from heav'n.
But when Aurora, daughter of the day,
Look'd roſy forth, we haled, drawn inland more,
Our bark into a grot, where nymphs were wont
Graceful to tread the dance, or to repoſe.

Convening

Convening there my friends, I thus began.
My friends! food fails us not, but bread is yet
And wine on board. Abſtain we from the herds,
Leſt harm enſue; for ye behold the flocks
And herds of a moſt potent God, the Sun!
Whoſe eye and watchful ear none may elude.
So ſaying, I ſway'd the gen'rous minds of all.
A month complete the South wind ceaſeleſs blew,
Nor other wind blew next, ſave Eaſt and South
Yet they, while neither food nor roſy wine
Fail'd them, the herds harm'd not, through fear to die.
But, our proviſions failing, they employ'd
Whole days in ſearch of food, ſnaring with hooks
Birds, fiſhes, of what kind ſoe'er they might,
By famine urged. I ſolitary roam'd
Meantime the iſle, ſeeking by pray'r to move
Some God to ſhew us a deliv'rance thence.
When, roving thus the iſle, I had at length
Left all my crew remote, laving my hands
Where ſhelter warm I found from the rude blaſt,
I ſupplicated ev'ry Pow'r above;
But they my pray'rs anſwer'd with ſlumbers ſoft
Shed o'er my eyes, and with pernicious art
Eurylochus, the while, my friends harangued.
My friends! afflicted as ye are, yet hear
A fellow-ſuff'rer. Death, however cauſed,
Abhorrence moves in miſerable man,
But death by famine is a fate of all

Moſt to be fear'd. Come—let us hither drive
And ſacrifice to the Immortal Pow'rs
The beſt of all the oxen of the Sun,
Reſolving thus—that ſoon as we ſhall reach
Our native Ithaca, we will erect
To bright Hyperion an illuſtrious fane,
Which with magnificent and num'rous gifts
We will enrich. But ſhould he chuſe to ſink
Our veſſel, for his ſtately beeves incenſed,
And ſhould, with him, all heav'n conſpire our death,
I rather had with open mouth, at once,
Meeting the billows, periſh, than by ſlow
And pining waſte here in this deſert iſle.
So ſpake Eurylochus, whom all approved.
Then, driving all the fatteſt of the herd
Few paces only, (for the ſacred beeves
Grazed rarely diſtant from the bark) they ſtood
Compaſſing them around, and, graſping each
Green foliage newly pluck'd from ſaplings tall,
(For barley none in all our bark remain'd)
Worſhipp'd the Gods in pray'r. Pray'r made, they ſlew
And flay'd them, and the thighs with double fat
Inveſting, ſpread them o'er with ſlices crude.
No wine had they with which to conſecrate
The blazing rites, but with libation poor
Of water hallow'd the interior parts.
Now, when the thighs were burnt, and each had ſhared
His portion of the maw, and when the reſt

All

All ſlaſh'd and ſcored hung roaſting at the fire,
Sleep, in that moment, ſuddenly my eyes
Forſaking, to the ſhore I bent my way.
But ere the ſtation of our bark I reach'd,
The ſav'ry ſteam greeted me. At the ſcent
I wept aloud, and to the Gods exclaim'd.
Oh Jupiter, and all ye Pow'rs above!
With cruel ſleep and fatal ye have lull'd
My cares to reſt, ſuch horrible offence
Meantime my raſh companions have deviſed.
Then, flew long-ſtoled Lampetia to the Sun
At once with tidings of his ſlaughter'd beeves,
And he, incenſed, the Immortals thus addreſs'd.
Jove, and ye everlaſting Pow'rs divine!
Avenge me inſtant on the crew profane
Of Laertiades; Ulyſſes' friends
Have dared to ſlay my beeves, which I with joy
Beheld, both when I climb'd the ſtarry heav'ns,
And when to earth I ſloped my "weſtring wheels,"
But if they yield me not amercement due
And honourable for my loſs, to Hell
I will deſcend, and give the ghoſts my beams.
Then, thus the cloud-aſſembler God replied.
Sun! ſhine thou ſtill on the Immortal pow'rs,
And on the teeming earth, frail man's abode.
My candent bolts can in a moment reach
And ſplit their flying bark in the mid-ſea.

Theſe things Calypſo told me, taught, herſelf,
By herald Hermes, as ſhe oft affirm'd.
But when, deſcending to the ſhore, I reach'd
At length my bark, with aſpect ſtern and tone
I reprimanded them, yet no redreſs
Could frame, or remedy—the beeves were dead.
Soon follow'd ſigns portentous ſent from heav'n.
The ſkins all crept, and on the ſpits the fleſh
Both roaſt and raw bellow'd, as with the voice
Of living beeves. Thus my devoted friends
Driving the fatteſt oxen of the Sun,
Feaſted ſix days entire; but when the ſev'nth
By mandate of Saturnian Jove appeared,
The ſtorm then ceaſed to rage, and we, again
Embarking, launch'd our galley, reared the maſt,
And gave our unfurl'd canvas to the wind.
The iſland left afar, and other land
Appearing none, but ſky alone and ſea,
Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove
Hung a cærulean cloud, dark'ning the Deep.
Not long my veſſel ran, for, blowing wild,
Now came ſhrill Zephyrus; a ſtormy guſt
Snapp'd ſheer the ſhrouds on both ſides; backward fell
The maſt, and with looſe tackle ſtrew'd the hold;
Striking the pilot in the ſtern, it cruſh'd
His ſcull together; he a diver's plunge
Made downward, and his noble ſpirit fled.
Meantime, Jove thund'ring, hurl'd into the ſhip

His

His bolts; ſhe, ſmitten by the fires of Jove,
Quaked all her length; with ſulphur fill'd ſhe reek'd,
And o'er her ſides headlong my people plunged
Like ſea-mews, interdicted by that ſtroke
Of wrath divine to hope their country more.
But I, the veſſel ſtill paced to and fro,
'Till, ſever'd by the boiſt'rous waves, her ſides
Forſook the keel now left to float alone.
Snapp'd where it join'd the keel the maſt had fall'n,
But fell encircled with a leathern brace,
Which it retain'd; binding with this the maſt
And keel together, on them both I ſat,
Borne helpleſs onward by the dreadful gale.
And now the Weſt ſubſided, and the South
Aroſe inſtead, with mis'ry charged for me,
That I might meaſure back my courſe again
To dire Charybdis. All night long I drove,
And when the ſun aroſe, at Scylla's rock
Once more, and at Charybdis' gulph arrived.
It was the time when ſhe abſorb'd profound
The briny flood, but by a wave upborne
I ſeized the branches faſt of the wild-fig *.
To which, bat-like, I clung; yet where to fix
My foot ſecure found not, or where to aſcend,
For diſtant lay the roots, and diſtant ſhot
The largeſt arms erect into the air,

* See line 120.

O'erſhadowing

O'erſhadowing all Charybdis; therefore hard
I clench'd the boughs, 'till ſhe diſgorg'd again
Both keel and maſt. Not undeſired by me
They came, though late; for at what hour the judge,
After deciſion made of num'rous ſtrifes *
Between young candidates for honour, leaves
The forum for refreſhment' ſake at home,
Then was it that the maſt and keel emerged.
Deliver'd to a voluntary fall,
Faſt by thoſe beams I daſh'd into the flood,
And ſeated on them both, with oary palms
Impell'd them; nor the Sire of Gods and men
Permitted Scylla to diſcern me more,
Elſe had I periſh'd by her fangs at laſt.
Nine days I floated thence, and, on the tenth
Dark night, the Gods convey'd me to the iſle
Ogygia, habitation of divine
Calypſo, by whoſe hoſpitable aid
And aſſiduity, my ſtrength revived.
But wherefore this? ye have already learn'd
That hiſt'ry, thou and thy illuſtrious ſpouſe;
I told it yeſterday, and hate a tale
Once amply told, then, needleſs, traced again.

* He had therefore held by the fig-tree from ſun-riſe 'till afternoon.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE

# THIRTEENTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes, having finiſhed his narrative, and received additional preſents from the Phæacians, embarks; he is conveyed in his ſleep to Ithaca, and in his ſleep is landed on that iſland. The ſhip that carried him is in her return transformed by Neptune to a rock.

Minerva meets him on the ſhore, enables him to recollect his country, which, 'till enlightened by her, he believed to be a country ſtrange to him, and they concert together the means of deſtroying the ſuitors. The Goddeſs then repairs to Sparta to call thence Telemachus, and Ulyſſes, by her aid diſguiſed like a beggar, proceeds toward the cottage of Eumæus.

## BOOK XIII.

HE ceas'd; the whole aſſembly ſilent ſat,
Charm'd into ecſtacy with his diſcourſe
Throughout the twilight hall. Then, thus the King.
Ulyſſes, ſince beneath my brazen dome
Sublime thou haſt arrived, like woes, I truſt,
Thou ſhalt not in thy voyage hence ſuſtain
By tempeſts toſt, though much to woe inured.
To you, who daily in my palace quaff
Your princely meed of gen'rous wine and hear

The

The ſacred bard, my pleaſure thus I ſpeak.
The robes, wrought gold, and all the other gifts
To this our gueſt, by the Phæacian Chiefs
Brought hither in the ſumptuous coffer lie,
But come—preſent ye to the ſtranger, each,
An ample tripod alſo, with a vaſe
Of ſmaller ſize, for which we will be paid
By public impoſt; for the charge of all
Exceſſive were by one alone defray'd.

So ſpake Alcinoüs, and his counſel pleaſed;
Then, all retiring, ſought repoſe at home.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, each haſted to the bark
With his illuſtrious preſent, which the might
Of King Alcinoüs, who himſelf her ſides
Aſcended, ſafe beneath the ſeats beſtowed,
Leſt it ſhould harm or hinder, while he toil'd
In rowing, ſome Phæacian of the crew.
The palace of Alcinoüs ſeeking next,
Together, they prepared a new regale.

For them, in ſacrifice, the * ſacred might
Of King Alcinoüs ſlew an ox to Jove
Saturnian, cloud-girt governor of all.
The thighs with fire prepared, all glad partook
The noble feaſt; meantime, the bard divine
Sang, ſweet Demodocus, the people's joy.

* Ἱερον μενος Αλκινοοιο.

But

But oft Ulyſſes to the radiant ſun
Turn'd wiſtful eyes, anxious for his decline,
Nor longer, now, patient of dull delay.
As when ſome hungry ſwain whoſe ſable beeves
Have through the fallow dragg'd his pond'rous plow
All day, the ſetting ſun views with delight
For ſupper' ſake, which with tir'd feet he ſeeks,
So welcome to Ulyſſes' eyes appear'd
The ſun-ſet of that eve; directing, then,
His ſpeech to maritime Phæacia's ſons,
But to Alcinoüs chiefly, thus he ſaid.
Alcinoüs, o'er Phæacia's realm ſupreme!
Libation made, diſmiſs ye me in peace,
And farewell all! for what I wiſh'd, I have,
Conductors hence, and honourable gifts
With which heav'n proſper me! and may the Gods
Vouchſafe to me, at my return, to find
All ſafe, my ſpotleſs conſort and my friends!
May ye, whom here I leave, gladden your wives
And ſee your children bleſt, and may the pow'rs
Immortal with all good enrich you all,
And from calamity preſerve the land!
He ended, they unanimous, his ſpeech
Applauded loud, and bade diſmiſs the gueſt
Who had ſo wiſely ſpoken and ſo well.
Then thus Alcinoüs to his herald ſpake.
Pontonoüs! charging high the beaker, bear
To ev'ry gueſt beneath our roof the wine,

That, pray'r preferr'd to the eternal Sire,
We may diſmiſs our inmate to his home.
Then, bore Pontonoüs to ev'ry gueſt
The brimming cup; they, where they ſat, perform'd
Libation due; but the illuſtrious Chief
Ulyſſes, from his ſeat ariſing, placed
A maſſy goblet in Areta's hand,
To whom in accents wing'd, grateful, he ſaid.
Farewell, O Queen, a long farewell, 'till age
Arrive, and death, the appointed lot of all!
I go; but be this people, and the King
Alcinoüs, and thy progeny, thy joy
Yet many a year beneath this glorious roof!
So ſaying, the Hero through the palace-gate
Iſſued, whom, by Alcinoüs' command,
The royal herald to his veſſel led.
Three maidens alſo of Areta's train
His ſteps attended; one, the robe well-bleach'd
And tunic bore; the corded coffer, one;
And food the third, with wine of crimſon hue.
Arriving where the galley rode, each gave
Her charge to ſome brave mariner on board,
And all was ſafely ſtow'd. Meantime were ſpread
Linen and arras on the deck aſtern,
For his ſecure repoſe. And now the Chief
Himſelf embarking, ſilent lay'd him down.
Then, ev'ry rower to his bench repair'd;
They drew the looſen'd cable from its hold

In the drill'd rock, and, reſupine, at once
With luſty ſtrokes upturn'd the flaſhing waves.
*His* eye-lids, ſoon, ſleep, falling as a dew,
Cloſed faſt, death's ſimular, in fight the ſame.
She, as four harneſs'd ſtallions o'er the plain
Shooting together at the ſcourge's ſtroke,
Toſs high their manes, and rapid ſcour along,
So mounted ſhe the waves, while dark the flood
Roll'd after her of the reſounding Deep.
Steady ſhe ran and ſafe, paſſing in ſpeed
The falcon, ſwifteſt of the fowls of heav'n;
With ſuch rapidity ſhe cut the waves,
An Hero bearing like the Gods above
In wiſdom, one familiar long with woe
In fight ſuſtain'd, and on the perilous flood,
Though ſleeping now ſerenely, and reſign'd
To ſweet oblivion of all ſorrow paſt.
The brighteſt ſtar of heav'n, precurſor chief
Of day-ſpring, now aroſe, when at the iſle
(Her voyage ſoon perform'd) the bark arrived.
There is a port ſacred in Ithaca
To Phorcys, hoary antient of the Deep,
Form'd by converging ſhores, prominent both
And both abrupt, which from the ſpacious bay
Exclude all boiſt'rous winds; within it, ſhips
(The port once gain'd) uncabled ride ſecure.
An olive, at the haven's head, expands
Her branches wide, near to a pleaſant cave

Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named
The Naiads. In that cave beakers of ſtone
And jars are ſeen; bees lodge their honey there;
And there, on ſlender ſpindles of the rock
The nymphs of rivers weave their wond'rous robes.
Perennial ſprings water it, and it ſhows
A twofold entrance; ingreſs one affords
To mortal man, which Northward looks direct,
But holier is the Southern far; by that
No mortal enters, but the Gods alone.
Familiar with that port before, they puſh'd
The veſſel in; ſhe, rapid, plow'd the ſands
With half her keel, ſuch rowers urged her on.
Deſcending from the well-bench'd bark aſhore,
They lifted forth Ulyſſes firſt, with all
His ſplendid couch complete, then, lay'd him down
Still wrapt in balmy ſlumber on the ſands.
His treaſures, next, by the Phæacian Chiefs
At his departure given him as the meed
Due to his wiſdom, at the olive's foot
They heap'd, without the road, leſt, while he ſlept,
Some paſſing traveller ſhould rifle them.
Then homeward thence they ſped. Nor Ocean's God
His threats forgot denounced againſt divine
Ulyſſes, but with Jove thus firſt adviſed.
Eternal Sire! I ſhall no longer ſhare
Reſpect and reverence among the Gods,
Since, now, Phæacia's mortal race have ceas'd

To

To honour me, though from myſelf derived.
It was my purpoſe, that by many an ill
Harraſs'd, Ulyſſes ſhould have reach'd his home,
Although to intercept him, whoſe return
Thyſelf had promis'd, ne'er was my intent.
But him faſt-ſleeping ſwiftly o'er the waves
They have conducted, and have ſet him down
In Ithaca, with countleſs gifts enrich'd,
With braſs, and tiſſued raiment, and with gold;
Much treaſure! more than he had home convey'd
Even had he arrived with all his ſhare
Allotted to him of the ſpoils of Troy.
To whom the cloud-aſſembler God replied.
What haſt thou ſpoken, Shaker of the ſhores,
Wide-ruling Neptune? Fear not; thee the Gods
Will ne'er deſpiſe; dangerous were the deed
To caſt diſhonour on a God by birth
More antient, and more potent far than they.
But if, profanely raſh, a mortal man
Should dare to ſlight thee, to avenge the wrong
Some future day is ever in thy pow'r.
Accompliſh all thy pleaſure, thou art free.
Him anſwer'd, then, the Shaker of the ſhores.
Jove cloud-enthroned! that pleaſure I would ſoon
Perform, as thou haſt ſaid, but that I watch
Thy mind continual, fearful to offend.
My purpoſe is, now to deſtroy amid
The dreary Deep yon fair Phæacian bark,

Return'd

Return'd from ſafe conveyance of her freight;
So ſhall they waft ſuch wand'rers home no more,
And ſhe ſhall hide their city, to a rock
Transform'd of mountainous o'erſhadowing ſize.
Him, then, Jove anſwer'd, gath'rer of the clouds.
Perform it, O my brother, and the deed
Thus done, ſhall beſt be done—What time the people
Shall from the city her approach deſcry,
Fix her to ſtone transform'd, but ſtill in ſhape,
A gallant bark, near to the coaſt, that all
May wonder, ſeeing her transform'd to ſtone
Of ſize to hide their city from the view.
Theſe words once heard, the Shaker of the ſhores
Inſtant to Scheria, maritime abode
Of the Phæacians, went. Arrived, he watch'd.
And now the flying bark full near approach'd,
When Neptune, meeting her, with out-ſpread palm
Depreſs'd her at a ſtroke, and ſhe became
Deep-rooted ſtone. Then Neptune went his way.
Phæacia's ſhip-ennobled ſons meantime
Conferring ſtood, and thus, in accents wing'd,
Th' amazed ſpectator to his fellow ſpake.
Ah! who hath ſudden check'd the veſſel's courſe
Homeward? This moment ſhe was all in view.
Thus they, unconſcious of the cauſe, to whom
Alcinoüs, inſtructing them, replied.
Ye Gods! a prophecy now ſtrikes my mind
With force, my father's. He was wont to ſay—

Neptune

Neptune reſents it, that we ſafe conduct
Natives of ev'ry region to their home.
He alſo ſpake, prophetic, of a day
When a Phæacian gallant bark, return'd
After conveyance of a ſtranger hence,
Should periſh in the dreary Deep, and changed
To a huge mountain, cover all the town.
So ſpake my father, all whoſe words we ſee
This day fulfill'd. Thus, therefore, act we all
Unanimous; henceforth no longer bear
The ſtranger home, when ſuch ſhall here arrive;
And we will ſacrifice, without delay,
Twelve choſen bulls to Neptune, if, perchance,
He will commiſerate us, and forbear
To hide our town behind a mountain's height.
He ſpake, they, terrified, the bulls prepared.
Thus all Phæacia's Senators and Chiefs
His altar compaſſing, in pray'r adored
The Ocean's God. Meantime, Ulyſſes woke,
Unconſcious where; ſtretch'd on his native ſoil
He lay, and knew it not, long-time exiled.
For Pallas, progeny of Jove, a cloud
Drew denſe around him, that, ere yet agnized
By others, he might wiſdom learn from her,
Neither to citizens, nor yet to friends
Reveal'd, nor even to his own eſpouſed,
'Till, firſt, he ſhould avenge complete his wrongs
Domeſtic from thoſe ſuitors proud ſuſtained.

All

All objects, therefore, in the Hero's eyes
Seem'd alien, foot-paths long, commodious ports,
Heav'n-climbing rocks, and trees of ampleſt growth.
Ariſing, fixt he ſtood, his native ſoil
Contemplating, 'till with expanded palms
Both thighs he ſmote, and, plaintive, thus began.
Ah me! what mortal race inhabits here?
Rude are they, contumacious and unjuſt,
Or hoſpitable, and who fear the Gods?
Where now ſhall I ſecrete theſe num'rous ſtores?
Where wander I, myſelf? I would that ſtill
Phæacians own'd them, and I had arrived
In the dominions of ſome other King
Magnanimous, who would have entertain'd
And ſent me to my native home ſecure!
Now, neither know I where to place my wealth,
Nor can I leave it here, leſt it become
Another's prey. Alas! Phæacia's Chiefs
Not altogether wiſe I deem or juſt,
Who have miſplaced me in another land,
Promis'd to bear me to the pleaſant ſhores
Of Ithaca, but have not ſo perform'd.
Jove, guardian of the ſuppliant's rights, who all
Tranſgreſſors marks, and puniſhes all wrong,
Avenge me on the treach'rous race!—but hold—
I will reviſe my ſtores, ſo ſhall I know
If they have left me here of aught deſpoiled.

So

So ſaying, he number'd carefully the gold,
The vaſes, tripods bright, and tiſſued robes,
But nothing miſs'd of all. Then he bewail'd
His native iſle, with penſive ſteps and ſlow
Pacing the border of the billowy flood,
Forlorn; but while he wept, Pallas approach'd,
In form a ſhepherd ſtripling, girliſh fair
In feature, ſuch as are the ſons of Kings;
A ſumptuous mantle o'er his ſhoulders hung
Twice-folded, ſandals his nice feet upbore,
And a ſmooth javelin glitter'd in his hand.
Ulyſſes, joyful at the ſight, his ſteps
Turn'd briſk toward her, whom he thus addreſs'd.
Sweet youth! ſince thee, of all mankind, I firſt
Encounter in this land unknown, all hail!
Come not with purpoſes of harm to me!
Theſe ſave, and ſave me alſo. I prefer
To thee, as to ſome God, my pray'r, and claſp
Thy knees a ſuppliant. Say, and tell me true,
What land? what people? who inhabit here?
Is this ſome iſle delightful, or a ſhore
Of fruitful main-land ſloping to the ſea?
Then Pallas, thus, Goddeſs cærulean-eyed.
Stranger! thou ſure art ſimple, or haſt dwelt
Far diſtant hence, if of this land thou aſk.
It is not, truſt me, of ſo little note,
But known to many, both to thoſe who dwell
Toward the ſun-riſe, and to others placed

Behind it, diſtant in the duſky Weſt.
Rugged it is, not yielding level courſe
To the ſwift ſteed, and yet no barren ſpot,
However ſmall, but rich in wheat and wine;
Nor wants it rain or fertilizing dew,
But paſture green to goats and beeves affords,
Trees of all kinds, and fountains never dry.
Ithaca therefore, ſtranger, is a name
Known ev'n at Troy, a city, by report,
At no ſmall diſtance from Achaia's ſhore.
The Goddeſs ceaſed; then, toil-enduring Chief
Ulyſſes, happy in his native land,
(So taught by Pallas, progeny of Jove)
In accents wing'd her anſw'ring, utter'd prompt
Not truth, but figments to truth oppoſite,
For guile, in him, ſtood never at a pauſe.
O'er yonder flood, even in * ſpacious Crete
I heard of Ithaca, where now, it ſeems,
I have, myſelf, with theſe my ſtores arrived;
Not richer ſtores than, flying thence, I left
To my own children; for from Crete I fled
For ſlaughter of Orſilochus the ſwift,
Son of Idomeneus, whom none in ſpeed
Could equal throughout all that ſpacious iſle.
His purpoſe was to plunder me of all

* Homer dates all the fictions of Ulyſſes from Crete, as if he meant to paſs a ſimilar cenſure on the Cretans to that quoted by St. Paul—Κρητες ἀει ψευσαι.

My

My Trojan ſpoils, which to obtain, much woe
I had in battle and by ſtorms endured,
For that I would not gratify his Sire,
Fighting beſide him in the fields of Troy,
But led a diff'rent band. Him from the field
Returning homeward, with my brazen ſpear
I ſmote, in ambuſh waiting his return
At the road-ſide, with a confed'rate friend.
Unwonted darkneſs over all the heav'ns
That night prevailed, nor any eye of man
Obſerved us, but, unſeen, I ſlew the youth.
No ſooner, then, with my ſharp ſpear of life
I had bereft him, than I ſought a ſhip
Mann'd by renown'd Phæacians, whom with gifts
Part of my ſpoils, and by requeſts, I won.
I bade them land me on the Pylian ſhore,
Or in fair Elis by th' Epeans ruled,
But they, reluctant, were by violent winds
Driv'n devious thence, for fraud they purpoſed none.
Thus through conſtraint we here arrived by night,
And with much difficulty puſh'd the ſhip
Into ſafe harbour, nor was mention made
Of food by any, though all needed food,
But, diſembark'd in haſte, on ſhore we lay.
I, weary, ſlept profound, and they my goods
Forth heaving from the bark, beſide me placed
The treaſures on the ſea-beach where I ſlept,
Then, reimbarking, to the populous coaſt

Steer'd of Sidonia, and me left forlorn.
He ceaſed; then ſmiled Minerva azure-eyed
And ſtroak'd his cheek, in form a woman now,
Beauteous, majeſtic, in all elegant arts
Accompliſh'd, and with accents wing'd replied.
Who paſſes thee in artifice well-framed
And in impoſture various, need ſhall find
Of all his policy, although a God.
Canſt thou not ceaſe, inventive as thou art
And ſubtle, from the wiles which thou haſt lov'd
Since thou waſt infant, and from tricks of ſpeech
Deluſive, even in thy native land?
But come, diſmiſs we theſe ingenious ſhifts
From our diſcourſe, in which we both excell;
For thou of all men in expedients moſt
Abound'ſt and eloquence, and I, throughout
All heav'n have praiſe for wiſdom and for art.
And know'ſt thou not thine Athenæan aid,
Pallas, Jove's daughter, who in all thy toils
Aſſiſt thee and defend? I gave thee pow'r
T' engage the hearts of all Phæacia's ſons,
And here arrive ev'n now, counſels to frame
Diſcrete with thee, and to conceal the ſtores
Giv'n to thee by the rich Phæacian Chiefs.
On my ſuggeſtion, at thy going thence.
I will inform thee alſo what diſtreſs
And hardſhip under thy own palace-roof
Thou muſt endure; which, ſince conſtraint enjoins,

Bear

Bear patiently, and neither man apprize
Nor woman that thou haſt arrived forlorn
And vagabond, but ſilent undergo
What wrongs ſoever from the hands of men.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
O Goddeſs! thou art able to elude,
Wherever met, the keeneſt eye of man,
For thou all ſhapes aſſum'ſt; yet this I know
Certainly, that I ever found thee kind;
Long as Achaia's Heroes fought at Troy;
But when (the lofty tow'rs of Priam laid
In duſt) we re-embark'd, and by the will
Of heav'n Achaia's fleet was ſcatter'd wide,
Thenceforth, O daughter wiſe of Jove, I thee
Saw not, nor thy appearance in my ſhip
Once mark'd, to rid me of my num'rous woes,
But always bearing in my breaſt a heart
With anguiſh riv'n, I roam'd, 'till by the Gods
Relieved at length, and 'till with gracious words
Thyſelf didſt in Phæacia's opulent land
Confirm my courage, and becam'ſt my guide.
But I adjure thee in thy father's name—
O tell me truly, (for I cannot hope
That I have reach'd fair Ithaca; I tread
Some other ſoil, and thou affirm'ſt it mine
To mock me merely, and deceive) oh ſay—
Am I in Ithaca? in truth, at home?

Thus

Thus then Minerva the cærulean-eyed.
Such caution ever in thy breaſt prevails
Diſtruſtful; but I know thee eloquent,
With wiſdom and with ready thought endued,
And cannot leave thee, therefore, thus diſtreſs'd.
For what man, ſave Ulyſſes, new-return'd
After long wand'rings, would not pant to ſee
At once his home, his children, and his wife?
But thou preferr'ſt neither to know nor aſk
Concerning them, 'till ſome experience firſt
Thou make of her whoſe waſted youth is ſpent
In barren ſolitude, and who in tears
Ceaſeleſs her nights and woeful days conſumes.
I ne'er was ignorant, but well foreknew
That not 'till after loſs of all thy friends
Thou ſhould'ſt return; but loth I was to oppoſe
Neptune, my father's brother, ſore incenſed
For his ſon's ſake deprived of ſight by thee.
But, I will give thee proof—come now—ſurvey
Theſe marks of Ithaca, and be convinced.
This is the port of Phorcys, ſea-born ſage;
That, the huge olive at the haven's head;
Faſt by it, thou behold'ſt the pleaſant cove
Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named
The Naiads; this the broad-arch'd cavern is
Where thou waſt wont to offer to the nymphs
Many a whole hecatomb; and yonder ſtands
The mountain Neritus with foreſts cloath'd.

So

So ſaying, the Goddeſs ſcatter'd from before
His eyes all darkneſs, and he knew the land.
Then felt Ulyſſes, Hero toil-inured,
Tranſport unutterable, ſeeing plain
Once more his native iſle. He kiſs'd the glebe,
And with uplifted hands the nymphs ador'd.
Nymphs, naiads, Jove's own daughters! I deſpair'd
To ſee you more, whom yet with happy vows
I now can hail again. Gifts, as of old,
We will hereafter at your ſhrines preſent,
If Jove-born Pallas, huntreſs of the ſpoils,
Grant life to me, and manhood to my ſon.
Then Pallas, blue-eyed progeny of Jove.
Take courage; trouble not thy mind with thoughts
Now needleſs. Haſte—delay not—far within
This hallow'd cave's receſs place we at once
Thy precious ſtores, that they may thine remain,
Then muſe together on thy wiſeſt courſe.
So ſaying, the Goddeſs enter'd deep the cave
Caliginous, and its ſecret nooks explored
From ſide to ſide; meantime, Ulyſſes brought
All his ſtores into it, the gold, the braſs,
And robes magnificent, his gifts received
From the Phæacians; ſafe he lodg'd them all,
And Pallas, daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd,
Cloſed faſt, herſelf, the cavern with a ſtone.
Then, on the conſecrated olive's root
Both ſeated, they in conſultation plann'd

The deaths of thoſe injurious ſuitors proud,
And Pallas, blue-eyed Goddeſs, thus began.
Laertes' noble ſon, Ulyſſes! think
By what means likelieſt thou ſhalt aſſail
Thoſe ſhameleſs ſuitors, who have now controuled
Three years thy family, thy matchleſs wife
With language amorous and with ſpouſal gifts
Urging importunate; but ſhe, with tears
Watching thy wiſh'd return, hope gives to all
By meſſages of promiſe ſent to each,
Framing far other purpoſes the while.
Then anſwer thus Ulyſſes wiſe return'd.
Ah, Agamemnon's miſerable fate
Had ſurely met me in my own abode,
But for thy gracious warning, pow'r divine!
Come then—Deviſe the means; teach me, thyſelf,
The way to vengeance, and my ſoul inſpire
With daring fortitude, as when we loos'd
Her radiant frontlet from the brows of Troy.
Would'ſt thou with equal zeal, O Pallas! aid
Thy ſervant here, I would encounter thrice
An hundred enemies, let me but perceive
Thy dread divinity my prompt ally.
Him anſwer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
And ſuch I will be; not unmark'd by me,
(Let once our time of enterprize arrive)
Shalt thou aſſail them. Many, as I judge,
Of thoſe proud ſuitors who devour thy wealth

Shall

Shall leave their brains, then, on thy palace-floor.
But come. Behold! I will diſguiſe thee ſo
That none ſhall know thee; I will parch the ſkin
On thy fair body; I will cauſe thee ſhed
Thy wavy locks; I will enfold thee round
In ſuch a kirtle as the eyes of all
Shall loath to look on; and I will deform
With blurring rheums thy eyes, ſo vivid erſt;
So ſhall the ſuitors deem thee, and thy wife,
And thy own ſon whom thou didſt leave at home,
Some ſordid wretch obſcure. But ſeek thou firſt
Thy ſwine-herd's manſion; he, alike, intends
Thy good, and loves, affectionate, thy ſon
And thy Penelope; thou ſhalt find the ſwain
Tending his herd; they feed beneath the rock
Corax, at ſide of Arethūſa's fount,
On acorns dieted, nutritious food
To them, and drinking of the limpid ſtream.
There waiting, queſtion him of thy concerns,
While I from Sparta praiſed for women fair
Call home thy ſon Telemachus, a gueſt
With Menelaus now, whom to conſult
In ſpacious Lacedæmon he is gone,
Anxious to learn if yet his father lives.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
And why, alas! all-knowing as thou art,
Him left'ſt thou ignorant? was it that he,
He alſo, wand'ring wide the barren Deep,

Might ſuffer woe, while theſe devour his wealth?
Him anſwer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
Grieve thou not much for him. I ſent him forth
Myſelf, that there arrived, he might acquire
Honour and fame. No ſuff'rings finds he there,
But in Atrides' palace ſafe reſides,
Enjoying all abundance. Him, in truth,
The ſuitors watch cloſe ambuſh'd on the Deep,
Intent to ſlay him ere he reach his home,
But ſhall not as I judge, 'till of themſelves
The earth hide ſome who make thee, now, a prey.
So ſaying, the Goddeſs touch'd him with a wand.
At once o'er all his agile limbs ſhe parch'd
The poliſh'd ſkin; ſhe wither'd to the root
His wavy locks, and cloath'd him with the hide
Deform'd of wrinkled age; ſhe charged with rheums
His eyes before ſo vivid, and a cloak
And kirtle gave him, tatter'd, both, and foul,
And ſmutch'd with ſmoak; then, caſting over all
An huge old deer-ſkin bald, with a long ſtaff
She furniſh'd him, and with a wallet patch'd
On all ſides, dangling by a twiſted thong.
Thus all their plan adjuſted, diff'rent ways
They took, and ſhe, ſeeking Ulyſſes' ſon,
To Lacedæmon's ſpacious realm repair'd.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes arriving at the houſe of Eumæus, is hoſpitably entertained, and ſpends the night there.

## BOOK XIV.

LEAVING the haven-ſide, he turn'd his ſteps
Into a rugged path, which over hills
Mantled with trees led him to the abode
By Pallas mention'd of his *noble friend
The ſwine-herd, who of all Ulyſſes' train
Watch'd with moſt diligence his rural ſtores.
Him ſitting in the veſtibule he found
Of his own airy lodge commodious, built
Amidſt a level lawn. That ſtructure neat
Eumæus, in the abſence of his Lord,
Had raiſed, himſelf, with ſtones from quarries hewn,
Unaided by Laertes or the Queen.
With tangled thorns he fenced it ſafe around,

* Δῖος ὑφορβος.—The ſwineherds was therefore in thoſe days, and in that country, an occupation honourable as well as uſeful. Barnes deems the epithet δῖος ſignificant of his noble birth. Vide Clarke in loco.

And with contiguous ſtakes riv'n from the trunks
Of ſolid oak black-grain'd hemm'd it without.
Twelve penns he made within, all ſide by ſide,
Lairs for his ſwine, and faſt-immured in each
Lay fifty pregnant females on the floor.
The males all ſlept without, leſs num'rous far,
Thinn'd by the princely wooers at their feaſts
Continual, for to them he ever ſent
The fatteſt of his ſaginated charge.
Three hundred, ſtill, and ſixty brawns remained.
Four maſtiffs in adjoining kennels lay,
Reſembling wild-beaſts, nouriſh'd at the board
Of the illuſtrious ſteward of the ſtyes.
Himſelf ſat fitting ſandals to his feet,
Carved from a ſtain'd ox-hide. Four hinds he kept,
Now buſied here and there; three in the penns
Were occupied; meantime, the fourth had ſought
The city, whither, for the ſuitors uſe,
With no good will, but by conſtraint, he drove
A boar, that, ſacrificing to the Gods,
Th' imperious gueſts might on his fleſh regale.
Soon as thoſe clamorous watch-dogs the approach
Saw of Ulyſſes, baying loud, they ran
Toward him; he, as ever, well-adviſed,
Squatted, and let his ſtaff fall from his hand.
Yet foul indignity he had endured
Ev'n there, at his own farm, but that the ſwain,
Following his dogs in haſte, ſprang through the porch

To

To his aſſiſtance, letting fall the hide.
With chiding voice and vollied ſtones he ſoon
Drove them apart, and thus his Lord beſpake.
Old man! one moment more, and theſe my dogs
Had, paſt doubt, worried thee, who ſhould'ſt have proved,
So ſlain, a ſource of obloquy to me.
But other pangs the Gods, and other woes
To me have giv'n, who here lamenting ſit
My godlike maſter, and his fatted ſwine
Nouriſh for others uſe, while he, perchance,
A wand'rer in ſome foreign city, ſeeks
Fit ſuſtenance, and none obtains, if ſtill
Indeed he live, and view the light of day.
But, old friend! follow me into the houſe,
That thou, at leaſt, with plenteous food refreſh'd,
And cheer'd with wine ſufficient, may'ſt diſcloſe
Both who thou art, and all that thou haſt borne.
So ſaying, the gen'rous ſwine-herd introduced
Ulyſſes, and thick bundles ſpread of twigs
Beneath him, cover'd with the ſhaggy ſkin
Of a wild goat, of which he made his couch
Eaſy and large; the Hero, ſo received,
Rejoiced, and thus his gratitude expreſs'd.
Jove grant thee and the Gods above, my hoſt,
For ſuch beneficence thy chief deſire!
To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
My gueſt! I ſhould offend, treating with ſcorn
The ſtranger, though a poorer ſhould arrive

Than

Than ev'n thyſelf; for all the poor that are,
And all the ſtrangers are the care of Jove.
Little, and with good will, is all that lies
Within my ſcope; no man can much expect
From ſervants living in continual fear
Under young maſters; for the Gods, no doubt,
Have intercepted my own Lord's return,
From whom great kindneſs I had, elſe, received,
With ſuch a recompenſe as ſervants gain
From gen'rous maſters, houſe and competence,
And lovely wife from many a wooer won,
Whoſe induſtry ſhould have requited well
His goodneſs, with ſuch bleſſing from the Gods
As now attends me in my preſent charge.
Much had I, therefore, proſper'd, had my Lord
Grown old at home; but he hath died—I would
That the whole houſe of Helen, one and all,
Might periſh too, for ſhe hath many ſlain
Who, like my maſter, went glory to win
For Agamemnon in the fields of Troy.

So ſaying, he girdled, quick, his tunic cloſe,
And, iſſuing, ſought the ſtyes; thence bringing two
Of the impriſon'd herd, he ſlaughter'd both,
Singed them, and flaſh'd and ſpitted them, and placed
The whole well-roaſted banquet, ſpits and all,
Reeking before Ulyſſes; laſt, with flour
He ſprinkled them, and filling with rich wine
His ivy-goblet, to his maſter ſat

Oppoſite,

Oppoſite, whom inviting thus he ſaid.
Now, eat, my gueſt! ſuch as a ſervant may
I ſet before thee, neither large of growth
Nor fat; the fatted—thoſe the ſuitors eat,
Fearleſs of heav'n, and pitileſs of man.
Yet deeds unjuſt as theirs the bleſſed Gods
Love not; they honour equity and right.
Even an hoſtile band when they invade
A foreign ſhore, which by conſent of Jove
They plunder, and with laden ſhips depart,
Even they with terrours quake of wrath divine.
But theſe are wiſer; theſe muſt ſure have learn'd
From ſome true oracle my maſter's death,
Who neither deign with decency to woo,
Nor yet to ſeek their homes, but boldly waſte
His ſubſtance, ſhameleſs, now, and ſparing nought.
Jove ne'er hath giv'n us yet the night or day
When with a ſingle victim, or with two
They would content them, and his empty jars
Witneſs how faſt the ſquand'rers uſe his wine.
Time was, when he was rich indeed; ſuch wealth
No Hero own'd on yonder continent,
Nor yet in Ithaca; no twenty Chiefs
Could match with all their treaſures his alone;
I tell thee their amount. Twelve herds of his
The * mainland graze; as many flocks of ſheep;

* It may be proper to ſuggeſt that Ulyſſes was lord of part of the continent oppoſite to Ithaca—viz.—of the peninſula Nericus or Leuca, which afterward became an iſland, and is now called Santa Maura. F.

As

As many droves of ſwine; and hirelings there
And ſervants of his own ſeed for his uſe,
As many num'rous flocks of goats; his goats,
(Not fewer than eleven num'rous flocks)
Here alſo graze the margin of his fields,
Under the eye of ſervants well-approved,
And ev'ry ſervant, ev'ry day, brings home
The goat, of all his flock largeſt and beſt.
But as for me, I have theſe ſwine in charge,
Of which, ſelected with exacteſt care
From all the herd, I ſend the prime to them.
He ceas'd, meantime Ulyſſes ate and drank
Voracious, meditating, mute, the death
Of thoſe proud ſuitors. His repaſt, at length,
Concluded, and his appetite ſufficed,
Eumæus gave him, charged with wine, the cup
From which he drank himſelf; he, glad, received
The boon, and in wing'd accents thus began.
My friend, and who was he, wealthy and brave
As thou deſcrib'ſt the Chief, who purchaſed thee?
Thou ſay'ſt he periſh'd for the glory-ſake
Of Agamemnon. Name him; I, perchance,
May have beheld the Hero. None can ſay
But Jove and the inhabitants of heav'n
That I ne'er ſaw him, and may not impart
News of him; I have roam'd through many a clime.
To whom the noble ſwineherd thus replied.
Alas, old man! no trav'ler's tale of him

Will

Will gain his conſort's credence, or his ſon's;
For wand'rers, wanting entertainment, forge
Falſehoods for bread, and wilfully deceive.
No wand'rer lands in Ithaca, but he ſeeks
With feign'd intelligence my miſtreſs' ear;
She welcomes all, and while ſhe queſtions each
Minutely, from her lids lets fall the tear
Affectionate, as well beſeems a wife
Whoſe mate hath periſh'd in a diſtant land.
Thou could'ſt thyſelf, no doubt, my hoary friend!
(Would any furniſh thee with decent veſt
And mantle) fabricate a tale with eaſe;
Yet ſure it is that dogs and fowls, long ſince,
His ſkin have ſtript, or fiſhes of the Deep
Have eaten him, and on ſome diſtant ſhore
Whelm'd in deep ſands his mould'ring bones are laid.
So hath he periſh'd; whence, to all his friends,
But chiefly to myſelf, ſorrow of heart;
For ſuch another Lord, gentle as he,
Wherever ſought, I have no hope to find,
Though I ſhould wander even to the houſe
Of my own father. Neither yearns my heart
So feelingly (though that deſiring too)
To ſee once more my parents and my home,
As to behold Ulyſſes yet again.
Ah ſtranger; abſent as he is, his name
Fills me with rev'rence, for he lov'd me much,
Cared for me much, and, though we meet no more,

Holds ſtill an elder brother's part in me.
Him anſwer'd, then, the Hero toil-inured.
My friend! ſince his return, in thy account,
Is an event impoſſible, and thy mind
Always incredulous that hope rejects,
I ſhall not ſlightly ſpeak, but with an oath—
Ulyſſes comes again; and I demand
No more, than that the boon ſuch news deſerves,
Be giv'n me ſoon as he ſhall reach his home.
Then give me veſt and mantle fit for wear,
Which, ere that hour, much as I need them both,
I neither aſk, nor will accept from thee.
For him whom poverty can force aſide
From truth—I hate him as the gates of hell.
Be Jove, of all in heav'n, my witneſs firſt,
Then, this thy hoſpitable board, and, laſt,
The houſehold Gods of the illuſtrious Chief
Himſelf, Ulyſſes, to whoſe gates I go,
That all my words ſhall ſurely be fulfill'd.
In this ſame year Ulyſſes ſhall arrive,
Ere, this month cloſed, another month ſucceed,
He ſhall return, and puniſh all who dare
Inſult his conſort and his noble ſon.
To whom Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
Old friend! that boon thou ne'er wilt earn from me;
Ulyſſes comes no more. But thou thy wine
Drink quietly, and let us find, at length,
Some other theme; recall not this again

To my remembrance, for my ſoul is grieved
Oft as reminded of my honour'd Lord.
Let the oath reſt, and let Ulyſſes come
Ev'n as myſelf, and as Penelope,
And as his antient father, and his ſon
Godlike Telemachus, all wiſh he may.
Ay—there I feel again—nor ceaſe to mourn
His ſon Telemachus; who, when the Gods
Had giv'n him growth like a young plant, and I
Well hoped that nought inferior he ſhould prove
In perſon or in mind to his own ſire,
Hath loſt, through influence human or divine,
I know not how, his ſober intellect,
And after tidings of his ſire is gone
To far-famed Pylus; his return, meantime,
In ambuſh hidden the proud ſuitors wait,
That the whole houſe may periſh of renown'd
Arceſias, named in Ithaca no more.
But whether he have fall'n or ſcaped, let him
Reſt alſo, whom Saturnian Jove protect!
But come, my antient gueſt! now let me learn
Thy own afflictions; anſwer me in truth.
Who, and whence art thou? in what city born?
Where dwell thy parents? in what kind of ſhip
Cam'ſt thou? the mariners, why brought they thee
To Ithaca? and of what land are they?
For, that on foot thou found'ſt us not, is ſure.

Him anſwer'd, then, Ulyſſes ever-wiſe.
I will with truth reſolve thee; and if here
Within thy cottage ſitting, we had wine
And food for many a day, and buſineſs none
But to regale at eaſe while others toiled,
I could exhauſt the year complete, my woes
Rehearſing, nor, at laſt, rehearſe entire
My ſorrows by the will of heav'n ſuſtained.
I boaſt me ſprung from anceſtry renown'd
In ſpacious Crete; ſon of a wealthy ſire,
Who other ſons train'd num'rous in his houſe,
Born of his wedded wife; but he begat
Me on his purchas'd concubine, whom yet
Dear as his other ſons in wedlock born
Caſtor Hylacides eſteem'd and lov'd,
For him I boaſt my father. Him in Crete,
While yet he liv'd, all reverenc'd as a God,
So rich, ſo proſp'rous, and ſo bleſt was he
With ſons of higheſt praiſe. But death, the doom
Of all, him bore to Pluto's drear abode,
And his illuſtrious ſons among themſelves
Portion'd his goods by lot; to me, indeed,
They gave a dwelling, and but little more,
Yet, for my virtuous qualities, I won
A wealthy bride, for I was neither vain
Nor baſe, forlorn as thou perceiv'ſt me now.
But thou canſt gueſs, I judge, viewing the ſtraw
What once was in the ear. Ah! I have borne

Much

Much tribulation; heap'd and heavy woes.
Courage and phalanx-breaking might had I
From Mars and Pallas; at what time I drew,
(Planning ſome dread exploit) an ambuſh forth
Of our moſt valiant Chiefs, no boding fears
Of death ſeized *me*, but foremoſt far of all
I ſprang to fight, and pierced the flying foe.
Such was I once in arms. But houſehold toils
Suſtain'd for children' ſake, and carking cares
T' enrich a family, were not for me.
My pleaſures were the gallant bark, the din
Of battle, the ſmooth ſpear and glitt'ring ſhaft,
Objects of dread to others, but which me
The Gods diſpoſed to love and to enjoy.
Thus diff'rent minds are diff'rently amuſed;
For ere Achaia's fleet had ſailed to Troy,
Nine times was I commander of an hoſt
Embark'd againſt a foreign foe, and found
In all thoſe enterprizes great ſucceſs.
From the whole booty, firſt, what pleas'd me moſt
Chuſing, and ſharing alſo much by lot
I rapidly grew rich, and had thenceforth
Among the Cretans rev'rence and reſpect.
But when loud-thund'ring Jove that voyage dire
Ordain'd, which loos'd the knees of many a Greek,
Then, to Idomeneus and me they gave
The charge of all their fleet, which how to avoid
We found not, ſo importunate the cry

Of the whole hoſt impell'd us to the taſk.
There fought we nine long years, and in the tenth
(Priam's proud city pillag'd) ſteer'd again
Our galleys homeward, which the Gods diſperſed.
Then was it that deep-planning Jove deviſed
For me much evil. One ſhort month, no more,
I gave to joys domeſtic, in my wife
Happy, and in my babes, and in my wealth,
When the deſire ſeiz'd me with ſev'ral ſhips
Well-rigg'd, and furniſh'd all with gallant crews,
To ſail for Ægypt; nine I fitted forth,
To which ſtout mariners aſſembled faſt.
Six days the choſen partners of my voyage
Feaſted, to whom I num'rous victims gave
For ſacrifice, and for their own regale.
Embarking on the ſev'nth from ſpacious Crete,
Before a clear breeze proſp'rous from the North
We glided eaſily along, as down
A river's ſtream; nor one of all my ſhips
Damage incurr'd, but healthy and at eaſe
We ſat, while gales well-managed urged us on.
The fifth day thence, ſmooth-flowing Nile we reach'd,
And ſafe I moor'd in the Ægyptian ſtream.
Then, charging all my mariners to keep
Strict watch for preſervation of the ſhips,
I order'd ſpies into the hill-tops; but they
Under the impulſe of a ſpirit raſh
And hot for quarrel, the well cultur'd fields

Pillaged

Pillaged of the Ægyptians, captive led
Their wives and little ones, and ſlew the men.
Soon was the city alarm'd, and at the cry
Down came the citizens, by dawn of day,
With horſe and foot and with the gleam of arms
Filling the plain. Then Jove with panic dread
Struck all my people; none found courage more
To ſtand, for miſchiefs ſwarm'd on ev'ry ſide.
There, num'rous by the glitt'ring ſpear we fell
Slaughter'd, while others they conducted thence
Alive to ſervitude. But Jove himſelf
My boſom with this thought inſpired, (I would
That, dying, I had firſt fulfill'd my fate
In Ægypt, for new woes were yet to come!)
Looſing my brazen caſque, and ſlipping off
My buckler, there I left them on the field,
Then caſt my ſpear away, and ſeeking, next,
The chariot of the ſov'reign, claſp'd his knees,
And kiſs'd them. He, by my ſubmiſſion moved,
Deliver'd me, and to his chariot-ſeat
Raiſing, convey'd me weeping to his home.
With many an aſhen ſpear his warriors ſought
To ſlay me, (for they now grew fiery-wroth)
But he, through fear of hoſpitable Jove,
Chief puniſher of wrong, ſaved me alive.
Sev'n years I there abode, and much amaſs'd
Among the Ægyptians, gifted by them all;
But, in the eighth revolving year, arrived

A ſhrewd

A ſhrew'd Phœnician, in all fraud adept,
Hungry, and who had num'rous harm'd before,
By whom I alſo was cajoled, and lured
T' attend him to Phœnicia, where his houſe
And his poſſeſſions lay; there I abode
A year complete his inmate; but (the days
And months accompliſh'd of the rolling year,
And the new ſeaſons ent'ring on their courſe)
To Lybia then, on board his bark, by wiles
He won me with him, partner of the freight
Profeſs'd, but deſtin'd ſecretly to ſale,
That he might profit largely by my price.
Not unſuſpicious, yet conſtrain'd to go,
With this man I embark'd. A cloudleſs gale
Propitious blowing from the North, our ſhip
Ran right before it thro' the middle ſea,
In the offing over Crete; but adverſe Jove
Deſtruction plann'd for them and death the while.
For, Crete now left afar, and other land
Appearing none, but ſky alone and ſea,
Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove
A cloud cærulean hung, dark'ning the Deep.
Then, thund'ring oft, he hurl'd into the bark
His bolts; ſhe ſmitten by the fires of Jove,
Quaked all her length; with ſulphur fill'd ſhe reek'd,
And, o'er her ſides precipitated, plunged
Like gulls the crew, forbidden by that ſtroke
Of wrath divine to hope their country more.

But

But Jove himſelf, when I had caſt away
All hope of life, conducted to my arms
The ſtrong tall maſt, that I might yet eſcape.
Around that beam I clung, driving before
The ſtormy blaſt. Nine days complete I drove,
And, on the tenth dark night, the rolling flood
Immenſe convey'd me to Theſprotia's ſhore.
There me the Hero Phidon, gen'rous King
Of the Theſprotians, freely entertained;
For his own ſon diſcov'ring me with toil
Exhauſted and with cold, raiſed me, and thence
Led me humanely to his father's houſe,
Who cheriſh'd me, and gave me freſh attire.
There heard I of Ulyſſes, whom himſelf
Had entertain'd, he ſaid, on his return
To his own land; he ſhew'd me alſo gold,
Braſs, and bright ſteel elab'rate, whatſoe'er
Ulyſſes had amaſs'd, a ſtore to feed
A leſs illuſtrious family than his
To the tenth generation, ſo immenſe
His treaſures in the royal palace lay.
Himſelf, he ſaid, was to Dodona gone,
There, from the tow'ring oaks of Jove to aſk
Counſel divine, if openly to land
(After long abſence) in his opulent realm
Of Ithaca, be beſt, or in diſguiſe.
To me the monarch ſwore, in his own hall
Pouring libation, that the ſhip was launch'd,

And the crew ready for his conduct home.
But me he firſt diſmiſs'd, for, as it chanced,
A ſhip lay there of the Theſprotians, bound
To green Dulichium's iſle. He bade the crew
Bear me to King Acaſtus with all ſpeed;
But them far other thoughts pleaſed more, and thoughts
Of harm to me, that I might yet be plunged
In deeper gulphs of woe than I had known.
For, when the billow-cleaving bark had left
The land remote, framing, combined, a plot
Againſt my liberty, they ſtripp'd my veſt
And mantle, and this tatter'd raiment foul
Gave me inſtead, which thy own eyes behold.
At even-tide reaching the cultur'd coaſt
Of Ithaca, they left me bound on board
With tackle of the bark, and quitting ſhip
Themſelves, made haſty ſupper on the ſhore.
But me, meantime, the Gods eaſily loos'd
By their own pow'r, when, with this wrapper vile
Around my brows, ſliding into the ſea
At the ſhip's ſtern, I lay'd me on the flood.
With both hands oaring thence my courſe, I ſwam
'Till paſt all ken of theirs; then landing where
Thick covert of luxuriant trees I mark'd,
Cloſe couchant down I lay; they, mutt'ring loud,
Paced to and fro, but deeming farther ſearch
Unprofitable, ſoon embark'd again.
Thus, baffling all their ſearch with eaſe, the Gods

Conceal'd,

Conceal'd and led me thence to the abode
Of a wiſe man, dooming me ſtill to live.
To whom Eumæus thou didſt thus reply.
Alas, my moſt compaſſionable gueſt!
Thou haſt much moved me by this tale minute
Of thy ſad wand'rings and thy num'rous woes.
But, ſpeaking of Ulyſſes, thou haſt paſs'd
All credence; I at leaſt can give thee none.
Why, noble as thou art, ſhould'ſt thou invent
Palpable falſehoods? as for the return
Of my regretted Lord, myſelf I know
That had he not been hated by the Gods
Unanimous, he had in battle died
At Troy, or (that long doubtful war, at laſt,
Concluded,) in his people's arms at home.
Then univerſal Greece had raiſed his tomb,
And he had even for his ſon atchiev'd
Immortal glory; but alas! by beaks
Of harpies torn, unſeemly ſight, he lies.
Here is my home the while; I never ſeek
The city, unleſs ſummon'd by diſcrete
Penelope to liſten to the news
Brought by ſome ſtranger, whenceſoe'er arrived.
Then, all, alike inquiſitive, attend,
Both who regret the abſence of our King,
And who rejoice gratuitous to gorge
His property; but as for me, no joy
Find I in liſt'ning after ſuch reports,

Since an Ætolian cozen'd me, who found
(After long wand'ring over various lands
A fugitive for blood) my lone retreat.
Him warm I welcom'd, and with open arms
Receiv'd, who bold affirm'd that he had ſeen
My maſter with Idomeneus in Crete
His ſhips refitting ſhatter'd by a ſtorm,
And that in ſummer with his godlike band
He would return, bringing great riches home,
Or elſe in autumn. And thou antient gueſt
Forlorn! ſince thee the Gods have hither led,
Seek not to gratify me with untruths
And to deceive me, ſince for no ſuch cauſe
I ſhall reſpect or love thee, but alone
By pity influenced, and the fear of Jove.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
Thou haſt, in truth, a moſt incredulous mind,
Whom even with an oath I have not moved,
Or aught perſuaded. Come then—let us make
In terms expreſs a cov'nant, and the Gods
Who hold Olympus, witneſs to us both!
If thy own Lord at this thy houſe arrive,
Thou ſhalt diſmiſs me decently attired
In veſt and mantle, that I may repair
Hence to Dulichium, whither I would go.
But, if thy Lord come not, then, gath'ring all
Thy ſervants, headlong hurl me from a rock,
That other mendicants may fear to lie.

To

To whom the generous ſwine-herd in return.
Yes, ſtranger! doubtleſs I ſhould high renown
Obtain for virtue among men, both now
And in all future times, if, having firſt
Invited thee, and at my board regaled,
I, next, ſhould ſlay thee; then my pray'rs would mount,
Paſt queſtion, ſwiftly to Saturnian Jove.
But the hour calls to ſupper, and, ere long,
The partners of my toils will come prepared
To ſpread the board with no unſav'ry cheer.
Thus they conferr'd. And now the ſwains arrived,
Driving their charge, which faſt they ſoon encloſed
Within their cuſtomary penns, and loud
The hubbub was of ſwine priſon'd within.
Then call'd the maſter to his ruſtic train.
Bring ye the beſt, that we may ſet him forth
Before my friend from foreign climes arrived,
With whom ourſelves will alſo feaſt, who find
The bright-tuſk'd multitude a painful charge,
While others, at no coſt of theirs, conſume
Day after day, the profit of our toils.
So ſaying, his wood for fuel he prepared,
And, dragging thither a well fatted brawn
Of the fifth year his ſervants held him faſt
At the hearth-ſide. Nor failed the maſter ſwain
T' adore the Gods, (for wiſe and good was he)
But conſecration of the victim, firſt,
Himſelf performing, caſt into the fire

The

The forehead briſtles of the tuſky boar,
Then pray'd to all above, that, ſafe, at length,
Ulyſſes might regain his native home.
Then lifting an huge ſhive that lay beſide
The fire, he ſmote the boar, and dead he fell.
Next, piercing him, and ſcorching cloſe his hair,
They carv'd him quickly, and Eumæus ſpread
Thin ſlices crude taken from ev'ry limb
O'er all his fat, then other ſlices caſt,
Sprinkling them firſt with meal, into the fire.
The reſt they ſlaſh'd and ſcored, and roaſted well,
And placed it, heap'd together, on the board.
Then roſe the good Eumæus to his taſk
Of diſtribution, for he underſtood
The hoſpitable entertainer's part.
Sev'n-fold partition of the banquet made,
He gave, with previous pray'r, to * Maia's ſon
And to the nymphs one portion of the whole,
Then ſerved his preſent gueſts, honouring firſt
Ulyſſes with the boar's perpetual chine;
By that diſtinction juſt his maſter's heart
He gratified, and thus the Hero ſpake.

Eumæus! be thou as belov'd of Jove
As thou art dear to me, whom, though attired
So coarſely, thou haſt ſerved with ſuch reſpect!

To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
Eat, noble ſtranger! and refreſhment take

* Mercury.

Such

Such as, thou may'ſt; * God gives, and God denies
At his own will, for He is Lord of all.
He ſaid, and to the everlaſting Gods
The firſtlings ſacrificed of all, then made
Libation, and the cup placed in the hands
Of city-ſpoiler Laertiades,
Sitting beſide his own allotted ſhare.
Meantime, Meſaulius bread diſpenſed to all,
Whom, in the abſence of his Lord, himſelf
Eumæus had from Taphian traders bought
With his own proper goods, at no expence
Either to old Laertes or the Queen.
And now, all ſtretch'd their hands toward the feaſt
Reeking before them, and when hunger none
Felt more or thirſt, Meſaulius clear'd the board.
Then, fed to full ſatiety, in haſte
Each ſought his couch. Black came a moonleſs night,
And Jove all night deſcended faſt in ſhow'rs,
With howlings of the ever wat'ry Weſt.
Ulyſſes, at that ſound, for trial's ſake
Of his good hoſt, if putting off his cloak
He would accommodate him, or require
That ſervice for him at ſome other hand,

* Θεος—without a relative, and conſequently ſignifying God in the abſtract, is not unfrequently found in Homer, though fearing to give offence to ſerious minds unacquainted with the original, I have not always given it that force in the tranſlation. But here, the ſentiment is ſuch as fixes the ſenſe intended by the author with a preciſion that leaves me no option. It is obſervable too, that—δυναται γαρ απαντα—is an aſcription of power ſuch as the poet never makes to his Jupiter.

Addreſſing

Addreſſing thus the family, began.
Hear now, Eumæus, and ye other ſwains
His fellow-lab'rers! I ſhall ſomewhat boaſt,
By wine befool'd, which forces ev'n the wiſe
To carol loud, to titter and to dance,
And words to utter, oft, better ſuppreſs'd.
But ſince I have begun, I ſhall proceed,
Prating my fill. Ah might thoſe days return
With all the youth and ſtrength that I enjoy'd,
When in cloſe ambuſh, once, at Troy we lay!
Ulyſſes, Menelaus, and myſelf
Their choſen coadjutor, led the band.
Approaching to the city's lofty wall
Through the thick buſhes and the reeds that gird
The bulwarks, down we lay flat in the marſh,
Under our arms. Then, Boreas blowing loud,
A rueful night came on, froſty and charged
With ſnow that blanch'd us thick as morning rime,
And ev'ry ſhield with ice was chryſtall'd o'er.
The reſt with cloaks and veſts well cover'd, ſlept
Beneath their bucklers; I alone my cloak,
Improvident, had left behind, no thought
Conceiving of a ſeaſon ſo ſevere;
Shield and belt, therefore, and nought elſe had I.
The night, at length, nigh ſpent, and all the ſtars
Declining in their courſe, with elbow thruſt
Againſt Ulyſſes' ſide I rouſed the Chief,
And thus addreſs'd him ever prompt to hear.

Laertes'

Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
I freeze to death. Help me, or I am loſt.
No cloak have I; ſome evil dæmon, ſure,
Beguil'd me of all prudence, that I came
Thus ſparely clad; I ſhall, I muſt expire.
So I; he, ready as he was in arms
And counſel both, the remedy at once
Deviſed, and thus, low-whiſp'ring, anſwer'd me.
Huſh! leſt perchance ſome other hear—He ſaid,
And leaning on his elbow, ſpake aloud.
My friends! all hear—a monitory dream
Hath reach'd me, for we lie far from the ſhips.
Haſte, therefore, one of you, with my requeſt
To Agamemnon, Atreus' ſon, our Chief,
That he would reinforce us from the camp.
He ſpake, and at the word, Andræmon's ſon
Thoas aroſe, who, caſting off his cloak,
Ran thence toward the ſhips, and folded warm
Within it, there lay I 'till dawn appear'd.
Oh for the vigour of ſuch youth again!
Then, ſome good peaſant here, either for love
Or for reſpect, would cloak a man like me,
Whom, now, thus ſordid in attire ye ſcorn.
To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
My antient gueſt! I cannot but approve
Thy narrative, nor haſt thou utter'd aught
Unſeemly, or that needs excuſe. No want

Of raiment, therefore, or of aught beſide
Needful to ſolace penury like thine,
Shall harm thee here; yet, at the peep of dawn
Gird thy own tatters to thy loins again;
For *we* have no great ſtore of cloaks to boaſt,
Or change of veſts, but, ſingly, one for each.
But when Ulyſſes' ſon ſhall once arrive,
He will himſelf with veſt and mantle both
Cloath thee, and ſend thee whither moſt thou would'ſt.

So ſaying, he roſe, and nearer made his couch
To the hearth-ſide, ſpreading it thick with ſkins
Of ſheep and goats; then lay the Hero down,
O'er whom a ſhaggy mantle large he threw,
Which oft-times ſerved him with a change, when rough
The winter's blaſt and terrible aroſe.
So was Ulyſſes bedded, and the youths
Slept all beſide him; but the maſter-ſwain
Choſe not his place of reſt ſo far remote
From his rude charge, but to the outer court
With his nocturnal furniture, repair'd,
Gladd'ning Ulyſſes' heart that one ſo true
In his own abſence kept his rural ſtores.
Athwart his ſturdy ſhoulders, firſt, he flung
His faulchion keen, then wrapp'd him in a cloak
Thick-woven, winter-proof; he lifted, next,
The ſkin of a well-thriven goat, in bulk
Surpaſſing others, and his javelin took

Sharp-pointed, with which dogs he drove and men.
Thus arm'd, he ſought his wonted couch beneath
A hollow rock where the herd ſlept, ſecure
From the ſharp current of the Northern blaſt.

# ARGUMENT
## OF THE
# FIFTEENTH BOOK.

Telemachus, admoniſhed by Minerva, takes leave of Menelaus, but ere he ſails, is accoſted by Theoclymenus, a prophet of Argos, whom at his earneſt requeſt he takes on board. In the meantime Eumæus relates to Ulyſſes the means by which he came to Ithaca. Telemachus arriving there, gives orders for the return of his bark to the city, and repairs himſelf to Eumæus.

## BOOK XV.

MEANTIME to Lacedæmon's ſpacious vale
Minerva went, that ſhe might ſummon thence
Ulyſſes' glorious ſon to his own home.
Arrived, ſhe found Telemachus repoſed
And Neſtor's ſon beneath the veſtibule
Of Menelaus, mighty Chief; ſhe ſaw
Piſiſtratus in bands of gentle ſleep
Faſt-bound, but not Telemachus; his mind
No reſt enjoy'd, by filial cares diſturb'd
Amid the ſilent night, when, drawing near
To his couch' ſide, the Goddeſs thus began.

Thou

Thou canſt no longer prudently remain
A wand'rer here, Telemachus! thy home
Abandon'd, and thoſe haughty ſuitors left
Within thy walls; fear leſt, partition made
Of thy poſſeſſions, they devour the whole,
And in the end thy voyage bootleſs prove.
Delay not; from brave Menelaus aſk
Diſmiſſion hence, that thou may'ſt find at home
Thy ſpotleſs mother, whom her brethren urge
And her own father even now to wed
Eurymachus, in gifts and in amount
Of proffer'd dow'r ſuperior to them all.
Some treaſure, elſe, ſhall haply from thy houſe
Be taken, ſuch as thou wilt grudge to ſpare.
For well thou know'ſt how woman is diſpoſed;
Her whole anxiety is to encreaſe
His ſubſtance whom ſhe weds; no care hath ſhe
Of her firſt children, or remembers more
The buried huſband of her virgin choice.
Returning then, to her of all thy train
Whom thou ſhalt moſt approve, the charge commit
Of thy concerns domeſtic, 'till the Gods
Themſelves ſhall guide thee to a noble wife.
Hear alſo this, and mark it. In the frith
Samos the rude, and Ithaca between,
The chief of all her ſuitors thy return
In vigilant ambuſh wait, with ſtrong deſire
To ſlay thee, ere thou reach thy native ſhore,

But ſhall not, as I judge, 'till the earth hide
Many a lewd reveller at thy expence.
Yet, ſteer thy galley from thoſe iſles afar,
And voyage make by night; ſome guardian God
Shall ſave thee, and ſhall ſend thee proſp'rous gales.
Then, ſoon as thou attain'ſt the neareſt ſhore
Of Ithaca, diſpatching to the town
Thy bark with all thy people, ſeek at once
The ſwine-herd; for Eumæus is thy friend.
There ſleep, and ſend him forth into the town
With tidings to Penelope, that ſafe
Thou art reſtored from Pylus home again.
She ſaid, and ſought th' Olympian heights ſublime.
Then, with his heel ſhaking him, he awoke
The ſon of Neſtor, whom he thus addreſs'd.
Riſe, Neſtor's ſon, Piſiſtratus! lead forth
The ſteeds, and yoke them. We muſt now depart.
To whom the ſon of Neſtor thus replied.
Telemachus! what haſte ſoe'er we feel,
We can by no means prudently attempt
To drive by night, and ſoon it will be dawn.
Stay, therefore, 'till the Hero, Atreus' ſon,
Spear-practis'd Menelaus ſhall his gifts
Place in the chariot, and with kind farewell
Diſmiſs thee; for the gueſt in mem'ry holds
Through life, the hoſt who treats him as a friend.
Scarce had he ſpoken, when the golden dawn
Appearing, Menelaus, from the ſide

Of

Of beauteous Helen ris'n, their bed approach'd,
Whoſe coming when Telemachus perceived,
Cloathing himſelf haſtily in his veſt
Magnificent, and o'er his ſhoulders broad
Caſting his graceful mantle, at the door
He met the Hero, whom he thus addreſs'd.

Atrides, Menelaus, Chief renown'd!
Diſmiſs me hence to Ithaca again,
My native iſle, for I deſire to go.

Him anſwer'd Menelaus famed in arms.
Telemachus! I will not long delay
Thy wiſh'd return. I diſapprove alike
The hoſt whoſe aſſiduity extreme
Diſtreſſes, and whoſe negligence offends;
The middle courſe is beſt; alike we err,
Him thruſting forth whoſe wiſh is to remain,
And hind'ring the impatient to depart.
This only is true kindneſs—To regale
The preſent gueſt, and ſpeed him when he would.
Yet ſtay, 'till thou ſhalt ſee my ſplendid gifts
Placed in thy chariot, and 'till I command
My women from our preſent ſtores to ſpread
The table with a plentiful repaſt.
For both the honour of the gueſt demands,
And his convenience alſo, that he eat
Sufficient, ent'ring on a length of road.
But if through Hellas thou wilt take thy way
And traverſe Argos, I will, then, myſelf

Attend thee; thou ſhalt journey with my ſteeds
Beneath thy yoke, and I will be thy guide
To many a city, whence we ſhall not go
Ungratified, but ſhall in each receive
Some gift at leaſt, tripod, or charger bright,
Or golden chalice, or a pair of mules.

To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Atrides, Menelaus, Chief renown'd!
I would at once depart, (for guardian none
Of my poſſeſſions have I left behind)
Leſt, while I ſeek my father, I be loſt
Myſelf, or loſe what I ſhould grudge to ſpare.

Which when the valiant Menelaus heard,
He bade his ſpouſe and maidens ſpread the board
At once with remnants of the laſt regale.
Then Eteoneus came, Boetheus' ſon
Newly aris'n, for nigh at hand he dwelt,
Whom Menelaus bade kindle the fire
By which to dreſs their food, and he obey'd.
He, next, himſelf his fragrant chamber ſought,
Not ſole, but by his ſpouſe and by his ſon
Attended, Megapenthes. There arrived
Where all his treaſures lay, Atrides, firſt,
Took forth, himſelf, a goblet, then conſign'd
To his ſon's hand an argent beaker bright.
Meantime, beſide her coffers Helen ſtood
Where lay her variegated robes, fair works
Of her own hand. Producing one, in ſize

And in magnificence the chief, a ſtar
For ſplendour, and the loweſt placed of all,
Lovelieſt of her ſex, ſhe bore it thence.
Then, all proceeding through the houſe, they ſought
Telemachus again, whom reaching, thus
The Hero of the golden locks began.

May Jove the Thunderer, dread Juno's mate,
Grant thee, Telemachus! ſuch voyage home
As thy own heart deſires! accept from all
My ſtores ſelected as the richeſt far
And nobleſt gift for finiſh'd beauty—This.
I give thee wrought elaborate a cup,
Itſelf all ſilver, bound with lip of gold.
It is the work of Vulcan, which to me
The Hero Phædimus imparted, King
Of the Sidonians, when, on my return,
Beneath his roof I lodg'd. I make it thine.

So ſaying, the Hero, Atreus' ſon, the cup
Placed in his hands, and Megapenthes ſet
Before him, next, the argent beaker bright;
But lovely Helen drawing nigh, the robe
Preſented to him, whom ſhe thus addreſs'd.

I alſo give thee, oh my ſon, a gift,
Which ſeeing, thou ſhalt think on her whoſe hands
Wrought it; a preſent on thy nuptial day
For thy fair ſpouſe; meantime, repoſe it ſafe
In thy own mother's keeping. Now, farewell!
Proſp'rous and happy be thy voyage home!

She ceas'd, and gave it to him, who the gift
Accepted glad, and in the chariot-cheſt
Piſiſtratus the Hero all diſpoſed,
Admiring them the while. They, following, next,
The Hero Menelaus to his hall
Each on his couch or on his throne repoſed.
A maiden, then, with golden ewer charged
And ſilver bowl, pour'd water on their hands,
And ſpread the poliſh'd table, which with food
Various, ſelected from her preſent ſtores,
The miſtreſs of the houſehold charge ſupplied.
Boetheus' ſon ſtood carver, and to each
His portion gave, while Megapenthes, ſon
Of glorious Menelaus, ſerv'd the cup.
Then, all with outſtretch'd hands the feaſt aſſail'd,
And when nor hunger more nor thirſt of wine
They felt, Telemachus and Neſtor's ſon
Yoked the ſwift ſteeds, and, taking each his ſeat
In the reſplendent chariot, drove at once
Right through the ſounding portico abroad.
But Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,
A golden cup bearing with richeſt wine
Replete in his right hand, follow'd them forth,
That not without libation firſt perform'd
They might depart; he ſtood before the ſteeds,
And drinking firſt, thus, courteous, them beſpake.
Health to you both, young friends! and from my lips
Like greeting bear to Neſtor, royal Chief,

For

For he was ever as a father kind
To me, while the Achaians warr'd at Troy.
To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.
And doubtleſs, ſo we will; at our return
We will report to him, illuſtrious Prince!
Thy ev'ry word. And oh, I would to heav'n
That reaching Ithaca, I might at home
Ulyſſes hail as ſure, as I ſhall hence
Depart, with all benevolence by thee
Treated, and rich in many a noble gift.
While thus he ſpake, on his right hand appear'd
An eagle; in his talons pounced he bore
A white-plumed gooſe domeſtic, newly ta'en
From the houſe-court. Ran females all and males
Clamorous after him; but he the ſteeds
Approaching on the right, ſprang into air.
That ſight rejoicing and with hearts reviv'd
They view'd, and thus Piſiſtratus his ſpeech
Amid them all to Menelaus turn'd.
Now, Menelaus, think, illuſtrious Chief!
If us, this omen, or thyſelf regard.
While warlike Menelaus muſing ſtood
What anſwer fit to frame, Helen meantime,
His ſpouſe long-ſtoled preventing him, began.
Hear me; for I will anſwer as the Gods
Teach me, and as I think ſhall come to paſs.
As he, deſcending from his place of birth
The mountains, caught our pamper'd gooſe away,

So ſhall Ulyſſes, after many woes
And wand'rings to his home reſtored, avenge
His wrongs, or even now is at his home
For all thoſe ſuitors ſowing ſeeds of woe.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Oh grant it Jove, Juno's high-thund'ring mate!
So will I, there arrived, with vow and pray'r
Thee worſhip, as thou wert, thyſelf, divine.
He ſaid, and laſh'd the courſers; fiery they
And fleet, ſprang through the city to the plain.
All day the yoke on either ſide they ſhook,
Journeying ſwift; and now the ſetting ſun
To gloomy evening had reſign'd the roads,
When they to Pheræ came, and in the houſe
Of good Diocles ſlept, their lib'ral hoſt,
Whoſe ſire Orſilochus from Alpheus ſprang.
But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,
Look'd roſy from the Eaſt, yoking their ſteeds,
They in the ſumptuous chariot ſat again.
Forth through the veſtibule they drove, and through
The ſounding portico, when Neſtor's ſon
Plied briſk the ſcourge, and willing flew the ſteeds.
Thus whirl'd along, ſoon they approach'd the gates
Of Pylus, when Telemachus, his ſpeech
Turning to his companion, thus began.
How, ſon of Neſtor! ſhall I win from thee
Not promiſe only, but performance kind
Of my requeſt? we are not bound alone

To friendſhip by the friendſhip of our ſires,
But by equality of years, and this
Our journey ſhall unite us ſtill the more.
Bear me not, I intreat thee, noble friend!
Beyond the ſhip, but drop me at her ſide,
Leſt antient Neſtor, though againſt my will,
Detain me in his palace through deſire
To feaſt me, for I dread the leaſt delay.
He ſpake; then muſed Piſiſtratus how beſt
He might effect the wiſhes of his friend,
And thus at length reſolved; turning his ſteeds
With ſudden deviation to the ſhore
He ſought the bark, and placing in the ſtern
Both gold and raiment, the illuſtrious gifts
Of Menelaus, thus, in accents wing'd
With ardour, urged Telemachus away.
Diſpatch, embark, ſummon thy crew on board,
Ere my arrival notice give of thine
To the old King; for vehement I know
His temper, neither will he let thee hence,
But, haſting hither, will himſelf enforce
Thy longer ſtay, that thou may'ſt not depart
Ungifted; nought will fire his anger more.
So ſaying, he to the Pylian city urged
His ſteeds bright-maned, and at the palace-gate
Arrived of Neſtor ſpeedily; meantime
Telemachus exhorted thus his crew.

My

My gallant friends! ſet all your tackle, climb
The ſable bark, for I would now return.
He ſpake; they heard him gladly, and at once
All fill'd the benches. While his voyage he
Thus expedited, and beſide the ſtern
To Pallas ſacrifice perform'd and pray'd,
A ſtranger, born remote, who had eſcaped
From Argos' fugitive for blood, a ſeer,
And of Melampus' progeny, approach'd.
Melampus, in old time, in Pylus dwelt,
Mother of flocks, alike for wealth renown'd
And the magnificence of his abode.
He, flying from the far-famed Pylian King,
The mighty Neleus, migrated at length
Into another land, whoſe wealth, the while,
Neleus by force poſſeſs'd a year complete.
Meantime, Melampus in the houſe endured
*Of Phylacus impriſonment and woe,
And burn'd with wrath for Neleus' daughter ſake
By fell Erynnis kindled in his heart.
But, 'ſcaping death, he drove the lowing beeves
From Phylace to Pylus, well avenged
His num'rous injuries at Neleus' hands

* Iphyclus the ſon of Phylacus had ſeized and detained cattle belonging to Neleus; Neleus ordered his nephew Melampus to recover them, and as ſecurity for his obedience ſeized on a conſiderable part of his poſſeſſions. Melampus attempted the ſervice, failed, and was caſt into priſon; but at length eſcaping, accompliſhed his errand, vanquiſhed Neleus in battle, and carried off his daughter Pero, whom Neleus had promiſed to the brother of Melampus, but had afterward refuſed her.

Suſtain'd,

Suſtain'd, and gave into his brother's arms
King Neleus' daughter fair, the promis'd bride.
To Argos ſteed-renown'd he journey'd next,
There deſtin'd to inhabit and to rule
Multitudes of Achaians. In that land
He married, built a palace, and became
Father of two brave ſons, Antiphates
And Mantius; to Antiphates was born
The brave Oïcleus; from Oïcleus ſprang
Amphiaraus, demagogue renown'd,
Whom with all tenderneſs, and as a friend
Alike the Thund'rer and Apollo prized;
Yet reach'd he not the bounds of hoary age,
But by his mercenary * conſort's arts
Perſuaded, met his deſtiny at Thebes.
He 'gat Alcmæon and Amphilochus.
Mantius was alſo father of two ſons,
Clytus and Polyphides. Clytus paſs'd
From earth to heav'n, and dwells among the Gods,
Stol'n by Aurora for his beauty's ſake.
But (brave Amphiaraüs once deceaſed)
Phœbus exalted Polyphides far
Above all others in the prophet's part.
He, anger'd by his father, roam'd away
To Hypereſia, where he dwelt renown'd
Throughout all lands, the oracle of all.

* His wife Eryphyle, bribed by Polynices, perſuaded him, though aware that death awaited him at that city, to go to Thebes, where he fell accordingly.

His

His ſon, named Theoclymenus, was he
Who now approach'd; he found Telemachus
Libation off'ring in his bark, and pray'r,
And in wing'd accents ardent him addreſs'd.
Ah, friend! ſince ſacrificing in this place
I find thee, by theſe ſacred rites and thoſe
Whom thou ador'ſt, and by thy own dear life,
And by the lives of theſe thy mariners
I beg true anſwer; hide not what I aſk.
Who art thou? whence? where born? and ſprung from whom?

To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
I will inform thee, ſtranger! and will ſolve
Thy queſtions with much truth. I am by birth
Ithacan, and Ulyſſes was my ſire.
But he hath periſh'd by a woeful death,
And I, believing it, with theſe have plow'd
The Ocean hither, int'reſted to learn
A father's fate long abſent from his home.

Then anſwer'd godlike Theoclymenus.
I alſo am a wand'rer, having ſlain
A man of my own tribe; brethren and friends
Num'rous had he in Argos ſteed-renown'd,
And pow'rful are the Achaians dwelling there.
From them, through terrour of impending death,
I fly, a baniſh'd man henceforth for ever.
Ah ſave a ſuppliant fugitive! leſt death
O'ertake me, for I doubt not their purſuit.

Whom

Whom thus Telemachus anſwer'd diſcrete.
I ſhall not, be aſſured, ſince thou deſir'ſt
To join me, chace thee from my bark away.
Follow me, therefore, and with us partake,
In Ithaca, what beſt the land affords.
So ſaying, he at the ſtranger's hand received
His ſpear, which on the deck he lay'd, then climb'd
Himſelf the bark, and, ſeated in the ſtern,
At his own ſide placed Theoclymenus.
They caſt the hawſers looſe; then with loud voice
Telemachus exhorted all to hand
The tackle, whom his ſailors prompt obey'd.
The tall maſt heaving, in its ſocket deep
They lodg'd it, and its cordage braced ſecure,
Then, ſtraining at the halyards, hoiſed the ſail.
Fair wind, and blowing freſh through æther pure
Minerva ſent them, that the bark might run
Her nimbleſt courſe through all the briny way.
Now ſank the ſun, and duſky ev'ning dimm'd
The waves, when, driven by propitious Jove,
His bark ſtood right for Pheræ; thence ſhe ſtretch'd
To ſacred Elis where the Epeans rule,
And through the ſharp Echinades he next
Steer'd her, uncertain whether fate ordain'd
His life or death, ſurprizal or eſcape.
Meantime Ulyſſes and the ſwineherd ate
Their cottage-meſs, and the aſſiſtant ſwains
Theirs alſo; and when hunger now and thirſt

Had ceaſed in all, Ulyſſes thus began,
Proving the ſwineherd, whether friendly ſtill,
And anxious for his good, he would intreat
His ſtay, or thence haſten him to the town.
Eumæus, and all ye his ſervants, hear!
It is my purpoſe, leſt I wear thee out,
Thee and thy friends, to ſeek at early dawn
The city, there to beg—But give me firſt
Needful inſtructions, and a truſty guide
Who may conduct me thither; there my taſk
Muſt be to roam the ſtreets; ſome hand humane
Perchance ſhall give me a ſmall pittance there,
A little bread, and a few drops to drink.
Ulyſſes' palace I ſhall alſo ſeek,
And to diſcrete Penelope report
My tidings; neither ſhall I fail to mix
With thoſe imperious ſuitors, who, themſelves
Full-fed, may ſpare perhaps ſome boon to me.
Me ſhall they find, in whatſoe'er they wiſh
Their ready ſervitor, for (underſtand
And mark me well) the herald of the ſkies,
Hermes, from whom all actions of mankind
Their grace receive and poliſh, is my friend,
So that in menial offices I fear
No rival, whether I be call'd to heap
The hearth with fuel, or dry wood to cleave,
To roaſt, to carve, or to diſtribute wine,
As oft the poor are wont who ſerve the great.

To whom, Eumæus! at thoſe words diſpleaſed,
Thou didſt reply. Gods! how could ſuch a thought
Poſſeſs thee, ſtranger? ſurely thy reſolve
Is altogether fixt to periſh there,
If thou indeed haſt purpos'd with that throng
To mix, whoſe riot and outrageous acts
Of violence echo through the vault of heav'n.
None, ſuch as thou, ſerve *them*; their ſervitors
Are youths well-cloak'd, well-veſted; ſleek their heads,
And ſmug their countenances; ſuch alone
Are their attendants, and the poliſh'd boards
Groan overcharged with bread, with fleſh, with wine.
Reſt here content; for neither me nor theſe
Thou wearieſt aught, and when Ulyſſes' ſon
Shall come, he will with veſt and mantle fair
Cloath thee, and ſend thee whither moſt thou would'ſt.

To whom, Ulyſſes, Hero toil-inured.
I wiſh thee, O Eumæus! dear to Jove
As thou art dear to me, for this reprieve
Vouchſafed me kind, from wand'ring and from woe!
No worſe condition is of mortal man
Than his who wanders; for the poor man, driv'n
By woe and by misfortune homeleſs forth,
A thouſand mis'ries, day by day, endures.
Since thou detain'ſt me, then, and bidd'ſt me wait
His coming, tell me if the father ſtill
Of famed Ulyſſes live, whom, going hence,
He left ſo nearly on the verge of life?

And lives his mother? or have both deceaſed
Already, and deſcended to the ſhades?
To whom the maſter ſwineherd thus replied.
I will inform thee, and with ſtricteſt truth,
Of all that thou haſt aſk'd. Laertes lives,
But ſupplication off'ring to the Gods
Ceaſeleſs, to free him from a weary life,
So deeply his long-abſent ſon he mourns,
And the dear conſort of his early youth,
Whoſe death is his chief ſorrow, and hath brought
Old age on him, or ere its date arrived.
She died of ſorrow for her glorious ſon,
And died deplorably *; may never friend
Of mine, or benefactor die as ſhe!
While yet ſhe liv'd, dejected as ſhe was,
I found it yet ſome ſolace to converſe
With her, who rear'd me in my childiſh days,
Together with her lovely youngeſt-born
The Princeſs Ctimena; for ſide by ſide
We grew, and I, ſcarce honour'd leſs than ſhe.
But ſoon as our delightful prime we both
Attain'd, to Samos her they ſent, a bride,
And were requited with rich dow'r; but me
Cloath'd handſomely with tunic and with veſt,
And with fair ſandals furniſh'd, to the field
She order'd forth, yet loved me ſtill the more.

* She is ſaid to have hanged herſelf.

I miſs her kindneſs now; but gracious heav'n
Proſpers the work on which I here attend;
Hence have I food, and hence I drink, and hence
Refreſh, ſometimes, a worthy gueſt like thee.
But kindneſs none experience I, or can,
From fair Penelope (my miſtreſs now)
In word or action, ſo is the houſe curs'd
With that lewd throng. Glad would the ſervants be
Might they approach their miſtreſs, and receive
Advice from her; glad too to eat and drink,
And ſomewhat bear each to his rural home,
For perquiſites are ev'ry ſervant's joy.
Then anſwer thus, Ulyſſes wiſe return'd.
Alas! good ſwain, Eumæus, how remote
From friends and country waſt thou forced to roam
Ev'n in thy infancy! But tell me true.
The city where thy parents dwelt, did foes
Pillage it? or did elſe ſome hoſtile band
Surprizing thee alone, on herd or flock
Attendant, bear thee with them o'er the Deep,
And ſell thee at this Hero's houſe, who pay'd
Doubtleſs for *thee* no ſordid price or ſmall?
To whom the maſter ſwineherd in reply.
Stranger! ſince thou art curious to be told
My ſtory, ſilent liſten, and thy wine
At leiſure quaff. The nights are longeſt now,
And ſuch as time for ſleep afford, and time
For pleaſant conf'rence; neither were it good

That

That thou ſhould'ſt to thy couch before thy hour,
Since even ſleep is hurtful, in exceſs.
Whoever here is weary, and deſires
Early repoſe, let him depart to reſt,
And, at the peep of day, when he hath fed
Sufficiently, drive forth my maſter's herd;
But we with wine and a well-furniſh'd board
Supplied, will ſolace mutually derive
From recollection of our ſufferings paſt;
For who hath much endured, and wander'd far,
Finds the recital ev'n of ſorrow ſweet.
Now hear thy queſtion ſatisfied; attend!
There is an iſland (thou haſt heard, perchance,
Of ſuch an iſle) named *Syria; it is placed
Above Ortygia, and a † dial owns
True to the tropic changes of the year.
No great extent ſhe boaſts, yet is ſhe rich
In cattle and in flocks, in wheat and wine.
No famine knows that people, or diſeaſe
Noiſome, of all that elſewhere ſeize the race
Of miſerable man; but when old age
Steals on the citizens, Apollo, arm'd

* Not improbably the iſthmus of Syracuſe, an iſland, perhaps, or peninſula at that period, or at leaſt imagined to be ſuch by Homer. The birth of Diana gave fame to Ortygia. F.

† Ὅθι τροπαὶ ἠελίοιο.—The Tranſlator has rendered the paſſage according to that interpretation of it to which ſeveral of the beſt expoſitors incline. Nothing can be ſo abſurd as to ſuppoſe, that Homer, ſo correct in his geography, could mean to place a Mediterranean iſland under the Tropic.

With

With ſilver bow and bright Diana come,
Whoſe gentle ſhafts diſmiſs them ſoon to reſt.
Two cities ſhare between them all the iſle,
And both were ſubject to my father's ſway
Cteſius Ormenides, a godlike Chief.
It chanced that from Phœnicia, famed for ſkill
In arts marine, a veſſel thither came
By ſharpers mann'd, and laden deep with toys.
Now, in my father's family abode
A fair Phœnician, tall, full-ſized, and ſkill'd
In works of elegance, whom they beguiled.
While ſhe waſh'd linen on the beach, beſide
The ſhip, a certain mariner of thoſe
Seduced her; for all women, ev'n the wiſe
And ſober, feeble prove by love aſſail'd.
Who was ſhe, he enquired, and whence? nor ſhe
Scrupled to tell at once her father's home.
I am of * Sidon, famous for her works
In braſs and ſteel; daughter of Arybas,
Who rolls in affluence; Taphian pirates thence
Stole me returning from the field, from whom
This Chief procured me at no little coſt.
Then anſwer thus her paramour return'd.
Wilt thou not hence to Sidon in our ſhip,
That thou may'ſt once more viſit the abode
Of thy own wealthy parents, and themſelves?

* A principal city of Phœnicia.

For

For ſtill they live, and ſtill are wealthy deem'd.
To whom the woman. Even that might be,
Would ye, ye ſeamen, by a ſolemn oath
Aſſure me of a ſafe conveyance home.
Then ſware the mariners as ſhe required,
And, when their oath was ended, thus again
The woman of Phœnicia them beſpake.
Now, ſilence! no man, henceforth, of you all
Accoſt me, though he meet me on the road,
Or at yon fountain; leſt ſome tattler run
With tidings home to my old maſter's ear,
Who, with ſuſpicion touch'd, may *me* confine
In cruel bonds, and death contrive for *you*.
But be ye cloſe; purchaſe your ſtores in haſte;
And when your veſſel ſhall be freighted full,
Quick ſend me notice; for I mean to bring
What gold ſoever opportune I find,
And will my paſſage chearfully defray
With ſtill another moveable. I nurſe
The good man's ſon, an urchin ſhrewd, of age
To ſcamper at my ſide; him will I bring,
Whom at ſome foreign market ye ſhall prove
Saleable at what price ſoe'er ye will.
So ſaying, ſhe to my father's houſe return'd.
They, there abiding the whole year, their ſhip
With purchaſed goods freighted of ev'ry kind,
And when, her lading now complete, ſhe lay
For ſea prepared, their meſſenger arrived

To

To ſummon down the woman to the ſhore.
A mariner of theirs, ſubtle and ſhrewd,
Then, ent'ring at my father's gate, produced
A ſplendid collar, gold with amber ſtrung.
My mother (then at home) with all her maids
Handling and gazing on it with delight,
Propoſed to purchaſe it, and he the nod
Significant, gave unobſerv'd, the while,
To the Phœnician woman, and return'd.
She, thus inform'd, leading me by the hand
Went forth, and finding in the veſtibule
The cups and tables which my father's gueſts
Had uſed, (but they were to the forum gone
For converſe with their friends aſſembled there)
Convey'd three cups into her boſom-folds,
And bore them off, whom I a thoughtleſs child
Accompanied, at the decline of day,
When duſky evening had embrown'd the ſhore.
We, ſtepping nimbly on, ſoon reach'd the port
Renown'd, where that Phœnician veſſel lay.
They ſhipp'd us both, and all embarking cleav'd
Their liquid road, by favourable gales,
Jove's gift, impell'd. Six days we day and night
Continual ſailed, but when Saturnian Jove
Now bade the ſev'nth bright morn illume the ſkies,
Then, ſhaft-arm'd Dian ſtruck the woman dead.
At once ſhe pitch'd headlong into the bilge
Like a ſea-coot, whence heaving her again,

The ſeamen gave her to be fiſhes' food,
And I ſurvived to mourn her. But the winds
And rolling billows them bore to the coaſt
Of Ithaca, where with his proper goods
Laertes bought me. By ſuch means it chanced
That ere I ſaw the iſle in which I dwell.
To whom Ulyſſes, glorious Chief, replied.
Eumæus! thou haſt moved me much, thy woes
Enumerating thus at large. But Jove
Hath neighbour'd all thy evil with this good,
That after num'rous ſorrows thou haſt reach'd
The houſe of a kind maſter, at whoſe hands
Thy ſuſtenance is ſure, and here thou lead'ſt
A tranquil life; but I have late arrived,
City after city of the world explored.
Thus mutual they conferr'd, nor leiſure found
Save for ſhort ſleep, by morning ſoon ſurprized.
Meantime the comrades of Telemachus
Approaching land, caſt looſe the ſail, and lower'd
Alert the maſt, then oar'd the veſſel in.
The anchors heav'd * aground, and hawſers tied
Secure, themſelves, forth-iſſuing on the ſhore,
Breakfaſt prepared, and charged their cups with wine.
When neither hunger now, nor thirſt remained
Unſatisfied, Telemachus began.
Puſh ye the ſable bark without delay
Home to the city. I will to the field

* The anchors were lodged on the ſhore, not plunged as ours.

Among

Among my ſhepherds, and, (my rural works
Survey'd,) at eve will to the town return.
To-morrow will I ſet before you wine
And plenteous viands, wages of your toil.
To whom the godlike Theoclymenus.
Whither muſt I, my ſon? who, of the Chiefs
Of rugged Ithaca, ſhall harbour me?
Shall I to thine and to thy mother's houſe?
Then thus Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
I would invite thee to proceed at once
To our abode, ſince nought ſhould fail thee there
Of kind reception, but it were a courſe
Now not adviſeable; for I muſt myſelf,
Be abſent, neither would my mother's eyes
Behold thee, ſo unfrequent ſhe appears
Before the ſuitors, ſhunning whom, ſhe ſits
Weaving continual at the palace-top.
But I will name to thee another Chief
Whom thou may'ſt ſeek, Eurymachus, the ſon
Renown'd of prudent Polybus, whom all
The people here reverence as a God.
Far nobleſt of them all is he, and ſeeks
More ardent than his rivals far, to wed
My mother, and to fill my father's throne.
But, He who dwells above, Jove only knows
If ſome diſaſtrous day be not ordain'd
For them, or ere thoſe nuptials ſhall arrive.

While thus he ſpake, at his right hand appear'd,
Meſſenger of Apollo, on full wing,
A falcon; in his pounces clench'd he bore
A dove, which rending, down he pour'd her plumes
Between the galley and Telemachus.
Then, calling him apart, the prophet lock'd
His hand in his, and thus explain'd the ſign.
Not undirected by the Gods his flight
On our right hand, Telemachus! this hawk
Hath wing'd propitious; ſoon as I perceived
I knew him ominous—In all the iſle
No family of a more royal note
Than yours is found, and yours ſhall ſtill prevail.
Whom thus Telemachus anſwer'd diſcrete.
Grant heav'n, my gueſt! that this good word of thine
Fail not, and ſoon thou ſhalt ſuch bounty ſhare
And friendſhip at my hands, that, at firſt ſight,
Whoe'er ſhall meet thee ſhall pronounce thee bleſt.
Then, to Piræus thus, his friend approved.
Piræus, ſon of Clytius! (for of all
My followers to the ſhore of Pylus, none
More prompt than thou hath my deſires perform'd)
Now alſo to thy own abode conduct
This ſtranger, whom with hoſpitable care
Cheriſh and honour 'till myſelf arrive.
To whom Piræus anſwer'd, ſpear-renown'd.
Telemachus! however long thy ſtay,
Punctual I will attend him, and no want

Of hoſpitality ſhall he find with me.
So ſaying, he climb'd the ſhip, then bade the crew
Embarking alſo, caſt the hawſers looſe,
And each, obedient, to his bench repair'd.
Meantime Telemachus his ſandals bound,
And lifted from the deck his glitt'ring ſpear.
Then, as Telemachus had bidden them,
Son of divine Ulyſſes, caſting looſe
The hawſers, forth they puſh'd into the Deep
And ſought the city, while with nimble pace
Proceeding thence, Telemachus attain'd
The cottage ſoon where good Eumæus ſlept,
The ſwine-herd, faithful to his num'rous charge.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE

# SIXTEENTH BOOK.

Telemachus diſpatches Eumæus to the city to inform Penelope of his ſafe return from Pylus; during his abſence, Ulyſſes makes himſelf known to his ſon. The ſuitors, having watched for Telemachus in vain, arrive again at Ithaca.

## BOOK XVI.

IT was the hour of dawn, when in the cot
Kindling freſh fire, Ulyſſes and his friend
Noble Eumæus dreſs'd their morning fare,
And ſent the herdſmen with the ſwine abroad.
Seeing Telemachus, the watchful dogs
Bark'd not, but fawn'd around him. At that ſight,
And at the ſound of feet which now approach'd,
Ulyſſes in wing'd accents thus remark'd.
Eumæus! certain, either friend of thine
Is nigh at hand, or one whom well thou know'ſt;
Thy dogs bark not, but fawn on his approach
Obſequious, and the ſound of feet I hear.
Scarce had he ceaſed, when his own ſon himſelf
Stood in the veſtibule. Upſprang at once

Eumæus

Eumæus wonder-ſtruck, and from his hand
Let fall the cups with which he was employ'd
Mingling rich wine; to his young Lord he ran,
His forehead kiſs'd, kiſs'd his bright-beaming eyes
And both his hands, weeping profuſe the while.
As when a father folds in his embrace
Arrived from foreign lands in the tenth year
His darling ſon, the offspring of his age,
His only one, for whom he long hath mourn'd,
So kiſs'd the noble peaſant o'er and o'er
Godlike Telemachus, as from death eſcaped,
And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began.

Light of my eyes, thou com'ſt; it is thyſelf,
Sweeteſt Telemachus! I had no hope
To ſee thee more, once told that o'er the Deep
Thou hadſt departed for the Pylian coaſt.
Enter, my precious ſon; that I may ſooth
My ſoul with ſight of thee from far arrived,
For ſeldom thou thy feeders and thy farm
Viſiteſt, in the city cuſtom'd much
To make abode, that thou may'ſt witneſs there
The manners of thoſe hungry ſuitors proud.

To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
It will be ſo. There is great need, my friend!
But here, for thy ſake, have I now arrived,
That I may look on thee, and from thy lips
Learn if my mother ſtill reſide at home,
Or have become ſpouſe of ſome other Chief,

Leaving

Leaving untenanted Ulyſſes' bed
To be by noiſome ſpiders webb'd around.
To whom the maſter-ſwineherd in return.
Not ſo, ſhe, patient ſtill as ever, dwells
Beneath thy roof, but all her cheerleſs days
Deſpairing waſtes, and all her nights in tears.
So ſaying, Eumæus at his hand received
His brazen lance, and o'er the ſtep of ſtone
Enter'd Telemachus, to whom his ſire
Relinquiſh'd, ſoon as he appear'd, his ſeat,
But him Telemachus forbidding, ſaid—
Gueſt, keep thy ſeat; our cottage will afford
Some other, which Eumæus will provide.
He ceaſed, and he, returning at the word,
Repoſed again; then good Eumæus ſpread
Green twigs beneath, which, cover'd with a fleece,
Supplied Ulyſſes' offspring with a ſeat.
He, next, diſpoſed his diſhes on the board
With relicts charged of yeſterday; with bread,
Alert, he heap'd the baſkets; with rich wine
His ivy-cup repleniſh'd; and a ſeat
Took oppoſite to his illuſtrious Lord
Ulyſſes. They toward the plenteous feaſt
Stretch'd forth their hands, (and hunger now and thirſt
Both ſatisfied) Telemachus, his ſpeech
Addreſſing to their generous hoſt, began.
Whence is this gueſt, my father? How convey'd
Came he to Ithaca? What country boaſt

The mariners with whom he here arrived?
For, that on foot he found us not, is ſure.
To whom Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
I will with truth anſwer thee, O my ſon!
He boaſts him ſprung from anceſtry renown'd
In ſpacious Crete, and hath the cities ſeen
Of various lands, by fate ordain'd to roam.
Ev'n now, from a Theſprotian ſhip eſcaped,
He reach'd my cottage—but he is thy own;
I yield him to thee; treat him as thou wilt;
He is thy ſuppliant, and depends on thee.
Then thus, Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Thy words, Eumæus, pain my very ſoul.
For what ſecurity can I afford
To any in my houſe? myſelf am young,
Nor yet of ſtrength ſufficient to repel
An offer'd inſult, and my mother's mind
In doubtful balance hangs, if, ſtill with me
An inmate, ſhe ſhall manage my concerns,
Attentive only to her abſent Lord
And her own good report, or ſhall eſpouſe
The nobleſt of her wooers, and the beſt
Entitled by the ſplendour of his gifts.
But I will give him, ſince I find him lodg'd
A gueſt beneath thy roof, tunic and cloak,
Sword double-edg'd, and ſandals for his feet,
With convoy to the country of his choice.
Still, if it pleaſe thee, keep him here thy gueſt,

And I will ſend him raiment, with ſupplies
Of all ſorts, leſt he burthen thee and thine.
But where the ſuitors come, there ſhall not he
With my conſent, nor ſtand expoſed to pride
And petulance like theirs, leſt by ſome ſneer
They wound him, and through him, wound alſo me;
For little is it that the boldeſt can
Againſt ſo many; numbers will prevail.
Him anſwer'd then Ulyſſes toil-inured.
Oh amiable and good! ſince even I
Am free to anſwer thee, I will avow
My heart within me torn by what I hear
Of thoſe injurious ſuitors, who the houſe
Infeſt of one noble as thou appear'ſt.
But ſay—ſubmitteſt thou to their controul
Willingly, or becauſe the people, ſway'd
By ſome reſponſe oracular, incline
Againſt thee? Thou haſt brothers, it may chance,
Slow to aſſiſt thee—for a brother's aid
Is of importance in whatever cauſe.
For oh that I had youth as I have will,
Or that renown'd Ulyſſes were my ſire,
Or that himſelf might wander home again,
Whereof hope yet remains! then might I loſe
My head, that moment, by an alien's hand,
If I would fail, ent'ring Ulyſſes' gate,
To be the bane and miſchief of them all.
But if alone to multitudes oppoſed

I ſhould

I ſhould perchance be foiled; nobler it were
With my own people, under my own roof
To periſh, than to witneſs evermore
Their unexampled deeds, gueſts ſhoved aſide,
Maidens dragg'd forcibly from room to room,
Caſks emptied of their rich contents, and them
Indulging glutt'nous appetite day by day
Enormous, without meaſure, without end.
To whom, Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Stranger! thy queſtions ſhall from me receive
True anſwer. Enmity or hatred none
Subſiſts thè people and myſelf between,
Nor have I brothers to accuſe, whoſe aid
Is of importance in whatever cauſe,
For Jove hath from of old with ſingle heirs
Our houſe ſupplied; Arceſias none begat
Except Laertes, and Laertes none
Except Ulyſſes, and Ulyſſes me
Left here his only one, and unenjoy'd.
Thence comes it that our palace ſwarms with foes;
For all the rulers of the neighbour iſles,
Samos, Dulichium, and the foreſt-crown'd
Zacynthus, others alſo rulers here
In craggy Ithaca, my mother ſeek
In marriage, and my houſehold ſtores conſume.
But neither ſhe thoſe nuptial rites abhorr'd
Refuſes abſolute, nor yet conſents
To end them; they my patrimony waſte

Meantime, and will deſtroy me alſo ſoon,
As I expect, but heav'n diſpoſes all.
Eumæus! haſte, my father! bear with ſpeed
News to Penelope that I am ſafe,
And have arrived from Pylus; I will wait
'Till thou return; and well beware that none
Hear thee beſide, for I have many foes.
To whom Eumæus thou didſt thus reply.
It is enough. I underſtand. Thou ſpeak'ſt
To one intelligent. But ſay beſide,
Shall I not alſo, as I go, inform
Diſtreſs'd Laertes? who while yet he mourn'd
Ulyſſes only, could o'erſee the works,
And dietted among his menials oft
As hunger prompted him; but now, they ſay,
Since thy departure to the Pylian ſhore,
He neither eats as he was wont, nor drinks,
Nor overſees his hinds, but ſighing ſits
And weeping, waſted even to the bone.
Him then Telemachus anſwer'd diſcrete.
Hard though it be, yet to his tears and ſighs
Him leave we now. We cannot what we would.
For, were the ordering of all events
Referr'd to our own choice, our firſt deſire
Should be to ſee my father's glad return.
But once thy tidings told, wander not thou
In queſt of Him, but hither ſpeed again.
Rather requeſt my mother that ſhe ſend

Her

Her houſehold's governeſs without delay
Privately to him; ſhe ſhall beſt inform
The antient King that I have ſafe arrived.
He ſaid, and urged him forth, who binding on
His ſandals, to the city bent his way.
Nor went Eumæus from his home unmark'd
By Pallas, who, in ſemblance of a fair
Damſel, accompliſh'd in domeſtic arts,
Approaching to the cottage' entrance, ſtood
Oppoſite, by Ulyſſes plain diſcern'd,
But to his ſon inviſible; for the Gods
Appear not manifeſt alike to all.
The maſtiffs ſaw her alſo, and with tone
Querulous hid themſelves, yet bark'd they not.
She beckon'd him abroad. Ulyſſes ſaw
The ſign, and, iſſuing through the outer court,
Approach'd her, whom the Goddeſs thus beſpake.
Laertes' progeny, for wiles renown'd!
Diſcloſe thyſelf to thy own ſon, that, death
Concerting and deſtruction to your foes,
Ye may the royal city ſeek, nor long
Shall ye my preſence there deſire in vain,
For I am ardent to begin the fight.
Minerva ſpake, and with her rod of gold
Touch'd him; his mantle, firſt, and veſt ſhe made
Pure as new-blanch'd; dilating, next, his form,
She gave dimenſions ampler to his limbs;
Swarthy again his manly hue became,

Round

Round his full face, and black his bushy chin.
The change perform'd, Minerva disappear'd,
And the illustrious Hero turn'd again
Into the cottage; wonder at that sight
Seiz'd on Telemachus; askance he look'd,
Awe-struck, not unsuspicious of a God,
And in wing'd accents eager thus began.
Thou art no longer, whom I lately saw,
Nor are thy cloaths, nor is thy port the same.
Thou art a God, I know, and dwell'st in heav'n.
Oh, smile on us, that we may yield thee rites
Acceptable, and present thee golden gifts
Elaborate; ah spare us, Pow'r divine!
To whom Ulysses, Hero toil-inured.
I am no God. Why deem'st thou me divine?
I am thy father, for whose sake thou lead'st
A life of woe, by violence oppress'd.
So saying, he kiss'd his son, while from his cheeks
Tears trickled, tears till then, perforce restrained.
Telemachus, (for he believed him not
His father yet) thus, wond'ring, spake again.
My father, said'st thou? no. Thou art not He,
But some Divinity beguiles my soul
With mock'ries, to afflict me still the more;
For never mortal man could so have wrought
By his own pow'r; some interposing God
Alone could render thee both young and old,
For old thou wast of late, and foully clad,

But

But wear'ſt the ſemblance, now, of thoſe in heav'n!
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
Telemachus! it is not well, my ſon!
That thou ſhould'ſt greet thy father with a face
Of wild aſtoniſhment, and ſtand aghaſt.
Ulyſſes, ſave myſelf, none comes, be ſure.
Such as thou ſeeſt, after ten thouſand woes
Which I have borne, I viſit once again
My native country in the twentieth year.
This wonder Athenæan Pallas wrought,
She cloath'd me even with what form ſhe would,
For ſo ſhe can. Now poor I ſeem and old,
Now young again, and clad in freſh attire.
The Gods who dwell in yonder heav'n, with eaſe
Dignify or debaſe a mortal man.
So ſaying, he ſat. Then threw Telemachus
His arms around his father's neck, and wept.
Deſire intenſe of lamentation ſeized
On both; ſoft murmurs utt'ring, each indulged
His grief, more frequent wailing than the bird,
(Eagle, or hook-nail'd vulture) from whoſe neſt
Some ſwain hath ſtol'n her yet unfeather'd young.
So from their eyelids they big drops diſtill'd
Of tend'reſt grief, nor had the ſetting ſun
Ceſſation of their weeping ſeen, had not
Telemachus his father thus addreſs'd.
What ſhip convey'd thee to thy native ſhore,
My father! and what country boaſt the crew?

For,

For, that on foot thou not arriv'dſt, is ſure.
Then thus divine Ulyſſes toil-inured.
My ſon! I will explicit all relate.
Conducted by Phæacia's maritime ſons
I came, a race accuſtom'd to convey
Strangers who viſit them acroſs the Deep.
Me, o'er the billows in a rapid bark
Borne ſleeping, on the ſhores of Ithaca
They lay'd; rich gifts they gave me alſo, braſs,
Gold in full bags, and beautiful attire,
Which, warn'd from heav'n, I have in caves conceal'd.
By Pallas prompted, hither I repair'd
That we might plan the ſlaughter of our foes,
Whoſe numbers tell me now, that I may know
How pow'rful, certainly, and who they are,
And conſultation with my dauntleſs heart
May hold, if we be able to contend
Ourſelves with all, or muſt have aid beſide.
Then, anſwer thus his ſon, diſcrete, return'd.
My father! thy renown hath ever rung
In thy ſon's ears, and by report thy force
In arms, and wiſdom I have oft been told.
But terribly thou ſpeak'ſt; amazement-fixt
I hear; can two a multitude oppoſe,
And valiant warriors all? for neither ten
Are they, nor twenty, but more num'rous far.
Learn, now, their numbers. Fifty youths and two
Came from Dulichium; they are choſen men,

And

And ſix attendants follow in their train;
From Samos twenty youths and four arrive,
Zacynthus alſo of Achaia's ſons
Sends twenty more, and our own iſland adds,
Herſelf, her twelve chief rulers; Medon, too,
Is there the herald, and the bard divine,
With other two, intendants of the board.
Should we within the palace, we alone,
Aſſail them all, I fear leſt thy revenge
Unpleaſant to thyſelf and deadly prove,
Fruſtrating thy return. But recollect—
Think, if thou canſt, on whoſe confed'rate arm
Strenuous on our behalf we may rely.

To him replied his patient father bold.
I will inform thee. Mark. Weigh well my words.
Will Pallas and the everlaſting Sire
Alone ſuffice? or need we other aids?

Then anſwer thus Telemachus return'd.
Good friends indeed are they whom thou haſt named,
Though throned above the clouds; for their controul
Is univerſal both in earth and heav'n.

To whom Ulyſſes, toil-worn Chief renown'd.
Not long will they from battle ſtand aloof,
When once, within my palace, in the ſtrength
Of Mars, to ſharp deciſion we ſhall urge
The ſuitors. But thyſelf at early dawn
Our manſion ſeek, that thou may'ſt mingle there
With that imperious throng; me in due time

Eumæus to the city ſhall conduct,
In form a miſerable beggar old.
But ſhould they with diſhonourable ſcorn
Inſult me, thou unmov'd my wrongs endure,
And ſhould they even drag me by the feet
Abroad, or ſmite me with the ſpear, thy wrath
Refraining, gently counſel them to ceaſe
From ſuch extravagance; but well I know
That ceaſe they will not, for their hour is come.
And mark me well; treaſure what now I ſay
Deep in thy ſoul. When Pallas ſhall, herſelf,
Suggeſt the meaſure, then, ſhaking my brows,
I will admoniſh thee; thou, at the ſign,
Remove what arms ſoever in the hall
Remain, and in the upper palace ſafe
Diſpoſe them; ſhould the ſuitors, miſſing them,
Perchance interrogate thee, then reply
Gently—I have removed them from the ſmoke;
For they appear no more the arms which erſt
Ulyſſes, going hence to Ilium, left,
But ſmirch'd and ſullied by the breath of fire.
This weightier reaſon (thou ſhalt alſo ſay)
Jove taught me; leſt, intoxicate with wine,
Ye ſhould aſſault each other in your brawls,
Shaming both feaſt and courtſhip; for the view
Itſelf of arms incites to their abuſe.
Yet leave two faulchions for ourſelves alone,
Two ſpears, two bucklers, which with ſudden force

Impetuous we will ſeize, and Jove all-wiſe
Their valour ſhall, and Pallas, ſteal away.
This word ſtore alſo in remembrance deep—
If mine in truth thou art, and of my blood,
Then, of Ulyſſes to his home returned
Let none hear news from thee, no, not my ſire
Laertes, nor Eumæus, nor of all
The menials any, or ev'n Penelope,
That thou and I, alone, may ſearch the drift
Of our domeſtic women, and may prove
Our ſerving-men, who honours and reveres
And who contemns us both, but chiefly thee
So gracious, and ſo worthy to be loved.
Him then thus anſwer'd his illuſtrious ſon.
Truſt me, my father! thou ſhalt ſoon be taught
That I am not of drowſy mind obtuſe.
But this I think not likely to avail
Or thee or me; ponder it yet again;
For tedious were the taſk, farm after farm
To viſit of thoſe ſervants, proving each,
And the proud ſuitors mercileſs devour
Meantime thy ſubſtance, nor abſtain from aught.
Learn, if thou wilt, (and I that courſe myſelf
Adviſe) who ſlights thee of the female train,
And who is guiltleſs; but I would not try
From houſe to houſe the men, far better proved
Hereafter, if in truth by ſigns from heav'n
Inform'd, thou haſt been taught the will of Jove.

Thus they conferr'd. The gallant bark, meantime,
Reach'd Ithaca, which from the Pylian ſhore
Had brought Telemachus with all his band.
Within the many-fathom'd port arrived
His luſty followers haled her far aground,
Then carried thence their arms, but to the houſe
Of Clytius the illuſtrious gifts convey'd.
Next, to the royal manſion they diſpatch'd
An herald, charged with tidings to the Queen,
That her Telemachus had reach'd the cot
Of good Eumæus, and the bark had ſent
Home to the city; leſt the matchleſs dame
Should ſtill deplore the abſence of her ſon.
They, then, the herald and the ſwine-herd, each
Bearing like meſſage to his miſtreſs, met;
And at the palace of the godlike Chief
Arriving, compaſs'd by the female throng
Inquiſitive, the herald thus began.
Thy ſon, O Queen! is ſafe; ev'n now return'd.
Then, drawing nigh to her, Eumæus told
His meſſage alſo from her ſon received;
And, his commiſſion punctually diſcharged,
Leaving the palace, ſought his home again.
Grief ſeized and anguiſh, at thoſe tidings, all
The ſuitors; iſſuing forth, on the outſide
Of the high wall they ſat, before the gate,
When Polybus' ſon, Eurymachus, began.

My

My friends! his arduous taſk, this voyage, deem'd
By us impoſſible, in our deſpight
Telemachus hath atchieved. Haſte! launch we forth
A ſable bark, our beſt, which let us man
With mariners expert, who, rowing forth
Swiftly, ſhall ſummon our companions home.
Scarce had he ſaid, when turning where he ſat,
Amphinomus beheld a bark arrived
Juſt then in port; he ſaw them furling ſail,
And ſeated with their oars in hand; he laugh'd
Through pleaſure at that ſight, and thus he ſpake.
Our meſſage may be ſpared. Lo! they arrive.
Either ſome God inform'd them, or they ſaw,
Themſelves, the veſſel of Telemachus
Too ſwiftly paſſing to be reach'd by theirs.
He ſpake; they, riſing, haſted to the ſhore.
Alert they drew the ſable bark aground,
And by his ſervant each his arms diſpatch'd
To his own home. Then, all, to council cloſe
Aſſembling, neither elder of the land
Nor youth allow'd to join them, and the reſt
Eupithes' ſon, Antinoüs, thus beſpake.
Ah! how the Gods have reſcued him! all day
Perch'd on the airy mountain-top, our ſpies
Succeſſive watch'd; and, when the ſun declined,
We never ſlept on ſhore, but all night long
'Till ſacred dawn aroſe, plow'd the abyſs,
Hoping Telemachus, that we might ſeize

And ſlay him, whom ſome Deity hath led,
In our deſpight, ſafe to his home again.
But frame we yet again means to deſtroy
Telemachus; ah—let not Him eſcape!
For end of this our taſk, while he ſurvives,
None ſhall be found, ſuch prudence he diſplays
And wiſdom, neither are the people now
Unanimous our friends as heretofore.
Come, then—prevent him, ere he call the Greeks
To council; for he will not long delay,
But will be angry, doubtleſs, and will tell
Amid them all, how we in vain deviſed
His death, a deed which they will ſcarce applaud,
But will, perhaps, puniſh and drive us forth
From our own country to a diſtant land.—
Prevent him, therefore, quickly; in the field
Slay him, or on the road; ſo ſhall his wealth
And his poſſeſſions on ourſelves devolve,
Which we will ſhare equally, but his houſe
Shall be the Queen's, and his whom ſhe ſhall wed.
Yet, if not ſo inclined, ye rather chuſe
That he ſhould live and occupy entire
His patrimony, then, no longer, here
Aſſembled, let us revel at his coſt,
But let us all with ſpouſal gifts produced
From our reſpective treaſures, woo the Queen,
Leaving her in full freedom to eſpouſe
Who proffers moſt, and whom the fates ordain.

He

He ceaſed; the aſſembly ſilent ſat and mute.
Then roſe Amphinomus amid them all,
Offspring renown'd of Niſus, ſon, himſelf,
Of King Aretias. He had thither led
The ſuitor train who from the pleaſant iſle
Corn-clad of green Dulichium had arrived,
And by his ſpeech pleaſed far beyond them all
Penelope, for he was juſt and wiſe,
And thus, well-counſelling the reſt, began.

Not I, my friends! far be the thought from me
To ſlay Telemachus! it were a deed
Momentous, terrible, to ſlay a prince.
Firſt, therefore, let us counſel aſk of heav'n,
And if Jove's oracle that courſe approve,
I will encourage you, and will myſelf
Be active in his death; but if the Gods
Forbid it, then, by my advice, forbear.

So ſpake Amphinomus, whom all approved.
Ariſing then, into Ulyſſes' houſe
They went, where each his ſplendid ſeat reſumed.

A novel purpoſe occupied, meantime,
Penelope; ſhe purpoſed to appear
Before her ſuitors, whoſe deſign to ſlay
Telemachus ſhe had from Medon learn'd,
The herald, for his ear had caught the ſound.
Toward the hall with her attendant train
She moved, and when, moſt graceful of her ſex,
Where ſat the ſuitors ſhe arrived, between

The columns ſtanding of the ſtately dome;
And cov'ring with her white veil's lucid folds
Her features, to Antinoüs thus ſhe ſpake.
Antinoüs, proud, contentious, evermore
To miſchief prone! the people deem thee wiſe
Paſt thy compeers, and in all grace of ſpeech
Pre-eminent, but ſuch waſt never thou.
Inhuman! why is it thy dark deſign
To ſlay Telemachus? and why with ſcorn
Rejecteſt thou the * ſuppliant's pray'r, which Jove
Himſelf hath witneſs'd? Plots pleaſe not the Gods.
Know'ſt not that thy own father refuge found,
Here, when he fled before the people's wrath
Whom he had irritated by a wrong
Which, with a band of Taphian robbers joined,
He offer'd to the Theſprots, our allies?
They would have torn his heart, and would have laid
All his delights and his poſſeſſions waſte,
But my Ulyſſes ſlaked the furious heat
Of their revenge, whom thou requiteſt now
Waſting his goods, ſoliciting his wife,
Slaying his ſon, and filling me with woe.
But ceaſe, I charge thee, and bid ceaſe the reſt.
To whom the ſon of Polybus replied,
Eurymachus,—Icarius' daughter wiſe!
Take courage, fair Penelope, and chace

* Alluding probably to entreaties made to him at ſome former time by herſelf and Telemachus, that he would not harm them. Clarke.

Theſe

Theſe fears unreaſonable from thy mind!
The man lives not, nor ſhall, who while I live,
And faculty of ſight retain, ſhall harm
Telemachus, thy ſon. For thus I ſay,
And thus will I perform; his blood ſhall ſtream
A ſable current from my lance's point
That moment; for the city-waſter Chief
Ulyſſes, oft, me placing on his knees,
Hath fill'd my infant graſp with ſav'ry food,
And giv'n me ruddy wine. I, therefore, hold
Telemachus of all men moſt my friend,
Nor hath he death to fear from hand of ours.
Yet, if the Gods ſhall doom him, die he muſt.

So he encouraged her, who yet, himſelf,
Plotted his death. She, re-aſcending, ſought
Her ſtately chamber, and, arriving there,
Deplored with tears her long-regretted Lord
'Till Athenæan Pallas azure-eyed
Dews of ſoft ſlumber o'er her lids diffuſed.

And now, at even-tide, Eumæus reach'd
Ulyſſes and his ſon. A yearling ſwine
Juſt ſlain they ſkilfully for food prepared,
When Pallas, drawing nigh, ſmote with her wand
Ulyſſes, at the ſtroke rend'ring him old,
And his apparel ſordid as before,
Left, knowing him, the ſwain at once ſhould ſeek
Penelope, and let the ſecret forth.

Then foremoſt him Telemachus addreſs'd.
Noble Eumæus! thou art come; what news
Bring'ſt from the city? Have the warrior band
Of ſuitors, hopeleſs of their ambuſh, reach'd
The port again, or wait they ſtill for me?
To whom Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
No time for ſuch enquiry, nor to range,
Curious, the ſtreets had I, but anxious wiſh'd
To make my meſſage known, and to return.
But, as it chanced, a nimble herald ſent
From thy companions, met me on the way,
Who reach'd thy mother firſt. Yet this I know,
For this I ſaw. Paſſing above the town
Where they have piled a way-ſide hill of ſtones
To Mercury, I beheld a gallant bark
Ent'ring the port; a bark ſhe was of ours,
The crew were num'rous, and I mark'd her deep-
Laden with ſhields and ſpears of double edge.
Theirs I conjectured her, and could no more.
He ſpake, and, by Eumæus unperceived,
Telemachus his father eyed and ſmiled.
Their taſk accompliſh'd, and the table ſpread,
They ate, nor any his due portion miſs'd,
And hunger, now, and thirſt both ſated, all
To reſt repair'd, and took the gift of ſleep.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

Telemachus returns to the city, and relates to his mother the principal paſſages of his voyage; Ulyſſes, conducted by Eumæus, arrives there alſo, and enters among the ſuitors, having been known only by his old dog Argus, who dies at his feet. The curioſity of Penelope being excited by the account which Eumæus gives her of Ulyſſes, ſhe orders him immediately into her preſence, but Ulyſſes poſtpones the interview 'till evening, when the ſuitors having left the palace, there ſhall be no danger of interruption. Eumæus returns to his cottage.

## BOOK XVII.

NOW look'd Aurora from the Eaſt abroad,
When the illuſtrious offspring of divine
Ulyſſes bound his ſandals to his feet;
He ſeized his ſturdy ſpear match'd to his gripe,
And to the city meditating quick
Departure now, the ſwine-herd thus beſpake.
Father! I ſeek the city, to convince
My mother of my ſafe return, whoſe tears,
I judge, and lamentation ſhall not ceaſe

'Till her own eyes behold me. But I lay
On thee this charge. Into the city lead,
Thyſelf, this hapleſs gueſt, that he may beg
Proviſion there, a morſel and a drop
From ſuch as may, perchance, vouchſafe the boon.
I cannot, vext and harraſs'd as I am
Feed all, and ſhould the ſtranger take offence,
The worſe for him. Plain truth is my delight.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Nor is it my deſire to be detained.
Better the mendicant in cities ſeeks
His dole, vouchſafe it whoſoever may,
Than in the villages. I am not young,
Nor longer of an age that well accords
With rural taſks, nor could I all perform
That it might pleaſe a maſter to command.
Go then, and when I ſhall have warm'd my limbs
Before the hearth, and when the riſen ſun
Shall ſomewhat chaſe the cold, thy ſervant's taſk
Shall be to guide me thither, as thou bidd'ſt.
For this is a vile garb; the froſty air
Of morning would benumb me thus attired,
And, as ye ſay, the city is remote.
He ended, and Telemachus in haſte
Set forth, his thoughts all teeming as he went,
With dire revenge. Soon in the palace-courts
Arriving, he reclined his ſpear againſt
A column, and proceeded to the hall.

Him

Him Euryclea, firſt, his nurſe perceived,
While on the variegated ſeats ſhe ſpread
Their fleecy cov'ring; ſwift with tearful eyes
She flew to him, and the whole female train
Of brave Ulyſſes ſwarm'd around his ſon,
Claſping him, and his forehead and his neck
Kiſſing affectionate; then came, herſelf,
As golden Venus or Diana fair,
Forth from her chamber to her ſon's embrace,
The chaſte Penelope; with tears ſhe threw
Her arms around him, his bright-beaming eyes
And forehead kiſs'd, and with a murmur'd plaint
Maternal, in wing'd accents thus began.

Thou haſt return'd, light of my eyes! my ſon!
My lov'd Telemachus! I had no hope
To ſee thee more when once thou hadſt embark'd
For Pylus, privily, and with no conſent
From me obtain'd, news ſeeking of thy ſire.
But haſte; unfold. Declare what thou haſt ſeen.

To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Ah mother! let my ſorrows reſt, nor me
From death ſo lately 'ſcaped afflict anew,
But, bathed and habited in freſh attire,
With all the maidens of thy train aſcend
To thy ſuperior chamber, there to vow
A perfect hecatomb to all the Gods,
When Jove ſhall have avenged our num'rous wrongs.
I ſeek the forum, there to introduce

A gueſt,

A gueſt, my follower from the Pylian ſhore,
Whom ſending forward with my noble band,
I bade Piræus to his own abode
Lead him, and with all kindneſs entertain
The ſtranger, 'till I ſhould myſelf arrive.
He ſpake, nor flew his words uſeleſs away.
She, bathed and habited in freſh attire,
Vow'd a full hecatomb to all the Gods,
Would Jove but recompenſe her num'rous wrongs.
Then, ſpear in hand, went forth her ſon, two dogs
Fleet-footed following him. O'er all his form
Pallas diffuſed a dignity divine,
And ev'ry eye gazed on him as he paſs'd.
The ſuitors throng'd him round, joy on their lips
And welcome, but deep miſchief in their hearts.
He, ſhunning all that crowd, choſe to himſelf
A ſeat, where Mentor ſat, and Antiphus,
And Halytherſes, long his father's friends
Sincere, who of his voyage much enquired.
Then drew Piræus nigh, leading his gueſt
Toward the forum; nor Telemachus
Stood long aloof, but greeted his approach,
And was accoſted by Piræus thus.
Sir! ſend thy menial women to bring home
The precious charge committed to my care,
Thy gifts at Menelaus' hands received.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Piræus! wait; for I not yet foreſee

The upſhot. Should theſe haughty ones effect
My death, clandeſtine, under my own roof,
And parcel my inheritance by lot,
I rather wiſh thoſe treaſures thine, than theirs.
But ſhould I with ſucceſs plan for them all
A bloody death, then, wing'd with joy, thyſelf
Bring home thoſe preſents to thy joyful friend.

So ſaying, he led the anxious ſtranger thence
Into the royal manſion, where arrived,
Each caſt his mantle on a couch or throne,
And plung'd his feet into a poliſh'd bath.
There waſh'd and lubricated with ſmooth oils,
From the attendant maidens each received
Tunic and ſhaggy mantle. Thus attired,
Forth from the baths they ſtepp'd, and ſat again.
A maiden, next, with golden ewer charged,
And ſilver bowl, pour'd water on their hands,
And ſpread the poliſh'd table, which with food
Of all kinds, remnants of the laſt regale,
The miſtreſs of the houſehold charge ſupplied.
Meantime, beſide a column of the dome
His mother, on a couch reclining, twirl'd
Her ſlender threads. They to the furniſh'd board
Stretch'd forth their hands, and, hunger now and thirſt
Both ſatisfied, Penelope began.

Telemachus! I will aſcend again,
And will repoſe me on my woeful bed;
For ſuch it hath been, and with tears of mine

Ceaſeleſs

Ceaſeleſs bedew'd, e'er ſince Ulyſſes went
With Atreus' ſons to Troy. For not a word
Thou would'ſt vouchſafe me 'till our haughty gueſts
Had occupied the houſe again, of all
That thou haſt heard (if aught indeed thou haſt)
Of thy long-abſent father's wiſh'd return.
Her anſwer'd then Telemachus diſcrete.
Mother! at thy requeſt I will with truth
Relate the whole. At Pylus' ſhore arrived
We Neſtor found, chief of the Pylian race.
Receiving me in his auguſt abode,
He entertain'd me with ſuch welcome kind
As a glad father ſhews to his own ſon
Long-loſt and newly found; ſo Neſtor me,
And his illuſtrious offspring, entertain'd,
But yet aſſured me that he nought had heard
From mortal lips of my magnanimous ſire,
Whether alive or dead; with his own ſteeds
He ſent me, and with ſplendid chariot thence
To ſpear-famed Menelaus, Atreus' ſon.
There ſaw I Helen, by the God's decree
Auth'reſs of trouble both to Greece and Troy.
The Hero Menelaus then enquired
What cauſe had urged me to the pleaſant vale
Of Lacedæmon; plainly I rehearſed
The occaſion, and the Hero thus replied.
Ye Gods! they are ambitious of the bed
Of a brave man, however baſe themſelves.

But,

But, as it chances when the hart hath laid
Her fawns new-yean'd and ſucklings yet, to reſt
In ſome reſiſtleſs lion's den, ſhe roams,
Meantime, the hills, and in the graſſy vales
Feeds heedleſs, but the lion to his lair
Returning ſoon, both her and hers deſtroys,
So ſhall thy father, brave Ulyſſes, them.
Jove! Pallas! and Apollo! oh that ſuch
As erſt in well-built Leſbos, where he ſtrove
With Philomelides, whom wreſtling, flat
He threw, when all Achaia's ſons rejoiced,
Ulyſſes, now, might mingle with his foes!
Short life and bitter nuptials ſhould be theirs.
But thy inquiries neither indirect
Will I evade, nor give thee falſe reply,
But all that from the * Antient of the Deep
I have received will utter, hiding nought.
The God declared that he had ſeen thy ſire
In a lone iſland, ſorrowing, and detain'd
An inmate in the grotto of the nymph
Calypſo, wanting alſo means by which
To reach the country of his birth again,
For neither gallant barks nor friends had he
To ſpeed his paſſage o'er the boundleſs waves.
So Menelaüs ſpake, the ſpear-renown'd.
My errand thus accompliſh'd, I return'd—

* Proteus.

And by the Gods with gales propitious bleſt,
Was wafted ſwiftly to my native ſhore.
He ſpake, and tumult in his mother's heart
So ſpeaking, raiſed. Conſolatory, next,
The godlike Theoclymenus began.
Conſort revered of Laertiades!
Little the Spartan knew, but liſt to me,
For I will plainly propheſy and ſure.
Be Jove of all in heav'n my witneſs firſt,
Then, this thy hoſpitable board, and, laſt,
The houſehold Gods of the illuſtrious Chief
Ulyſſes, at whoſe *hearth I have arrived,
That, even now, within his native iſle
Ulyſſes ſomewhere ſits, or creeps obſcure,
Witneſs of theſe enormities, and ſeeds
Sowing of dire deſtruction for his foes;
So ſure an augury, while on the deck
Reclining of the gallant bark, I ſaw,
And with loud voice proclaim'd it to thy ſon.
Him anſwer'd then Penelope diſcrete.
Grant heav'n, my gueſt, that this good word of thine
Fail not! then ſhalt thou ſoon ſuch bounty ſhare
And friendſhip at my hands, that at firſt ſight
Whoe'er ſhall meet thee ſhall pronounce thee bleſt.
Thus they conferr'd. Meantime the ſuitors hurl'd
The quoit and lance on the ſmooth area ſpread

* The hearth was the altar on which the lares or houſehold-gods were worſhip'd.

Before

Before Ulyſſes' gate, the cuſtom'd ſcene
Of their contentions, ſports, and clamours rude.
But when the hour of ſupper now approach'd,
And from the paſtures on all ſides the ſheep
Came with their wonted drivers, Medon then
(For he of all the heralds pleas'd them moſt,
And waited at the board) them thus addreſs'd.

Enough of play, young princes! ent'ring now
The houſe, prepare we ſedulous our feaſt,
Since in well-timed refreſhment harm is none.

He ſpake, whoſe admonition pleas'd. At once
All, riſing, ſought the palace; there arrived,
Each caſt his mantle off, which on his throne
Or couch he ſpread, then, briſk, to ſlaughter fell
Of many a victim; ſheep and goats and brawns,
They ſlew, all fatted, and a paſtur'd ox,
Haſt'ning the banquet; nor with leſs diſpatch
Ulyſſes and Eumæus now prepared
To ſeek the town, when thus the ſwain began.

My gueſt! ſince thy fixt purpoſe is to ſeek
This day the city as my maſter bade,
Though I, in truth, much rather wiſh thee here
A keeper of our herds, yet, through reſpect
And rev'rence of his orders, whoſe reproof
I dread, for maſters ſeldom gently chide,
I would be gone. Ariſe, let us depart,
For day already is far-ſpent, and ſoon
The air of even-tide will chill thee more.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
It is enough. I underſtand. Thou ſpeak'ſt
To one intelligent. Let us depart,
And lead, thyſelf, the way; but give me, firſt,
(If thou have one already hewn) a ſtaff
To lean on, for ye have deſcribed the road
Rugged, and oftimes dang'rous to the foot.
So ſaying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back
He caſt, ſuſpended by a leathern twiſt,
Eumæus gratified him with a ſtaff,
And forth they went, leaving the cottage kept
By dogs and ſwains. He city-ward his King
Led on, in form a ſqualid beggar old,
Halting, and in unſeemly garb attired.
But when, ſlow-travelling the craggy way,
They now approach'd the town, and had attain'd
The marble fountain deep, which with its ſtreams
Pellucid all the citizens ſupplied,
(Ithacus had that fountain framed of old,
With Neritus and Polyctor, over which
A grove of water-nouriſh'd alders hung
Circular on all ſides, while cold the rill
Ran from the rock, on whoſe tall ſummit ſtood
The altar of the nymphs, by all who paſs'd
With ſacrifice frequented, ſtill, and pray'r)
Melantheus, ſon of Dolius, at that fount
Met them; the choſen goats of ev'ry flock,
With two aſſiſtants, from the field he drove,

The

The ſuitors' ſupper. He, ſeeing them both,
In ſurly accent booriſh, ſuch as fired
Ulyſſes with reſentment, thus began.
Ay—this is well—The villain leads the vile—
Thus evermore the Gods join like to like.
Thou clumſy ſwine-herd, whither would'ſt conduct
This morſel-hunting mendicant obſcene,
Defiler baſe of banquets? many a poſt
Shall he rub ſmooth that props him while he begs
Lean alms, ſole object of his low purſuit,
Who ne'er to ſword or tripod yet aſpired.
Would'ſt thou afford him to me for a guard
Or ſweeper of my ſtalls, or to ſupply
My kids with leaves, he ſhould on bulkier thewes
Supported ſtand, though nouriſh'd but with whey.
But no ſuch uſeful arts hath he acquired,
Nor likes he work, but rather much to extort
From others food for his unſated maw.
But mark my propheſy, for it is true,
At famed Ulyſſes' houſe ſhould he arrive,
His ſides ſhall ſhatter many a footſtool hurl'd
Againſt them by the offended princes there.
He ſpake, and drawing nigh, with his rais'd foot,
Inſolent as he was and brutiſh, ſmote
Ulyſſes' haunch, yet ſhook not from his path
The firm-ſet Chief, who, doubtful, muſed awhile
Whether to ruſh on him, and with his ſtaff
To ſlay him, or uplifting him on high,

Downward

Downward to daſh him headlong; but his wrath
Reſtraining, calm he ſuffer'd the affront.
Him then Eumæus with indignant look
Rebuking, rais'd his hands, and fervent pray'd.
Nymphs of the fountains, progeny of Jove!
If e'er Ulyſſes on your altar burn'd
The thighs of fatted lambs or kidlings, grant
This my requeſt. O let the Hero ſoon,
Conducted by ſome Deity, return!
So ſhall he quell that arrogance which ſafe
Thou now indulgeſt, roaming day by day
The city, while bad ſhepherds mar the flocks.
To whom the goat-herd anſwer thus return'd
Melantheus. Marvellous! how rare a ſpeech
The ſubtle cur hath framed! whom I will ſend
Far hence at a convenient time on board
My bark, and ſell him at no little gain.
I would, that he who bears the ſilver bow
As ſure might pierce Telemachus this day
In his own houſe, or that the ſuitors might,
As that ſame wand'rer ſhall return no more!
He ſaid, and them left pacing ſlow along,
But ſoon, himſelf, at his Lord's houſe arrived;
There ent'ring bold, he with the ſuitors ſat
Oppoſite to Eurymachus, for him
He valued moſt. The ſewers his portion placed
Of meat before him, and the maiden, chief
Directreſs of the houſehold, gave him bread.

And

And now, Ulyſſes, with the ſwain his friend
Approach'd, when, hearing the harmonious lyre,
Both ſtood, for Phemius had begun his ſong.
He graſp'd the ſwine-herd's hand, and thus he ſaid.
This houſe, Eumæus! of Ulyſſes ſeems
Paſſing magnificent, and to be known
With eaſe for his among a thouſand more.
One pile ſupports another, and a wall
Creſted with battlements ſurrounds the court;
Firm, too, the folding doors all force of man
Defy; but num'rous gueſts, as I perceive,
Now feaſt within; witneſs the ſav'ry ſteam
Faſt-fuming upward, and the ſounding harp,
Divine aſſociate of the feſtive board.
To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
Thou haſt well gueſs'd; no wonder; thou art quick
On ev'ry theme; but let us well forecaſt
This buſineſs. Wilt thou, ent'ring firſt, thyſelf,
The ſplendid manſion, with the ſuitors mix,
Me leaving here? or ſhall I lead the way
While thou remain'ſt behind? yet linger not,
Leſt, ſeeing thee without, ſome ſervant ſtrike
Or drive thee hence. Conſider which were beſt.
Him anſwer'd, then, the patient Hero bold.
It is enough. I underſtand. Thou ſpeak'ſt
To one intelligent. Lead thou the way
Me leaving here, for neither ſtripes nor blows
To me are ſtrange. Much exerciſed with pain

In fight and on the Deep, I have long ſince
Learn'd patience. Follow, next, what follow may!
But, to ſuppreſs the appetite, I deem
Impoſſible; the ſtomach is a ſource
Of ills to man, an avaricious gulph
Deſtructive, which to ſatiate, ſhips are rigg'd,
Seas travers'd, and fierce battles waged remote.
Thus they diſcourſing ſtood; Argus the while,
Ulyſſes' dog, uplifted where he lay
His head and ears erect. Ulyſſes him
Had bred long ſince, himſelf, but rarely uſed,
Departing, firſt, to Ilium. Him the youths
In other days led frequent to the chace
Of wild goat, hart and hare; but now he lodg'd
A poor old caſt-off, of his Lord forlorn,
Where mules and oxen had before the gate
Much ordure left, with which Ulyſſes' hinds
Should, in due time, manure his ſpacious fields.
There lay, with dog-devouring vermin foul
All over, Argus; ſoon as he perceived
Long-loſt Ulyſſes nigh, down fell his ears
Clapp'd cloſe, and with his tail glad ſign he gave
Of gratulation, impotent to riſe
And to approach his maſter as of old.
Ulyſſes, noting him, wiped off a tear
Unmark'd, and of Eumæus quick enquired.
I can but wonder ſeeing ſuch a dog
Thus lodg'd, Eumæus! beautiful in form

He

He is, paſt doubt, but whether he hath been
As fleet as fair I know not; rather ſuch
Perchance as maſters ſometimes keep to grace
Their tables, nouriſh'd more for ſhow than uſe.
To whom Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
He is the dog of one dead far remote.
But had he now ſuch feat-performing ſtrength
As when Ulyſſes left him, going hence
To Ilium, in one moment thou ſhouldſt mark,
Aſtoniſh'd, his agility and force.
He never in the ſylvan deep receſs
The wild beaſt ſaw that 'ſcaped him, and he track'd
Their ſteps infallible; but he hath now
No comfort, for (the maſter dead afar)
The heedleſs ſervants care not for his dog.
Domeſtics, miſſing once their Lord's controul,
Grow wilful, and refuſe their proper taſks;
For whom Jove dooms to ſervitude, he takes
At once the half of that man's worth away.
He ſaid, and, ent'ring at the portal, join'd
The ſuitors. Then his deſtiny releaſed
Old Argos, ſoon as he had lived to ſee
Ulyſſes in the twentieth year reſtored.
Godlike Telemachus, long ere the reſt,
Marking the ſwine-herd's entrance, with a nod
Summon'd him to approach. Eumæus caſt
His eye around, and ſeeing vacant there
The ſeat which the diſpenſer of the feaſt

Was wont to occupy while he ſupplied
The num'rous gueſts, planted it right before
Telemachus, and at his table ſat,
On which the herald placed for him his ſhare
Of meat, and from the baſkets gave him bread.
Soon after *him*, Ulyſſes enter'd ſlow
The palace, like a ſqualid beggar old,
Staff-propp'd, and in looſe tatters foul attired.
Within the portal on the aſhen ſill
He ſat, and, ſeeming languid, lean'd againſt
A cypreſs pillar by the builder's art
Poliſh'd long ſince, and planted at the door.
Then took Telemachus a loaf entire
Forth from the elegant baſket, and of fleſh
A portion large as his two hands contained,
And, beck'ning cloſe the ſwine-herd, charged him thus.
Theſe to the ſtranger; whom adviſe to aſk
Some dole from ev'ry ſuitor; baſhful fear
Ill ſuits the mendicant by want oppreſs'd.
He ſpake; Eumæus went, and where he ſat
Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began.
Telemachus, oh ſtranger, ſends thee theſe,
And counſels thee to importune for more
The ſuitors, one by one; for baſhful fear
Ill ſuits the mendicant by want oppreſs'd.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Jove, King of all, grant ev'ry good on earth
To kind Telemachus, and the complete

Accompliſhment

Accompliſhment of all that he deſires!
He ſaid, and with both hands outſpread, the meſs
Receiving as he ſat, on his worn bag
Diſpoſed it at his feet. Long as the bard
Chaunted, he ate, and when he ceas'd to eat,
Then alſo ceas'd the bard divine to ſing.
And now enſued loud clamour in the hall
And tumult, when Minerva, drawing nigh
To Laertiades, impell'd the Chief
Cruſts to collect, or any pittance ſmall
At ev'ry ſuitor's hand, for trial's ſake
Of juſt and unjuſt; yet deliv'rance none
From evil ſhe deſign'd for any there.
From *left to right his progreſs he began
Petitioning, with outſtretch'd hands, the throng,
As one familiar with the beggar's art.
They, pitying, gave to him, but view'd him ſtill
With wonder, and enquiries mutual made
Who, and whence was he? Then the goat-herd roſe
Melanthius, and th' aſſembly thus addreſs'd.
Hear me, ye ſuitors of th' illuſtrious Queen!
This gueſt, of whom ye aſk, I have beheld
Elſewhere; the ſwine-herd brought him; but himſelf
I know not, neither who nor whence he is.
So he; then thus Antinoüs ſtern rebuked
The ſwine-herd. Ah, notorious as thou art,

* That he might begin auſpiciouſly. Wine was ſerved in the ſame direction. F.

Why haſt thou ſhewn this vagabond the way
Into the city? are we not enough
Infeſted with theſe troublers of our feaſts?
Deem'ſt it a trifle that ſuch numbers eat
At thy Lord's coſt, and haſt thou, therefore, led
This fellow hither, found we know not where?
To whom Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
Antinoüs! though of high degree, thou ſpeak'ſt
Not wiſely. What man to another's houſe
Repairs to invite him to a feaſt, unleſs
He be of thoſe who by profeſſion ſerve
The public, prophet, healer of diſeaſe,
Ingenious artiſt, or ſome bard divine
Whoſe muſic may exhilarate the gueſts?
Theſe, and ſuch only, are in ev'ry land
Call'd to the banquet; none invites the poor,
Who much conſume, and no requital yield.
But thou of all the ſuitors roughly treat'ſt
Ulyſſes' ſervants moſt, and chiefly me;
Yet thee I heed not, while the virtuous Queen
Dwells in this palace, and her godlike ſon.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Peace! anſwer not verboſe a man like him.
Antinoüs hath a tongue accuſtom'd much
To tauntings, and promotes them in the reſt.
Then, turning to Antinoüs, quick he ſaid—
Antinoüs! as a father for his ſon
Takes thought, ſo thou for me, who bidd'ſt me chaſe

The ſtranger harſhly hence; but *God forbid!
Impart to him. I grudge not, but myſelf
Exhort thee to it; neither, in this cauſe,
Fear thou the Queen, or in the leaſt regard
Whatever menial throughout all the houſe
Of famed Ulyſſes. Ah! within thy breaſt
Dwells no ſuch thought; thou lov'ſt not to impart
To others, but to gratify thyſelf.

To whom Antinoüs anſwer thus return'd.
High-ſoaring and intemp'rate in thy ſpeech
How haſt thou ſaid, Telemachus? Would all
As much beſtow on him, he ſhould not ſeek
Admittance here again three months to come.

So ſaying, he ſeized the ſtool which, banquetting,
He preſs'd with his nice feet, and from beneath
The table forth advanced it into view.
The reſt all gave to him, with bread and fleſh
Filling his wallet, and Ulyſſes, now,
Returning to his threſhold, there to taſte
The bounty of the Greeks, pauſed in his way
Beſide Antinoüs, whom he thus addreſs'd.

Kind ſir, vouchſafe to me! for thou appear'ſt
Not leaſt, but greateſt of the Achaians here,
And haſt a kingly look. It might become
Thee therefore above others to beſtow,
So ſhould I praiſe thee whereſoe'er I roam.
I alſo lived the happy owner once
Of ſuch a ſtately manſion, and have giv'n

* Here again Θεὸς occurs in the abſtract.

To

To num'rous wand'rers (whenceſoe'er they came)
All that they needed; I was alſo ſerved
By many, and enjoy'd all that denotes
The envied owner opulent and bleſt.
But Jove (for ſo it pleas'd him) hath reduced
My all to nothing, prompting me, in league
With rovers of the Deep, to ſail afar
To Ægypt, for my ſure deſtruction there.
Within th' Ægyptian ſtream my barks well-oar'd
I ſtation'd, and, enjoining ſtrict my friends
To watch them cloſe-attendant at their ſide,
Commanded ſpies into the hill-tops; but they,
Under the impulſe of a ſpirit raſh
And hot for quarrel, the well-cultur'd fields
Pillaged of the Ægyptians, captive led
Their wives and little-ones, and ſlew the men.
Ere long, the loud alarm their city reach'd.
Down came the citizens, by dawn of day,
With horſe and foot and with the gleam of arms
Filling the plain. Then Jove with panic dread
Struck all my people; none found courage more
To ſtand, for miſchiefs ſwarm'd on ev'ry ſide.
There, num'rous by the glitt'ring ſpear we fell
Slaughter'd, while others they conducted thence
Alive to ſervitude; but me they gave
To Dmetor, King in Cyprus, Jaſus' ſon;
He entertain'd me liberally, and thence
This land I reach'd, but poor and woe-begone.

Then

Then anſwer thus Antinoüs harſh return'd.
What dæmon introduced this nuiſance here,
This troubler of our feaſt? ſtand yonder, keep
Due diſtance from my table, or expect
To ſee an Ægypt and a Cyprus worſe
Than thoſe, bold mendicant and void of ſhame!
Thou haunteſt each, and, inconſid'rate, each
Gives to thee, becauſe gifts at others coſt
Are cheap, and, plentifully ſerv'd themſelves,
They ſquander, heedleſs, viands not their own.
To whom Ulyſſes while he ſlow retired.
Gods! how illib'ral with that ſpecious form!
Thou wouldſt not grant the poor a grain of ſalt
From thy own board, who at another's fed
So nobly, canſt not ſpare a cruſt to me.
He ſpake; then raged Antinoüs ſtill the more,
And in wing'd accents, louring, thus replied.
Take ſuch diſmiſſion now as thou deſerv'ſt,
Opprobrious! haſt thou dared to ſcoff at me?
So ſaying, he ſeized his ſtool, and on the joint
Of his right ſhoulder ſmote him; firm as rock
He ſtood, by no ſuch force to be diſplaced,
But ſilent ſhook his brows, and dreadful deeds
Of vengeance ruminating, ſought again
His ſeat the threſhold, where his bag full-charged
He grounded, and the ſuitors thus addreſs'd.
Hear now, ye ſuitors of the matchleſs Queen,
My boſom's dictates. Trivial is the harm,

Scarce

Scarce felt, if, fighting for his own, his ſheep
Perchance, or beeves, a man receive a blow.
But me Antinoüs ſtruck for that I aſk'd
Food from him merely to appeaſe the pangs
Of hunger, ſource of num'rous ills to man.
If then the poor man have a God t' avenge
His wrongs, I pray to him that death may ſeize
Antinoüs, ere his nuptial hour arrive!

To whom Antinoüs anſwer thus return'd,
Son of Eupithes. Either ſeated there
Or going hence, eat, ſtranger, and be ſtill;
Leſt for thy inſolence, by hand or foot
We drag thee forth, and thou be flay'd alive.

He ceaſed, whom all indignant heard, and thus
Ev'n his own proud companions cenſured him.

Antinoüs! thou didſt not well to ſmite
The wretched vagabond. O thou art doom'd
For ever, if * there be a God in heav'n;
For, in ſimilitude of ſtrangers oft,
The Gods, who can with eaſe all ſhapes aſſume,
Repair to populous cities, where they mark
The outrageous and the righteous deeds of men.

* Ει δη πω τις επουρανιος θεος ειϛι.

Euſtathius, and Clarke after him, underſtand an apoſiopeſis here, as if the ſpeaker meant to ſay—what if there ſhould be? or—ſuppoſe there ſhould be? But the ſentence ſeems to fall in better with what follows interpreted as above, and it is a ſenſe of the paſſage not unwarranted by the opinion of other commentators.

See Schaufelbergerus.

So

So they, for whoſe reproof he little cared.
But in his heart Telemachus that blow
Reſented, anguiſh-torn, yet not a tear
He ſhed, but ſilent ſhook his brows, and muſed
Terrible things. Penelope, meantime,
Told of the wand'rer ſo abuſed beneath
Her roof, among her maidens thus exclaim'd.

So may Apollo, glorious archer, ſmite
Thee alſo! Then Eurynome replied,
Oh might our pray'rs prevail, none of them all
Should ſee bright-charioted Aurora more.

Her anſwer'd then Penelope diſcrete.
Nurſe! they are odious all, for that alike
All teem with miſchief; but Antinoüs' looks
Remind me ever of the gloom of death.
A ſtranger hath arrived who, begging, roams
The houſe, (for ſo his penury enjoins)
The reſt have giv'n him, and have fill'd his bag
With viands, but Antinoüs hath bruiſed
His ſhoulder with a foot-ſtool hurl'd at him.

While thus the Queen converſing with her train
In her own chamber ſat, Ulyſſes made
Plenteous repaſt. Then, calling to her ſide
Eumæus, thus ſhe ſignified her will.

Eumæus, noble friend! bid now approach
Yon ſtranger. I would ſpeak with him, and aſk
If he have ſeen Ulyſſes, or have heard
Tidings, perchance, of the afflicted Chief,

For much a wand'rer by his garb he ſeems.
To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
Were thoſe Achaians ſilent, thou ſhould'ſt hear,
O Queen! a tale that would conſole thy heart.
Three nights I houſed him, and within my cot
Three days detain'd him, (for his ſhip he left
A fugitive, and came direct to me)
But half untold his hiſt'ry ſtill remains.
As when his eye one fixes on a bard
From heav'n inſtructed in ſuch themes as charm
The ear of mortals, ever as he ſings
The people preſs, inſatiable, to hear,
So, in my cottage, ſeated at my ſide,
That ſtranger with his tale enchanted me.
Laërtes, he affirms, hath been his gueſt
Erewhile in Crete, where Minos' race reſides,
And thence he hath arrived, after great loſs,
A ſuppliant to the very earth abaſed;
He adds, that in Theſprotia's neighbour realm
He of Ulyſſes heard, both that he lives,
And that he comes laden with riches home.
To whom Penelope, diſcrete, replied.
Haſte; call him. I would hear, myſelf, his tale.
Meantime, let theſe, or in the palace gate
Sport jocular, or here; their hearts are light,
For their poſſeſſions are ſecure; *their* wine
None drinks, or eats *their* viands, ſave their own,
While my abode, day after day, themſelves

Haunting,

Haunting, my beeves and ſheep and fatted goats
Slay for the banquet, and my caſks exhauſt
Extravagant, whence endleſs waſte enſues;
For no ſuch friend as was Ulyſſes once
Have I to expel the miſchief. But might he
Reviſit once his native ſhores again,
Then, aided by his ſon, he ſhould avenge,
Incontinent, the wrongs which now I mourn.
Then ſneezed Telemachus with ſudden force,
That all the palace rang; his mother laugh'd,
And in wing'd accents thus the ſwain beſpake.
Haſte—bid him hither—heard'ſt thou not the ſneeze
Propitious of my ſon? oh might it prove
A preſage of inevitable death
To all theſe revellers! may none eſcape!
Now mark me well. Should the event his tale
Confirm, at my own hands he ſhall receive
Mantle and tunic both for his reward.
She ſpake; he went, and where Ulyſſes ſat
Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began.
Penelope, my venerable friend!
Calls thee, the mother of Telemachus.
Oppreſs'd by num'rous troubles, ſhe deſires
To aſk thee tidings of her abſent Lord.
And ſhould the event verify thy report,
Thy meed ſhall be (a boon which much thou need'ſt)
Tunic and mantle; but ſhe gives no more;

Thy *ſuſtenance thou muſt, as now, obtain,
Begging it at their hands who chuſe to give.
Then thus Ulyſſes, Hero toil-inured.
Eumæus! readily I can relate
Truth, and truth only, to the prudent Queen
Icarius' daughter; for of him I know
Much, and have ſuffer'd ſorrows like his own.
But dread I feel of this imperious throng
Perverſe, whoſe riot and outrageous acts
Of violence echo through the vault of heav'n.
And, even now, when for no fault of mine
Yon ſuitor ſtruck me as I paſs'd, and fill'd
My fleſh with pain, neither Telemachus
Nor any interpoſed to ſtay his arm.
Now, therefore, let Penelope, although
Impatient, 'till the ſun deſcend poſtpone
Her queſtions; then ſhe may enquire ſecure
When comes her huſband, and may nearer place
My ſeat to the hearth-ſide, for thinly clad
Thou know'ſt I am, whoſe aid I firſt implored.
He ceas'd; at whoſe reply Eumæus ſought
Again the Queen, but ere he yet had paſs'd
The threſhold, thus ſhe greeted his return.
Com'ſt thou alone, Eumæus? why delays
The invited wand'rer? dreads he other harm?

* This ſeems added by Eumæus to cut off from Ulyſſes the hope that might otherwiſe tempt him to uſe fiction.

Or

Or ſees he aught that with a baſhful awe
Fills him? the baſhful poor are poor indeed.
To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
He hath well ſpoken; none who would decline
The rudeneſs of this contumelious throng
Could anſwer otherwiſe; thee he entreats
To wait 'till ſun-ſet, and that courſe, O Queen,
Thou ſhalt thyſelf far more commodious find,
To hold thy conf'rence with the gueſt, alone.
Then anſwer thus Penelope return'd.
The ſtranger, I perceive, is not unwiſe,
Whoe'er he be, for on the earth are none
Proud, inſolent, and profligate as theſe.
So ſpake the Queen. Then (all his meſſage told)
The good Eumæus to the ſuitors went
Again, and with his head inclined toward
Telemachus, leſt others ſhould his words
Witneſs, in accents wing'd him thus addreſs'd.
Friend and kind maſter! I return to keep
My herds, and to attend my rural charge,
Whence we are both ſuſtain'd. Keep thou, meantime,
All here with vigilance, but chiefly watch
For thy own good, and ſave *thyſelf* from harm;
For num'rous here brood miſchief, whom the Gods
Exterminate, ere yet their plots prevail!
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
So be it, father! and (thy evening-meſs
Eaten) depart; to-morrow come again,

Bringing

Bringing fair victims hither; I will keep,
I and the Gods, meantime, all here ſecure.
He ended; then reſumed once more the ſwain
His poliſh'd ſeat, and, both with wine and food
Now ſatiate, to his charge return'd, the court
Leaving and all the palace throng'd with gueſts;
They (for it now was evening) all alike
Turn'd jovial to the ſong and to the dance.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

The beggar Irus arrives at the palace; a combat takes place between him and Ulyſſes, in which Irus is by one blow vanquiſhed. Penelope appears to the ſuitors, and having reminded them of the preſents which ſhe had a right to expect from them, receives a gift from each. Eurymachus, provoked by a ſpeech of Ulyſſes, flings a footſtool at him, which knocks down the cup-bearer; a general tumult is the conſequence, which continues 'till by the advice of Telemachus, ſeconded by Amphinomus, the ſuitors retire to their reſpective homes.

## BOOK XVIII.

NOW came a public mendicant, a man
Accuſtom'd, ſeeking alms, to roam the ſtreets
Of Ithaca; one never ſated yet
With food or drink; yet muſcle had he none,
Or ſtrength of limb, though giant-built in ſhow.
Arnæus was the name which at his birth
His mother gave him, but the youthful band
Of ſuitors, whom as meſſenger he ſerved,
All named him Irus. He, arriving, ſought
To drive Ulyſſes forth from his own home,

And

And in rough accents rude him thus rebuked.
Forth from the porch, old man! left by the foot
I drag thee quickly forth. Seeſt not how all
Wink on me, and by ſigns give me command
To drag thee hence? nor is it aught but ſhame
That checks me. Yet ariſe, leſt ſoon with fiſts
Thou force me to adjuſt our diff'rence.
To whom Ulyſſes, low'ring dark, replied.
Peace, fellow! neither word nor deed of mine
Wrongs thee, nor feel I envy at the boon,
However plentiful, which thou receiv'ſt.
The ſill may hold us both; thou doſt not well
To envy others; thou appear'ſt like me
A vagrant; plenty is the gift of heav'n.
But urge me not to trial of our fiſts,
Leſt thou provoke me, and I ſtain with blood
Thy boſom and thy lips, old as I am.
So, my attendance ſhould to-morrow prove
More tranquil here; for thou ſhould'ſt leave, I judge,
Ulyſſes' manſion, never to return.
Then anſwer'd Irus, kindling with diſdain.
Gods! with what volubility of ſpeech
The table-hunter prates, like an old hag
Collied with chimney-ſmutch! but ah beware!
For I intend thee miſchief, and to daſh
With both hands ev'ry grinder from thy gums,
As men untooth a pig pilf'ring the corn.
Come—gird thee, that all here may view the ſtrife—

But

But how wilt thou oppoſe one young as I?
Thus on the threſhold of the lofty gate
They, wrangling, chafed each other, whoſe diſpute
The high-born youth Antinoüs mark'd; he laugh'd
Delighted, and the ſuitors thus addreſs'd.
Oh friends! no paſtime ever yet occurr'd
Pleaſant as this which, now, the Gods themſelves
Afford us. Irus and the ſtranger brawl
As they would box. Haſte—let us urge them on,
He ſaid; at once loud-laughing all aroſe;
The ill-clad diſputants they round about
Encompaſs'd, and Antinoüs thus began.
Attend ye noble ſuitors to my voice.
Two paunches lie of goats here on the fire,
Which fill'd with fat and blood we ſet apart
For ſupper; he who conquers, and in force
Superior proves, ſhall freely take the paunch
Which he prefers, and ſhall with us thenceforth
Feaſt always; neither will we here admit
Poor man beſide to beg at our repaſts.
He ſpake, whom all approved; next, artful Chief
Ulyſſes thus, diſſembling, them addreſs'd.
Princes! unequal is the ſtrife between
A young man and an old with mis'ry worn;
But hunger, always counſellor of ill,
Me moves to fight, that many a bruiſe received,
I may be foil'd at laſt. Now ſwear ye all
A ſolemn oath, that none, for Irus' ſake

Shall, interpoſing, ſmite me with his fiſt
Clandeſtine, forcing me to yield the prize.
He ceas'd, and, as he bade, all preſent ſwore
A ſolemn oath; then thus, amid them all
Standing, Telemachus majeſtic ſpake.
Gueſt! if thy courage and thy manly mind
Prompt thee to baniſh this man hence, no force
Fear thou beſide, for who ſmites thee, ſhall find
Yet other foes to cope with; I am here
In the hoſt's office, and the royal Chiefs
Eurymachus and Antinoüs, alike
Diſcrete, accord unanimous with me.
He ceas'd, whom all approved. Then, with his rags
Ulyſſes braced for decency his loins
Around, but gave to view his brawny thighs
Proportion'd fair, and ſtripp'd his ſhoulders broad,
His cheſt and arms robuſt; while, at his ſide,
Dilating more the Hero's limbs and more
Minerva ſtood; the aſſembly with fixt eyes
Aſtoniſh'd gazed on him, and, looking full
On his next friend, a ſuitor thus remark'd.
Irus ſhall be in Irus found no more.
He hath pull'd evil on himſelf. What thewes
And what a haunch the ſenior's tatters hid!
So he—meantime in Irus' heart aroſe
Horrible tumult; yet, his loins by force
Girding, the ſervants dragg'd him to the fight
Pale, and his fleſh all quiv'ring as he came;

Whoſe

Whoſe terrors thus Antinoüs ſharp rebuked.
Now, wherefore liv'ſt, and why waſt ever born
Thou mountain-maſs of earth! if ſuch diſmay
Shake thee at thought of combat with a man
Antient as he, and worn with many woes?
But mark, I threaten not in vain; ſhould he
O'ercome thee, and in force ſuperior prove,
To Echetus thou go'ſt; my ſable bark
Shall waft thee to Epirus, where he reigns
Enemy of mankind; of noſe and ears
He ſhall deſpoil thee with his ruthleſs ſteel,
* And tearing by the roots the parts away
That mark thy ſex, ſhall caſt them to the dogs.
He ſaid; *His* limbs new terrors at that ſound
Shook under him; into the middle ſpace
They led him, and each raiſed his hands on high.
Then doubtful ſtood Ulyſſes toil-inured,
Whether to ſtrike him lifeleſs to the earth
At once, or fell him with a managed blow.
To ſmite with managed force at length he choſe
As wiſeſt, leſt, betray'd by his own ſtrength,
He ſhould be known. With elevated fiſts
Both ſtood; him Irus on the ſhoulder ſtruck,
But he his adverſary on the neck
Paſh'd cloſe beneath his ear; he ſplit the bones,

* Tradition ſays that Echetus, for a love-affair, condemned his daughter to loſe her eyes, and to grind iron barley-grains, while her lover was doomed to ſuffer what Antinoüs threatens to Irus. F.

And blood in ſable ſtreams ran from his mouth.
With many an hideous yell he dropp'd, his teeth
Chatter'd, and with his heels he drumm'd the ground.
The wooers, at that ſight, lifting their hands
In glad ſurprize, laugh'd all their breath away.
Then, through the veſtibule, and right acroſs
The court, Ulyſſes dragg'd him by the foot,
Into the portico, where propping him
Againſt the wall, and giving him his ſtaff,
In accents wing'd he bade him thus farewell.
There ſeated now, dogs drive and ſwine away,
Nor claim (thyſelf ſo baſe) ſupreme controul
O'er other gueſts and mendicants, leſt harm
Reach thee, hereafter, heavier ſtill than this.
So ſaying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back
He threw ſuſpended by its leathern twiſt,
And tow'rd the threſhold turning, ſat again.
They laughing ceaſeleſs ſtill, the palace-door
Re-enter'd, and him, courteous, thus beſpake.
Jove, and all Jove's aſſeſſors in the ſkies
Vouchſafe thee, ſtranger, whatſoe'er it be,
Thy heart's deſire! who haſt our ears reliev'd
From that inſatiate beggar's irkſome tone.
Soon to Epirus he ſhall go, diſpatch'd
To Echetus the King, peſt of mankind.
So they; to whoſe propitious words the Chief
Liſten'd delighted. Then Antinoüs placed
The paunch before him, and Amphinomus

Two

Two loaves, ſelected from the reſt; he fill'd
A goblet alſo, drank to him, and ſaid,
My father, hail! O ſtranger, be thy lot
Hereafter bleſt, though adverſe now and hard!
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
To me, Amphinomus, endued thou ſeem'ſt
With much diſcretion, who art alſo ſon
Of ſuch a ſire, whoſe fair report I know,
Dulichian Nyſus opulent and good.
Fame ſpeaks thee his, and thou appear'ſt a man
Judicious; hear me, therefore; mark me well.
Earth nouriſhes, of all that breathe or creep,
No creature weak as man; for while the Gods
Grant him proſperity and health, no fear
Hath he, or thought, that he ſhall ever mourn;
But when the Gods with evils unforeſeen
Smite him, he bears them with a grudging mind;
For ſuch as the complexion of his lot
By the appointment of the Sire of all,
Such is the colour of the mind of man.
I, too, have been familiar in my day
With wealth and eaſe, but I was then ſelf-will'd,
And many wrong'd, emboldened by the thought
Of my own father's and my brethren's pow'r.
Let no man, therefore, be unjuſt, but each
Uſe modeſtly what gift ſoe'er of heav'n.
So do not theſe. Theſe ever bent I ſee
On deeds injurious, the poſſeſſions large

Conſuming,

Conſuming, and diſhonouring the wife
Of one, who will not, as I judge, remain
Long abſent from his home, but is, perchance,
Ev'n at the door. Thee, therefore, may the Gods
Steal hence in time! ah, meet not his return
To his own country! for they will not part,
(He and the ſuitors) without blood, I think,
If once he enter at theſe gates again!

He ended, and, libation pouring, quaff'd
The generous juice, then in the prince's hand
Replaced the cup; he, penſive, and his head
Inclining low, paſs'd from him; for his heart
Foreboded ill; yet 'ſcaped not even he,
But in the ſnare of Pallas caught, his life
To the heroic arm and ſpear reſign'd
Of brave Telemachus. Reaching, at length,
The ſeat whence he had ris'n, he ſat again.

Minerva then, Goddeſs cærulean-eyed,
Prompted Icarius' daughter to appear
Before the ſuitors; ſo to expoſe the more
Their drift iniquitous, and that herſelf
More bright than ever in her huſband's eyes
Might ſhine, and in her ſon's. Much mirth ſhe * feign'd,
And, burſting into laughter, thus began.

I wiſh, Eurynome! (who never felt
That wiſh 'till now) though I deteſt them all,

* This ſeems the ſort of laughter intended by the word Αχρειον.

To

To appear before the ſuitors, in whoſe ears
I will admoniſh, for his good, my ſon,
Not to aſſociate with that lawleſs crew
Too much, who ſpeak him fair, but foul intend.
Then anſwer thus Eurynome return'd.
My daughter! wiſely haſt thou ſaid and well.
Go! bathe thee and anoint thy face, then give
To thy dear ſon ſuch counſel as thou wilt
Without reſerve; but ſhew not there thy cheeks
Sullied with tears, for profit none accrues
From grief like thine, that never knows a change.
And he is now bearded, and hath attained
That age which thou waſt wont with warmeſt pray'r
To implore the Gods that he might live to ſee.
Her anſwer'd, then, Penelope diſcrete.
Perſuade not me, though ſtudious of my good,
To bathe, Eurynome! or to anoint
My face with oil; for all my charms the Gods
Inhabitants of Olympus then deſtroy'd
When he, embarking, left me. Go, command
Hippodamia and Autonöe
That they attend me to the hall, and wait
Beſide me there; for decency forbids
That I ſhould enter to the men, alone.
She ceas'd, and through the houſe the antient dame
Haſted to ſummon whom ſhe had enjoin'd.
But Pallas, Goddeſs of the azure eyes,
Diffuſed, meantime, the kindly dew of ſleep

Around

Around Icarius' daughter; on her couch
Reclining, ſoon as ſhe reclin'd, ſhe dozed,
And yielded to ſoft ſlumber all her frame.
Then, that the ſuitors might admire her more,
The glorious Goddeſs cloath'd her, as ſhe lay,
With beauty of the ſkies; her lovely face
She with ambroſia purified, with ſuch
As Cytherea chaplet-crown'd employs
Herſelf, when in the eye-enſnaring dance
She joins the Graces; to a ſtatelier height
Beneath her touch, and ampler ſize ſhe grew,
And fairer than the elephantine bone
Freſh from the carver's hand. Theſe gifts conferr'd
Divine, the awful Deity retired.
And now, loud-prattling as they came, arrived
Her handmaids; ſleep forſook her at the ſound,
She wiped away a tear, and thus ſhe ſaid.

Me gentle ſleep, ſad mourner as I am,
Hath here involved. O would that by a death
As gentle chaſte Diana would herſelf
This moment ſet me free, that I might waſte
My life no longer in heart-felt regret
Of a lamented huſband's various worth
And virtue, for in Greece no Peer had he!

She ſaid, and through her chambers' ſtately door
Iſſuing, deſcended; neither went ſhe ſole,
But with thoſe two fair menials of her train.
Arriving, moſt majeſtic of her ſex,

In preſence of the num'rous gueſts, beneath
The portal of the ſtately dome ſhe ſtood
Between her maidens, with her lucid veil
Mantling her lovely cheeks. Then, ev'ry knee
Trembled, and ev'ry heart with am'rous heat
Diſſolv'd, her charms all coveting alike,
While to Telemachus her ſon ſhe ſpake.

Telemachus! thou art no longer wiſe
As once thou waſt, and even when a child.
For thriven as thou art, and at full ſize
Arrived of man, ſo fair-proportion'd, too,
That ev'n a ſtranger, looking on thy growth
And beauty, would pronounce thee nobly born,
Yet is thy intellect ſtill immature.
For what is this? why ſuffer'ſt thou a gueſt
To be abuſed in thy own palace? how?
Know'ſt not that if the ſtranger ſeated here
Endure vexation, the diſgrace is thine?

Her anſwer'd, then, Telemachus diſcrete.
I blame thee not, my mother, that thou feel'ſt
Thine anger moved; yet want I not a mind
Able to mark and to diſcern between
Evil and good, child as I lately was,
Although I find not promptitude of thought
Sufficient always, overaw'd and check'd
By ſuch a multitude, all bent alike
On miſchief, of whom none takes part with me.
But Irus and the ſtranger have not fought,

Urged by the ſuitors, and the ſtranger prov'd
Victorious; yes—heav'n knows how much I wiſh
That, (in the palace ſome, ſome in the court)
The ſuitors all ſat vanquiſh'd, with their heads
Depending low, and with enfeebled limbs,
Even as that ſame Irus, while I ſpeak,
With chin on boſom propp'd at the hall-gate
Sits drunkard-like, incapable to ſtand
Erect, or to regain his proper home.
So they; and now addreſſing to the Queen
His ſpeech, Eurymachus thus interpoſed.
O daughter of Icarius! could all eyes
Throughout * Iäſian Argos view thy charms,
Diſcrete Penelope! more ſuitors ſtill
Aſſembling in thy courts would banquet here
From morn to eve; for thou ſurpaſſeſt far
In beauty, ſtature, worth, all womankind.
To whom replied Penelope diſcrete.
The Gods, Eurymachus! reduced to nought
My virtue, beauty, ſtature, when the Greeks,
Whom my Ulyſſes follow'd, ſail'd to Troy.
Could he, returning, my domeſtic charge
Himſelf intend, far better would my fame
Be ſo ſecured, and wider far diffuſed.
But I am wretched now, ſuch ſtorms the Gods

* From Iäſus, once King of Peloponneſus.

Of

Of woe have ſent me. When he left his home,
Claſping my wriſt with his right hand, he ſaid.
My love! for I imagine not that all
The warrior Greeks ſhall ſafe from Troy return,
Since fame reports the Trojans brave in fight,
Skill'd in the ſpear, mighty to draw the bow,
And nimble vaulters to the backs of ſteeds
High-mettled, which to ſpeedieſt iſſue bring
The dreadful ſtruggle of all-waſting war—
I know not, therefore, whether heav'n intend
My ſafe return, or I muſt periſh there.
But manage thou at home. Cheriſh, as now,
While I am abſent, or more dearly ſtill
My parents, and what time our ſon thou ſeeſt
Mature, then wed; wed even whom thou wilt,
And hence to a new home.—Such were his words,
All which ſhall full accompliſhment ere long
Receive. The day is near, when hapleſs I,
Loſt to all comfort by the will of Jove,
Muſt meet the nuptials that my ſoul abhors.
But this thought now afflicts me, and my mind
Continual haunts. Such was not heretofore
The ſuitors cuſtom'd practice; all who choſe
To engage in competition for a wife
Well-qualitied and well-endow'd, produced
From their own herds and fatted flocks a feaſt
For the bride's friends, and ſplendid preſents made,
But never ate as ye, at others' coſt.

She ceaſed; then brave Ulyſſes toil-inured
Rejoiced that, ſoothing them, ſhe ſought to draw
From each ſome gift, although on other views,
And more important far, himſelf intent.
Then thus Antinoüs, Eupithes' ſon.
Icarius' daughter wiſe! only accept
Such gifts as we ſhall bring, for gifts demand
That grace, nor can be decently refuſed;
But to our rural labours, or elſewhere
Depart not we, 'till firſt thy choice be made
Of the Achaian, chief in thy eſteem.
Antinoüs ſpake, whoſe anſwer all approved.
Then each diſpatch'd his herald who ſhould bring
His maſter's gift. Antinoüs' herald, firſt,
A mantle of ſurpaſſing beauty brought,
Wide, various, with no fewer claſps adorn'd
Than twelve, all golden, and to ev'ry claſp
Was fitted oppoſite its eye exact.
Next, to Eurymachus his herald bore
A necklace of wrought gold, with amber rich
Beſtudded, ev'ry bead bright as a ſun.
Two ſervants for Eurydamas produced
Ear-pendants faſhion'd with laborious art,
Broad, triple-gemm'd, of brilliant light profuſe.
The herald of Polyctor's ſon, the prince
Piſander, brought a collar to his Lord,
A ſumptuous ornament. Each Greecian gave,
And each a gift diſſimilar from all.

Then,

Then, lovelieſt of her ſex, turning away,
She ſought her chamber, whom her maidens fair
Attended, charged with thoſe illuſtrious gifts.
Then turn'd they all to dance and pleaſant ſong
Joyous, expecting the approach of ev'n.
Ere long the duſky evening came, and them
Found ſporting ſtill. Then, placing in the hall
Three hearths, that ſhould illumine wide the houſe,
They compaſs'd them around with fuel-wood
Long-ſeaſon'd and new-ſplit, mingling the ſticks
With torches. The attendant women watch'd
And fed thoſe fires by turns, to whom, himſelf,
Their unknown Sov'reign thus his ſpeech addreſs'd.
Ye maidens of the long-regretted Chief
Ulyſſes! to the inner-courts retire,
And to your virtuous Queen, that following there
Your ſev'ral taſks, ſpinning and combing wool,
Ye may amuſe her; I, meantime, for theſe
Will furniſh light, and ſhould they chuſe to ſtay
'Till golden morn appear, they ſhall not tire
My patience aught, for I can much endure.
He ſaid; they, titt'ring, on each other gazed.
But one, Melantho with the blooming cheeks,
Rebuked him rudely. Dolius was her ſire,
But by Penelope ſhe had been reared
With care maternal, and in infant years
Supplied with many a toy; yet even ſhe
Felt not her miſtreſs' ſorrows in her heart,

But,

But, of Eurymachus enamour'd, oft
His lewd embraces met; ſhe, with ſharp ſpeech
Reproachful, to Ulyſſes thus replied.
Why—what a brainſick vagabond art thou!
Who neither wilt to the ſmith's forge retire
For ſleep, nor to the public portico,
But here remaining, with audacious prate
Diſturb'ſt this num'rous company, reſtrain'd
By no reſpect or fear; either thou art
With wine intoxicated, or, perchance,
Art always fool, and therefore babbleſt now.
Say, art thou drunk with joy that thou haſt foiled
The beggar Irus? Tremble, leſt a man
Stronger than Irus ſuddenly ariſe,
Who on thy temples pelting thee with blows
Far heavier than his, ſhall drive thee hence
With many a bruiſe, and foul with thy own blood.
To whom Ulyſſes, frowning ſtern, replied.
Snarler! Telemachus ſhall be inform'd
This moment of thy eloquent harangue,
That he may hew thee for it, limb from limb.
So ſaying, he ſcared the women; back they flew
Into the houſe, but each with falt'ring knees
Through dread, for they believ'd his threats ſincere.
He, then, illumin'd by the triple blaze,
Watch'd cloſe the lights, buſy from hearth to hearth,
But in his ſoul, meantime, far other thoughts
Revolved, tremendous, not conceived in vain.

Nor

Nor Pallas (that they might exaſp'rate more
Laertes' ſon) permitted to abſtain
From heart-corroding bitterneſs of ſpeech
Thoſe ſuitors proud, of whom Eurymachus,
Offspring of Polybus, while thus he jeer'd
Ulyſſes, ſet the others in a roar.

Hear me, ye ſuitors of the illuſtrious Queen!
I ſhall promulge my thought. This man, methinks,
Not unconducted by the Gods, hath reach'd
Ulyſſes' manſion, for to me the light
Of yonder torches altogether ſeems
His own, an emanation from his head,
Which not the ſmalleſt growth of hair obſcures.

He ended; and the city-waſter Chief
Himſelf accoſted next. Art thou diſpoſed
To ſerve me, friend! would I afford thee hire,
A labourer at my farm? thou ſhalt not want
Sufficient wages; thou may'ſt there collect
Stones for my fences, and may'ſt plant my oaks,
For which I would ſupply thee all the year
With food, and cloaths, and ſandals for thy feet.
But thou haſt learn'd leſs creditable arts,
Nor haſt a will to work, preferring much
By beggary from others to extort
Wherewith to feed thy never-ſated maw.

Then anſwer, thus, Ulyſſes wiſe return'd.
Forbear, Eurymachus; for were we match'd

In work againſt each other, thou and I,
Mowing in ſpring-time, when the days are long,
I with my well-bent ſickle in my hand,
Thou arm'd with one as keen, for trial ſake
Of our ability to toil unfed
'Till night, graſs ſtill ſufficing for the proof.—
Or if, again, it were our taſk to drive
Yoked oxen of the nobleſt breed, ſleek-hair'd,
Big-limb'd, both batten'd to the full with graſs,
Their age and aptitude for work the ſame
Not ſoon to be fatigued, and were the field
In ſize four acres, with a glebe through which
The ſhare might ſmoothly ſlide, then ſhould'ſt thou ſee
How ſtrait my furrow ſhould be cut and true.—
Or ſhould Saturnian Jove this day excite
Here, battle, or elſewhere, and were I arm'd
With two bright ſpears and with a ſhield, and bore
A brazen caſque well-fitted to my brows,
Me, then, thou ſhould'ſt perceive mingling in fight
Amid the foremoſt Chiefs, nor with the crime
Of idle beggary ſhould'ſt upbraid me more.
But thou art much a railer, one whoſe heart
Pity moves not, and ſeem'ſt a mighty man
And valiant to thyſelf, only becauſe
Thou herd'ſt with few, and thoſe of little worth.
But ſhould Ulyſſes come, at his own iſle
Again arrived, wide as theſe portals are,

To

To thee, at once, too narrow they ſhould ſeem
To ſhoot thee forth with ſpeed enough abroad.
He ceaſed—then tenfold indignation fired
Eurymachus; he furrow'd deep his brow
With frowns, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
Wretch, I ſhall roughly handle thee anon,
Who thus with fluent prate preſumptuous dar'ſt
Diſturb this num'rous company, reſtrain'd
By no reſpect or fear. Either thou art
With wine intoxicated, or, perchance,
Art always fool, and therefore babbleſt now;
Or thou art frantic haply with delight
That thou haſt foil'd yon vagabond obſcure.
So ſaying, he ſeiz'd a ſtool; but to the knees
Ulyſſes flew of the Dulichian Prince
Amphinomus, and ſat, fearing incenſed
Eurymachus; he on his better hand
Smote full the cup-bearer; on the hall-floor
Loud rang the fallen beaker, and himſelf
Lay on his back clamouring in the duſt.
Strait through the duſky hall tumult enſued
Among the ſuitors, of whom thus, a youth,
With eyes directed to the next, exclaim'd.
Would that this rambling ſtranger had elſewhere
Periſh'd, or ever he had here arrived,
Then no ſuch uproar had he cauſed as this!
This doth the beggar; he it is for whom

We wrangle thus, and may deſpair of peace
Or pleaſure more; now look for ſtrife alone.
Then in the midſt Telemachus upſtood
Majeſtic, and the ſuitors thus beſpake.
Sirs! ye are mad, and can no longer eat
Or drink in peace; ſome dæmon troubles you.
But ſince ye all have feaſted, to your homes
Go now, and, at your pleaſure, to your beds;
Sooneſt were beſt, but I thruſt no man hence.
He ceaſed; they gnawing ſtood their lips, aghaſt
With wonder that Telemachus in his ſpeech
Such boldneſs uſed. Then roſe Amphinomus,
Brave ſon of Niſus offspring of the King
Aretus, and the aſſembly thus addreſs'd.
My friends! let none with contradiction thwart
And rude reply words rational and juſt;
Aſſault no more the ſtranger, nor of all
The ſervants of renown'd Ulyſſes here
Harm any. Come. Let the cup-bearer fill
To all, that due libation made, to reſt
We may repair at home, leaving the Prince
To accommodate beneath his father's roof
The ſtranger, for he is the Prince's gueſt.
He ended, whoſe advice none diſapproved.
The Hero Mulius then, Dulichian-born,
And herald of Amphinomus, the cup
Filling, diſpenſed it, as he ſtood, to all;

They,

They, pouring forth to the Immortals, quaff'd
The luſcious bev'rage, and when each had made
Libation, and ſuch meaſure as he would
Of wine had drunk, then all to reſt retired.

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# NINETEENTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes and Telemachus remove the arms from the hall to an upper-chamber. The Hero then confers with Penelope, to whom he gives a fictitious narrative of his adventures. Euryclea, while bathing Ulyſſes, diſcovers him by a ſcar on his knee, but he prevents her communication of that diſcovery to Penelope.

## BOOK XIX.

THEY went, but left the noble Chief behind
In his own houſe, contriving, by the aid
Of Pallas, the deſtruction of them all,
And thus, in accents wing'd, again he ſaid.
My ſon! we muſt remove and ſafe diſpoſe
All theſe my well-forged implements of war;
And ſhould the ſuitors, miſſing them, enquire
Where are they? thou ſhalt anſwer ſmoothly thus—
I have convey'd them from the reach of ſmoke,
For they appear no more the ſame which erſt
Ulyſſes, going hence to Ilium, left,
So ſmirch'd and ſullied by the breath of fire.

This

This weightier reaſon (thou ſhalt alſo ſay)
Some God ſuggeſted to me,—leſt, inflamed
With wine, ye wound each other in your brawls,
Shaming both feaſt and courtſhip; for the view
Itſelf of arms incites to their abuſe.

He ceaſed, and, in obedience to his will,
Calling the antient Euryclea forth,
His nurſe, Telemachus enjoin'd her thus.

Go—ſhut the women in; make faſt the doors
Of their apartment, while I ſafe diſpoſe
Elſewhere, my father's implements of war,
Which, during his long abſence, here have ſtood
'Till ſmoke hath ſullied them. For I have been
An infant hitherto, but, wiſer grown,
Would now remove them from the breath of fire.

Then thus the gentle matron in return.
Yes truly—and I wiſh that now, at length,
Thou would'ſt aſſert the privilege of thy years,
My ſon, thyſelf aſſuming charge of all,
Both houſe and ſtores; but who ſhall bear the light?
Since they, it ſeems, who would, are all forbidden.

To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.
This gueſt; for no man, from my table fed,
Come whence he may, ſhall be an idler here.

He ended, nor his words flew wing'd away,
But Euryclea bolted ev'ry door.
Then, ſtarting to the taſk, Ulyſſes caught,
And his illuſtrious ſon, the weapons thence,

Helmet,

Helmet, and boſſy ſhield, and pointed ſpear,
While Pallas from a golden lamp illumed
The duſky way before them. At that ſight
Alarm'd, the Prince his father thus addreſs'd.
Whence—whence is this, my father? I behold
A prodigy! the walls of the whole houſe,
The arches, fir-tree beams, and pillars tall
Shine in my view, as with the blaze of fire!
Some Pow'r celeſtial, doubtleſs, is within.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Soft! aſk no queſtions. Give no vent to thought.
Such is the cuſtom of the Pow'rs divine.
Hence, thou, to bed. I ſtay, that I may yet
Both in thy mother and her maidens move
More curioſity; yes—ſhe with tears
Shall queſtion me of all that I have ſeen.
He ended, and the Prince, at his command,
Guided by flaming torches, ſought the couch
Where he was wont to ſleep, and there he ſlept
On that night alſo, waiting the approach
Of ſacred dawn. Thus was Ulyſſes left
Alone, and planning fat in ſolitude,
By Pallas' aid, the ſlaughter of his foes.
At length, Diana-like, or like herſelf,
All golden Venus, (her apartment left)
Enter'd Penelope. Beſide the hearth
Her women planted her accuſtom'd ſeat
With ſilver wreathed and ivory. That throne

Icmalius made, artiſt renown'd, and join'd
A footſtool to its ſplendid frame beneath,
Which ever with an ample fleece they ſpread.
There ſat diſcrete Penelope; then came
Her beautiful attendants from within,
Who clear'd the litter'd bread, the board, and cups
From which the inſolent companions drank.
They alſo raked the embers from the hearths
Now dim, and with freſh billets piled them high,
Both for illumination and for warmth.
Then yet again Melantho with rude ſpeech
Opprobrious, thus, aſſail'd Ulyſſes' ear.
Gueſt—wilt thou trouble us throughout the night
Ranging the houſe? and linger'ſt thou a ſpy
Watching the women? Hence—get thee abroad,
Glad of ſuch fare as thou haſt found, or ſoon
With torches beaten we will thruſt thee forth.
To whom Ulyſſes, frowning ſtern, replied.
Petulant woman! wherefore thus incenſed
Inveigh'ſt thou againſt me? is it becauſe
I am not ſleek? becauſe my garb is mean?
Becauſe I beg? thanks to neceſſity—
I would not elſe. But ſuch as I appear,
Such all who beg and all who wander are.
I alſo lived the happy owner once
Of ſuch a ſtately manſion, and have giv'n
To num'rous wand'rers, whenceſoe'er they came,
All that they needed; I was alſo ſerved

By many, and enjoy'd all that denotes
The envied owner opulent and bleſt.
But Jove (for ſo it pleas'd him) hath reduced
My all to nothing. Therefore well beware
Thou alſo, miſtreſs, leſt a day arrive
When all theſe charms by which thou ſhin'ſt among
Thy ſiſter-menials, fade; fear, too, leſt her
Thou ſhould'ſt perchance irritate, whom thou ſerv'ſt,
And leſt Ulyſſes come, of whoſe return
Hope yet ſurvives; but even though the Chief
Have periſh'd, as ye think, and comes no more,
Conſider yet his ſon, how bright the gifts
Shine of Apollo in the illuſtrious Prince
Telemachus; no woman, unobſerved
By him, can now commit a treſpaſs here;
His days of heedleſs infancy are paſt.
He ended, whom Penelope diſcrete
O'erhearing, her attendant ſharp rebuked.
Shameleſs, audacious woman! known to me
Is thy great wickedneſs, which with thy life
Thou ſhalt atone; for thou waſt well aware,
(Hearing it from myſelf) that I deſign'd
To aſk this ſtranger of my abſent Lord,
For whoſe dear ſake I never ceaſe to mourn.
Then to her houſehold's governeſs ſhe ſaid.
Bring now a ſeat, and ſpread it with a fleece,
Eurynome! that, undiſturb'd, the gueſt
May hear and anſwer all that I ſhall aſk.

She

She ended. Then the matron brought in haſte
A poliſh'd ſeat, and ſpread it with a fleece,
On which the toil-accuſtom'd Hero ſat,
And thus the chaſte Penelope began.
Stranger! my firſt enquiry ſhall be this—
Who art thou? whence? where born, and ſprung from whom?
Then anſwer thus Ulyſſes, wiſe, return'd.
O Queen! uncenſurable by the lips
Of mortal man! thy glory climbs the ſkies
Unrivall'd, like the praiſe of ſome great King
Who o'er a num'rous people and renown'd
Preſiding like a Deity, maintains
Juſtice and truth. The earth, under his ſway,
Her produce yields abundantly; the trees
Fruit-laden bend; the luſty flocks bring forth;
The Ocean teems with finny ſwarms beneath
His juſt controul, and all the land is bleſt.
Me therefore, queſtion of what elſe thou wilt
In thy own palace, but forbear to aſk
From whom I ſprang, and of my native land,
Leſt thou, reminding me of thoſe ſad themes,
Augment my woes; for I have much endured;
Nor were it ſeemly, in another's houſe,
To paſs the hours in ſorrow and in tears,
Weariſome when indulg'd with no regard
To time or place; thy train (perchance thyſelf)
Would blame me, and I ſhould reproach incur

As one tear-deluged through exceſs of wine.
Him anſwer'd then Penelope diſcrete.
The immortal Gods, O ſtranger, then deſtroy'd
My form, my grace, my beauty, when the Greeks
Whom my Ulyſſes follow'd, ſail'd to Troy.
Could he, returning, my domeſtic charge
Himſelf intend, far better would my fame
Be ſo ſecured, and wider far diffuſed.
But I am wretched now, ſuch ſtorms of woe
The Gods have ſent me; for as many Chiefs
As hold dominion in the neighbour iſles
Samos, Dulichium, and the foreſt-crown'd
Zacynthus; others, alſo, rulers here
In pleaſant Ithaca, me, loth to wed,
Woo ceaſeleſs, and my houſehold ſtores conſume.
I therefore, neither gueſt nor ſuppliant heed,
Nor public herald more, but with regret
Of my Ulyſſes wear my ſoul away.
They, meantime, preſs my nuptials, which by art
I ſtill procraſtinate. Some God the thought
Suggeſted to me, to commence a robe
Of ampleſt meaſure and of ſubtleſt woof,
Laborious taſk; which done, I thus addreſs'd them.
Princes, my ſuitors! ſince the noble Chief
Ulyſſes is no more, enforce not now
My nuptials; wait 'till I ſhall finiſh firſt
A fun'ral robe (leſt all my threads be marr'd)
Which for the ancient Hero I prepare

Laertes,

Laertes, looking for the mournful hour
When fate ſhall ſnatch him to eternal reſt.
Elſe, I the cenſure dread of all my ſex,
Should he, ſo wealthy, want at laſt a ſhroud.
Such was my ſpeech; they, unſuſpicious all,
With my requeſt complied. Thenceforth, all day
I wove the ample web, and, by the aid
Of torches, ravell'd it again at night.
Three years by artifice I thus their ſuit
Eluded ſafe; but when the fourth arrived,
And the ſame ſeaſon after many moons
And fleeting days return'd, paſſing my train
Who had neglected to releaſe the dogs,
They came, ſurprized, and reprimanded me.
Thus, through neceſſity, not choice, at laſt
I have perform'd it, in my own deſpight.
But no eſcape from marriage now remains,
Nor other ſubterfuge for me; meantime
My parents urge my nuptials, and my ſon
(Of age to note it) with diſguſt obſerves
His wealth conſumed; for he is now become
Adult, and abler than myſelf to rule
The houſe, a Prince diſtinguiſh'd by the Gods.
Yet, ſtranger, after all, ſpeak thy deſcent;
Say whence thou art; for not of fabulous birth
Art thou, nor from the oak, nor from the rock.
Her anſwer'd then Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe.
O ſpouſe revered of Laertiades!

Reſolv'ſt thou ſtill to learn from whom I ſprang?
Learn then; but know that thou ſhalt much augment
My preſent grief, natural to a man
Who hath, like me, long exiled from his home
Through various cities of the ſons of men
Wander'd remote, and num'rous woes endured.
Yet, though it pain me, I will tell thee all.
There is a land amid the ſable flood
Call'd Crete; fair, fruitful, circled by the ſea.
Num'rous are her inhabitants, a race
Not to be ſumm'd, and ninety towns ſhe boaſts.
Diverſe their language is; Achaians ſome,
And ſome indigenous are; Cydonians there,
Creſt-ſhaking Dorians, and Pelaſgians dwell.
One city in extent the reſt exceeds,
Cnoſſus; the city in which Minos reign'd,
Who, ever at a nine-years-cloſe, conferr'd
With Jove himſelf; from him my father ſprang,
The brave Deucalion; for Deucalion's ſons
Were two, myſelf and King Idomeneus.
To Ilium he, on board his gallant barks
Follow'd the Atridæ. I, the youngeſt-born,
By my illuſtrious name, Æthon, am known,
But he ranks foremoſt both in worth and years.
There I beheld Ulyſſes, and within
My walls receiv'd him; for a violent wind
Had driv'n him from Malea (while he fought
The ſhores of Troy) to Crete. The ſtorm his barks

Bore into the Amniſus, for the cave
Of Hythia known, a dang'rous port,
And which with difficulty he attain'd.
He, landing, inſtant to the city went,
Seeking Idomeneus; his friend of old,
As he affirm'd, and one whom much he lov'd.
But *he* was far remote, ten days advanced,
Perhaps eleven, on his courſe to Troy.
Him, therefore, I conducted to my home,
Where hoſpitably, and with kindeſt care
I entertain'd him, (for I wanted nought)
And for himſelf procured and for his band,
By publick contribution, corn, and wine,
And beeves for food, that all might be ſufficed.
Twelve days his noble Greecians there abode,
Port-lock'd by Boreas blowing with a force
Reſiſtleſs even on the land, ſome God
So rouſed his fury; but the thirteenth day
The wind all fell, and they embark'd again.
With many a fiction ſpecious, as he ſat,
He thus her ear amuſed; ſhe at the found
Melting, with fluent tears her cheeks bedew'd;
And as the ſnow by Zephyrus diffuſed,
Melts on the mountain tops, when Eurus breathes,
And fills the channels of the running ſtreams,
So melted ſhe, and down her lovely cheeks
Pour'd faſt the tears, him mourning as remote
Who ſat beſide her. Soft compaſſion touch'd

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes of his conſort's ſilent woe;
His eyes, as they had been of ſteel or horn,
Moved not, yet artful, he ſuppreſs'd his tears,
And ſhe, at length, with overflowing grief
Satiate, replied, and thus enquired again.

Now, ſtranger, I ſhall prove thee, as I judge,
If thou, indeed, haſt entertain'd in Crete
My ſpouſe and his brave followers, as thou ſay'ſt.
Deſcribe his raiment and himſelf; his own
Appearance, and the appearance of his friends.

Then her Ulyſſes anſwer'd, ever-wiſe.
Hard is the taſk, O Queen! (ſo long a time
Hath ſince elaps'd) to tell thee. Twenty years
Have paſs'd ſince he forſook my native iſle,
Yet, from my beſt remembrance, I will give
A likeneſs of him, ſuch as now I may.
A double cloak, thick-piled, Mœonian-dyed,
The noble Chief had on; two faſt'nings held
The golden claſp, and it diſplay'd in front
A well-wrought pattern with much art deſign'd.
An hound between his fore-feet holding faſt
A dappled fawn, gaped eager on his prey.
All wonder'd, ſeeing, how in lifeleſs gold
Expreſs'd, the dog with open mouth her throat
Attempted ſtill, and how the fawn with hoofs
Thruſt trembling forward, ſtruggled to eſcape.
That glorious mantle much I noticed, ſoft
To touch, as the dried garlick's glofſy film;

Such

Such was the ſmoothneſs of it, and it ſhone
Sun-bright; full many a maiden, truſt me, view'd
The ſplendid texture with admiring eyes.
But mark me now; deep treaſure in thy mind
This word. I know not if Ulyſſes wore
That cloak at home, or whether of his train
Some warrior gave it to him on his way,
Or elſe ſome hoſt of his; for many loved
Ulyſſes, and with him might few compare.
I gave to him, myſelf, a brazen ſword,
A purple cloak magnificent, and veſt
Of royal length, and, when he ſought his bark,
With princely pomp diſmiſs'd him from the ſhore.
An herald alſo waited on the Chief,
Somewhat his ſenior; him I next deſcribe.
His back was bunch'd, his viſage ſwarthy, curl'd
His poll, and he was named Eurybates;
A man whom moſt of all his followers far
Ulyſſes honour'd, for their minds were one.
He ceaſed; ſhe, recognizing all the proofs
Diſtinctly by Ulyſſes named, was moved
Still more to weep, 'till with o'erflowing grief
Satiate, at length ſhe anſwer'd him again.
Henceforth, O ſtranger, thou who hadſt before
My pity, ſhalt my rev'rence ſhare and love.
I folded for him with theſe hands the cloak
Which thou deſcrib'ſt, produced it when he went,
And gave it to him; I that ſplendid claſp,

Attach'd

Attach'd to it myſelf, more to adorn
My honour'd Lord, whom to his native land
Return'd ſecure I ſhall receive no more.
In ſuch an evil hour Ulyſſes went
To that bad city never to be named.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Conſort revered of Laertiades!
No longer let anxiety impair
Thy beauteous form, nor any grief conſume
Thy ſpirits more for thy Ulyſſes' ſake.
And yet I blame thee not; a wife deprived
Of her firſt mate to whom ſhe had produced
Fair fruit of mutual love, would mourn his loſs,
Although he were inferior far to thine,
Whom fame affirms the ſemblance of the Gods.
But ceaſe to mourn. Hear me. I will relate
A faithful tale, nor will from thee withhold
Such tidings of Ulyſſes living ſtill,
And of his ſafe return, as I have heard
Lately, in yon neighb'ring opulent land
Of the Theſprotians. He returns enrich'd
With many precious ſtores from thoſe obtain'd
Whom he hath viſited; but he hath loſt,
Departing from Thrinacia's iſle, his bark
And all his lov'd companions in the Deep,
For Jove was adverſe to him, and the Sun,
Whoſe beeves his followers ſlew. They periſh'd all
Amid the billowy flood; but Him, the keel

Beſtriding

Beſtriding of his bark, the waves at length
Caſt forth on the Phæacian's land, a race
Allied to heav'n, who rev'renced like a God
Thy huſband, honour'd him with num'rous gifts,
And willing were to have convey'd him home.
Ulyſſes, therefore, had attain'd long ſince
His native ſhore, but that he deem'd it beſt
To travel far, that he might ſtill amaſs
More wealth; ſo much Ulyſſes all mankind
Excells in policy, and hath no peer.
This information from Theſprotia's King
I gain'd, from Phidon; to myſelf he ſwore
Libation off'ring under his own roof,
That both the bark was launch'd, and the ſtout crew
Prepared, that ſhould conduct him to his home.
But me he firſt diſmiſs'd; for, as it chanced,
A ſhip lay there of the Theſprotians, bound
To corn-enrich'd Dulichium. All the wealth
He ſhew'd me by the Chief amaſs'd, a ſtore
To feed the houſe of yet another Prince
To the tenth generation; ſo immenſe
His treaſures were within that palace lodg'd.
Himſelf he ſaid was to Dodona gone,
Counſel to aſk from the oracular oaks
Sublime of Jove, how ſafeſt he might ſeek,
After long exile thence, his native land,
If openly were beſt, or in diſguiſe.
Thus, therefore, he is ſafe, and at his home

Well-nigh arrived, nor ſhall his country long
Want him. I ſwear it with a ſolemn oath.
Firſt Jove be witneſs, King and Lord of all!
Next theſe domeſtic Gods of the renown'd
Ulyſſes, in whoſe royal houſe I ſit,
That thou ſhalt ſee my ſaying all fulfill'd.
Ulyſſes ſhall this ſelf-ſame year return,
This ſelf-ſame month, ere yet the next begin.
Him anſwer'd then Penelope diſcrete.
Grant heav'n, my gueſt, that this good word of thine
Fail not! then, ſoon ſhalt thou ſuch bounty ſhare
And friendſhip at my hands, that, at firſt ſight,
Whoe'er ſhall meet thee ſhall pronounce thee bleſt.
But ah! my ſoul forebodes how it will prove;
Neither Ulyſſes will return, nor thou
Receive ſafe conduct hence; for we have here
None, ſuch as once Ulyſſes was, to rule
His houſehold with authority, and to ſend
With honourable convoy to his home
The worthy gueſt, or to regale him here.
Give him the bath, my maidens; ſpread his couch
With linen ſoft, with fleecy * gaberdines
And rugs of ſplendid hue, that he may lie
Waiting, well-warm'd, the golden morn's return.
Attend him alſo at the peep of day
With bath and unction, that, his ſeat reſumed

* A gaberdine is a ſhaggy cloak of coarſe but warm materials. Such always make part of Homer's bed-furniture.

Here

Here in the palace, he may be prepared
For breakfaſt with Telemachus; and woe
To him who ſhall preſume to incommode
Or cauſe him pain; that man ſhall be caſhier'd
Hence inſtant, burn his anger as it may.
For how, my honour'd inmate! ſhalt thou learn
That I in wiſdom œconomic aught
Paſs other women, if unbathed, unoiled,
Ill-clad, thou ſojourn here? man's life is ſhort.
Whoſo is cruel, and to cruel arts
Addict, on him all men, while yet he lives,
Call plagues and curſes down, and after death
Scorn and proverbial mock'ries hunt his name.
But men, humane themſelves, and giv'n by choice
To offices humane, from land to land
Are rumour'd honourably by their gueſts,
And ev'ry tongue is buſy in their praiſe.
Her anſwer'd, then, Ulyſſes ever-wiſe.
Conſort revered of Laertiades!
Warm gaberdines and rugs of ſplendid hue
To me have odious been, ſince firſt the ſight
Of Crete's ſnow-mantled mountain-tops I loſt,
Sweeping the billows with extended oars.
No; I will paſs, as I am wont to paſs
The ſleepleſs night; for on a ſordid couch
Outſtretch'd, full many a night have I repoſed
'Till golden-charioted Aurora dawn'd.
Nor me the foot-bath pleaſes more; my foot

Shall none of all thy miniſtring maidens touch,
Unleſs there be ſome antient matron grave
Among them, who hath pangs of heart endured
Num'rous, and keen as I have felt myſelf;
Her I refuſe not. She may touch my feet.
Him anſwer'd then prudent Penelope.
Dear gueſt! for of all trav'lers here arrived
From diſtant regions, I have none received
Diſcrete as thou, or whom I more have lov'd,
So juſt thy matter is, and with ſuch grace
Expreſs'd. I have an antient-maiden grave,
The nurſe who at my hapleſs huſband's birth
Receiv'd him in her arms, and with kind care
Maternal rear'd him; ſhe ſhall waſh thy feet,
Although decrepid. Euryclea, riſe!
Waſh one coeval with thy Lord; for ſuch
The feet and hands, it may be, are become
Of my Ulyſſes now; ſince man beſet
With ſorrow once, ſoon wrinkled grows and old.
She ſaid, then Euryclea with both hands
Cov'ring her face, in tepid tears profuſe
Diſſolved, and thus in mournful ſtrains began.
Alas! my ſon, trouble for thy dear ſake
Diſtracts me. Jove ſurely of all mankind
Thee hated moſt, though ever in thy heart
Devoutly giv'n; for never mortal man
So many thighs of fatted victims burn'd,
And choſen hecatombs produced as thou

To

To Jove the Thund'rer, him entreating ſtill
That he would grant thee a ſerene old age,
And to inſtruct, thyſelf, thy glorious ſon.
Yet thus the God requites thee, cutting off
All hope of thy return—oh antient ſir!
Him too, perchance, where'er he ſits a gueſt
Beneath ſome foreign roof, the women taunt,
As all theſe ſhameleſs ones have taunted thee,
Fearing whoſe mock'ry thou forbidd'ſt their hands
This office, which Icarius' daughter wiſe
To me enjoins, and which I, glad, perform.
Yes, I will waſh thy feet; both for her ſake
And for thy own,—for ſight of thee hath raiſed
A tempeſt in my mind. Hear now the cauſe!
Full many a gueſt forlorn we entertain,
But never any have I ſeen, whoſe ſize,
The faſhion of whoſe foot, and pitch of voice,
Such likeneſs of Ulyſſes ſhow'd, as thine.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever ſhrewd, replied.
Such cloſe ſimilitude, O antient dame!
As thou obſerv'ſt between thy Lord and me,
All, who have ſeen us both, have ever found.
He ſaid; then taking the reſplendent vaſe
Allotted always to that uſe, ſhe firſt
Infuſed cold water largely, then, the warm.
Ulyſſes (for beſide the hearth he ſat)
Turn'd quick his face into the ſhade, alarm'd
Leſt, handling him, ſhe ſhould at once remark

His ſcar, and all his ſtratagem unveil.
She then, approaching, miniſter'd the bath
To her own King, and at firſt touch diſcern'd
That token, by a bright-tuſk'd boar of old
Impreſs'd, what time he to Parnaſſus went
To viſit there Autolycus and his ſons,
His mother's noble ſire, who all mankind
In * furtive arts and fraudful oaths excell'd.
For ſuch endowments he by gift receiv'd
From Hermes' ſelf, to whom the thighs of kids
He offer'd and of lambs, and, in return,
The watchful Hermes never left his ſide.
Autolycus, arriving in the iſle
Of pleaſant Ithaca, the new-born ſon
Of his own daughter found, whom on his knees
At cloſe of ſupper Euryclea placed,
And thus the royal viſitant addreſs'd.
Thyſelf, Autolycus! deviſe a name
For thy own daughter's ſon, by num'rous pray'rs
Of thine and fervent, from the Gods obtained.
Then anſwer thus Autolycus return'd.
My daughter and my daughter's ſpouſe! the name
Which I ſhall give your boy, that let him bear.
Since after provocation and offence

* Homer's morals ſeem to allow to a good man diſſimulation, and even an ambiguous oath, ſhould they be neceſſary to ſave him from a villain. Thus in Book XX. Telemachus ſwears by Zeus, that he does not hinder his mother from marrying whom ſhe pleaſes of the wooers, though at the ſame time he is plotting their deſtruction with his father. F.

To

To numbers giv'n of either ſex, I come,
Call him *Ulyſſes; and when, grown mature,
He ſhall Parnaſſus viſit, the abode
Magnificent in which his mother dwelt,
And where my treaſures lie, from my own ſtores
I will enrich and ſend him joyful home.
Ulyſſes, therefore, that he might obtain
Thoſe princely gifts, went thither. Him arrived,
With right-hand gratulation and with words
Of welcome kind, Autolycus received,
Nor leſs his offspring; but the mother moſt
Of his own mother clung around his neck,
Amphithea; ſhe with many a fervent kiſs
His forehead preſs'd, and his bright-beaming eyes.
Then bade Autolycus his noble ſons
Set forth a banquet. They, at his command,
Led in a fatted ox of the fifth year,
Which flaying firſt, they ſpread him carved abroad,
Then ſcored his fleſh, transfix'd it with the ſpits,
And roaſting all with culinary ſkill
Exact, gave each his portion. Thus they ſat
Feaſting all day, and 'till the ſun declined;
But when the ſun declined, and darkneſs fell,
Each ſought his couch, and took the gift of ſleep.
Then, ſoon as day-ſpring's daughter roſy-palm'd
Aurora look'd abroad, forth went the hounds,

* In the Greek 'ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ' from the verb 'ὀδυσσω—Iraſcor, *I am angry.*

And

And, with the hounds Ulyſſes, and the youths,
Sons of Autolycus, to chaſe the boar.
Arrived at the Parnaſſian mount, they climb'd
His buſhy ſides, and to his airy heights
Ere long attain'd. It was the pleaſant hour
When from the gently-ſwelling flood profound
The ſun, emerging, firſt ſmote on the fields.
The hunters reach'd the valley; foremoſt ran,
Queſting, the hounds; behind them, ſwift, the ſons
Came of Autolycus, with whom advanced
The illuſtrious Prince Ulyſſes, preſſing cloſe
The hounds, and brandiſhing his maſſy ſpear.
There, hid in thickeſt ſhades, lay an huge boar.
That covert neither rough winds blowing moiſt
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day ſun
Smite through it, or faſt falling ſhow'rs pervade,
So thick it was, and underneath, the ground
With litter of dry foliage ſtrew'd profuſe.
Hunters and dogs approaching him, his ear
The ſound of feet perceived; upridging high
His briſtly back and glaring fire, he ſprang
Forth from the ſhrubs, and in defiance ſtood
Near and right oppoſite. Ulyſſes, firſt,
Ruſh'd on him, elevating his long ſpear
Ardent to wound him; but, preventing quick
His foe, the boar gaſh'd him above the knee.
Much fleſh, aſſailing him oblique, he tore
With his rude tuſk, but to the Hero's bone

Pierced

Pierced not; Ulyſſes *his* right ſhoulder reach'd;
And with a deadly thruſt impell'd the point
Of his bright ſpear through him and far beyond.
Loud yell'd the boar, ſank in the duſt, and died.
Around Ulyſſes, then, the buſy ſons
Throng'd of Autolycus; expert they braced
The wound of the illuſtrious hunter bold,
With incantation ſtanch'd the ſable blood;
And ſought in haſte their father's houſe again,
Whence, heal'd and gratified with ſplendid gifts
They ſent him ſoon rejoicing to his home,
Themſelves rejoicing alſo. Glad their ſon
His parents ſaw again, and of the ſcar
Enquired, where giv'n, and how? He told them all,
How to Parnaſſus with his friends he went,
Sons of Autolycus to hunt, and how
A boar had gaſh'd him with his iv'ry tuſk.

That ſcar, while chafing him with open palms,
The matron knew; ſhe left his foot to fall;
Down dropp'd his leg into the vaſe; the braſs
Rang, and, o'ertilted by the ſudden ſhock,
Poured forth the water, flooding wide the floor.
*Her* ſpirit joy at once and ſorrow ſeized;
Tears fill'd her eyes; her intercepted voice
Died in her throat; but to Ulyſſes' beard
Her hand advancing, thus, at length ſhe ſpake.

Thou art himſelf, Ulyſſes. Oh my ſon!
Dear to me, and my maſter as thou art;

I knew thee not, 'till I had touch'd the ſcar.
She ſaid, and to Penelope her eyes
Directed, all impatient to declare
Her own Ulyſſes even then at home.
But ſhe, nor eye nor ear for aught that paſs'd
Had then, her fixt attention ſo entire
Minerva had engaged. Then, darting forth
His arms, the Hero with his right-hand cloſe
Compreſs'd her throat, and nearer to himſelf
Drawing her with his left, thus caution'd her.
Why would'ſt thou ruin me? Thou gav'ſt me milk
Thyſelf from thy own breaſt. See me return'd
After long ſuff'rings, in the twentieth year,
To my own land. But ſince (ſome God the thought
Suggeſting to thee) thou haſt learn'd the truth,
Silence! leſt others learn it from thy lips.
For this I ſay, nor ſhall the threat be vain;
If God vouchſafe to me to overcome
The haughty ſuitors, when I ſhall inflict
Death on the other women of my houſe,
Although my nurſe, thyſelf ſhalt alſo die.
Him anſwer'd Euryclea then, diſcrete.
My ſon! oh how could ſo ſevere a word
Eſcape thy lips? my fortitude of mind
Thou know'ſt, and even now ſhalt prove me firm
As iron, ſecret as the ſtubborn rock.
But hear and mark me well. Should'ſt thou prevail,
Aſſiſted by a Pow'r divine, to ſlay

The

The haughty ſuitors, I will then, myſelf,
Give thee to know of all the female train
Who have diſhonour'd thee, and who reſpect.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
My nurſe, it were ſuperfluous; ſpare thy tongue
That needleſs taſk. I can diſtinguiſh well
Myſelf, between them, and ſhall know them all;
But hold thy peace. Huſh! leave it with the Gods.
So he; then went the antient matron forth,
That ſhe might ſerve him with a ſecond bath,
For the whole firſt was ſpilt. Thus, laved at length,
And ſmooth'd with oil, Ulyſſes nearer pull'd
His ſeat toward the glowing hearth to enjoy
More warmth, and drew his tatters o'er the ſcar.
Then, prudent, thus Penelope began.
One queſtion, ſtranger, I ſhall yet propound,
Though brief, for ſoon the hour of ſoft repoſe
Grateful to all, and even to the ſad
Whom gentle ſleep forſakes not, will arrive.
But heav'n to me immeaſurable woe
Aſſigns,—whoſe ſole delight is to conſume
My days in ſighs, while here retired I ſit,
Watching my maidens labours and my own;
But (night return'd, and all to bed retired)
I preſs mine alſo, yet with deep regret
And anguiſh lacerated, even there.
As when at ſpring's firſt entrance, her ſweet ſong
The azure-creſted nightingale renews,

Daughter of Pandarus; within the grove's
Thick foliage perch'd, ſhe pours her echoing voice
Now deep, now clear, ſtill varying the ſtrain
With which ſhe mourns her Itylus, her ſon
By royal Zethus, whom ſhe, * erring, ſlew,
So alſo I, by ſoul-diſtreſſing doubts
Toſs'd ever, muſe if I ſhall here remain
A faithful guardian of my ſon's affairs,
My huſband's bed reſpecting, and not leſs
My own fair fame, or whether I ſhall him
Of all my ſuitors follow to his home
Who nobleſt ſeems, and offers richeſt dow'r.
My ſon while he was infant yet, and own'd
An infant's mind, could never give conſent
That I ſhould wed and leave him; but, at length,
Since he hath reached the ſtature of a man,
He wiſhes my departure hence, the waſte
Viewing indignant by the ſuitors made.
But I have dream'd. Hear, and expound my dream.
My geeſe are twenty, which within my walls
I feed with ſodden wheat; they ſerve to amuſe
Sometimes my ſorrow. From the mountains came
An eagle, huge, hook-beak'd, brake all their necks,
And ſlew them; ſcatter'd on the palace-floor
They lay, and he ſoar'd ſwift into the ſkies.

* She intended to ſlay the ſon of her huſband's brother Amphion, incited to it by envy of his wife, who had ſix children, while herſelf had only two, but through miſtake ſhe ſlew her own ſon Itylus, and for her puniſhment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale.

Dream.

Dream only as it was, I wept aloud,
'Till all my maidens, gather'd by my voice,
Arriving, found me weeping ſtill, and ſtill
Complaining, that the eagle had at once
Slain all my geeſe. But, to the palace-roof
Stooping again, he ſat, and, with a voice
Of human ſound, forbad my tears, and ſaid—
Courage! O daughter of the far-renown'd
Icarius! no vain dream thou haſt beheld,
But, in thy ſleep, a truth. The ſlaughter'd geeſe
Denote thy ſuitors. I who have appear'd
An eagle in thy ſight, am yet indeed
Thy huſband, who have now, at laſt, return'd,
Death, horrid death deſigning for them all.
He ſaid; then waking at the voice, I caſt
An anxious look around, and ſaw my geeſe
Beſide their tray, all feeding as before.
Her then Ulyſſes anſwer'd, ever-wiſe.
O Queen! it is not poſſible to miſs
Thy dream's plain import, ſince Ulyſſes' ſelf
Hath told thee the event; thy ſuitors all
Muſt periſh; not one ſuitor ſhall eſcape.
To whom Penelope diſcrete replied.
Dreams are inexplicable, O my gueſt!
And oft-times mere deluſions that receive
No juſt accompliſhment. There are two * gates

* The difference of the two ſubſtances may perhaps ſerve to account for the preference given in this caſe to the gate of horn; horn being tranſparent, and as ſuch emblematical of truth, while ivory, from its whiteneſs, promiſes light, but is, in fact, opaque. F.

Through

Through which the fleeting phantoms paſs; of horn
Is one, and one of ivory. Such dreams
As through the thin-leaf'd iv'ry portal come
Sooth, but perform not, utt'ring empty ſounds;
But ſuch as through the poliſh'd horn eſcape,
If, haply ſeen by any mortal eye,
Prove faithful witneſſes, and are fulfill'd.
But through thoſe gates my wond'rous dream, I think,
Came not; thrice welcome were it elſe to me
And to my ſon. Now mark my words; attend.
This is the hated morn that from the houſe
Removes me of Ulyſſes. I ſhall fix,
This day, the rings for trial to them all
Of archerſhip; Ulyſſes' cuſtom was
To plant twelve * ſpikes, all regular arranged
Like galley-props, and creſted with a ring,
Then ſtanding far remote, true in his aim
He with his whizzing ſhaft would thrid them all.
This is the conteſt in which now I mean
To prove the ſuitors; him, who with moſt eaſe
Shall bend the bow, and ſhoot through all the rings,
I follow, this dear manſion of my youth
Leaving, ſo fair, ſo fill'd with ev'ry good,
Though ſtill to love it even in my dreams.

* The tranſlation here is ſomewhat pleonaſtic for the ſake of perſpicuity; the original is clear in itſelf, but not to us who have no ſuch practice. Twelve ſtakes were fixt in the earth, each having a ring at the top; the order in which they ſtood was ſo exact, that an arrow ſent with an even hand through the firſt ring, would paſs them all.

Her

Her anſwer'd then Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe.
Conſort revered of Laertiades!
Poſtpone not this contention, but appoint
Forthwith the trial; for Ulyſſes here
Will ſure arrive, ere they (his poliſh'd bow
Long tamp'ring) ſhall prevail to ſtretch the nerve,
And ſpeed the arrow through the iron rings.
To whom Penelope replied diſcrete.
Would'ſt thou with thy ſweet converſe, O my gueſt!
Here ſooth me ſtill, ſleep ne'er ſhould influence
Theſe eyes the while; but always to reſiſt
Sleep's pow'r is not for man, to whom the Gods
Each circumſtance of his condition here
Fix univerſally. Myſelf will ſeek
My own apartment at the palace-top,
And there will lay me down on my ſad couch,
For ſuch it hath been, and with tears of mine
Ceaſeleſs bedew'd, e'er ſince Ulyſſes went
To that bad city, never to be named.
There will I ſleep; but ſleep thou here below,
Either, thyſelf, preparing on the ground
Thy couch, or on a couch by theſe prepared.
So ſaying, ſhe to her ſplendid chamber thence
Retired, not ſole, but by her female train
Attended; there arrived, ſhe wept her ſpouſe,
Her lov'd Ulyſſes, 'till Minerva dropp'd
The balm of ſlumber on her weary lids.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# TWENTIETH BOOK.

Ulyſſes, doubting whether he ſhall deſtroy or not the women ſervants who commit lewdneſs with the ſuitors, reſolves at length to ſpare them for the preſent. He aſks an omen from Jupiter, and that he would grant him alſo to hear ſome propitious words from the lips of one in the family. His petitions are both anſwered. Preparation is made for the feaſt. Whilſt the ſuitors ſit at table, Pallas ſmites them with a horrid frenzy. Theoclymenus, obſerving the ſtrange effects of it, prophecies their deſtruction, and they deride his prophecy.

## BOOK XX.

BUT in the veſtibule the Hero lay
On a bull's hide undreſs'd, o'er which he ſpread
The fleece of many a ſheep ſlain by the Greeks,
And, cover'd by the houſehold's governeſs
With a wide cloak, compoſed himſelf to reſt.
Yet ſlept he not, but meditating lay
Woe to his enemies. Meantime, the train
Of women wonted to the ſuitors' arms,
Iſſuing all mirth and laughter, in his ſoul
A tempeſt raiſed of doubts, whether at once

To

To ſlay, or to permit them yet to give
Their luſty paramours one laſt embrace.
As growls the maſtiff ſtanding on the ſtart
For battle, if a ſtranger's foot approach
Her cubs new-whelp'd—ſo growl'd Ulyſſes' heart,
While wonder fill'd him at their impious deeds.
But, ſmiting on his breaſt, thus he reproved
The mutinous inhabitant within.

Heart! bear it. Worſe than this thou didſt endure
When, uncontroulable by force of man,
The Cyclops thy illuſtrious friends devour'd.
Thy patience then fail'd not, 'till prudence found
Deliv'rance for thee on the brink of fate.

So diſciplined the Hero his own heart,
Which, tractable, endured the rigorous curb,
And patient; yet he turn'd from ſide to ſide.
As when ſome hungry ſwain turns oft a maw
Unctuous and ſav'ry on the burning coals,
Quick expediting his deſired repaſt,
So he from ſide to ſide roll'd, pond'ring deep
How likelieſt with ſucceſs he might aſſail
Thoſe ſhameleſs ſuitors; one to many oppoſed.
Then, ſudden from the ſkies deſcending, came
Minerva in a female form; her ſtand
Above his head ſhe took, and thus ſhe ſpake.

Why ſleep'ſt thou not, unhappieſt of mankind?
Thou art at home; here dwells thy wife, and here
Thy ſon; a ſon, whom all might wiſh their own.

Then her Ulyſſes anſwer'd, ever-wiſe.
O Goddeſs! true is all that thou haſt ſaid,
But, not without anxiety, I muſe
How, ſingle as I am, I ſhall aſſail
Thoſe ſhameleſs ſuitors who frequent my courts
Daily, and always their whole multitude.
This weightier theme I meditate beſide;
Should I, with Jove's concurrence and with thine
Prevail to ſlay them, how ſhall I eſcape,
*Myſelf, at laſt? oh Goddeſs, weigh it well.
Him anſwer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
Oh faithleſs man! a man will in his friend
Confide, though mortal, and in valour leſs
And wiſdom than himſelf; but I who keep
Thee in all difficulties, am divine.
I tell thee plainly. Were we hemm'd around
By fifty troops of ſhouting warriors bent
To ſlay thee, thou ſhould'ſt yet ſecurely drive
The flocks away and cattle of them all.
But yield to ſleep's ſoft influence; for to lie
All night thus watchful, is, itſelf, diſtreſs.
Fear not. Deliv'rance waits, not far remote.
So ſaying, ſhe o'er Ulyſſes' eyes diffuſed
Soft ſlumbers, and when ſleep that ſooths the mind
And nerves the limbs afreſh had ſeized him once,
To the Olympian ſummit ſwift return'd.

* That is, how ſhall I eſcape the vengeance of their kindred?

But

But his chaſte ſpouſe awoke; ſhe weeping ſat
On her ſoft couch, and, nobleſt of her ſex,
Satiate at length with tears, her pray'r addreſs'd
Firſt to Diana of the Pow'rs above.
Diana, awful progeny of Jove!
I would that with a ſhaft this moment ſped
Into my boſom, thou would'ſt here conclude
My mournful life! or, oh that, as it flies,
Snatching me through the pathleſs air, a ſtorm
Would whelm me deep in Ocean's reſtleſs tide!
So, when the Gods their parents had deſtroy'd,
Storms ſuddenly the beauteous *daughters ſnatch'd
Of Pandarus away; them left forlorn
Venus with curds, with honey and with wine
Fed duly; Juno gave them to ſurpaſs
All women in the charms of face and mind,
With graceful ſtature eminent the chaſte
Diana bleſs'd them, and in works of art
Illuſtrious, Pallas taught them to excell.
But when the foam-ſprung Goddeſs to the ſkies
A ſuitreſs went on their behalf, to obtain
Bleſt nuptials for them from the Thund'rer Jove,
(For Jove the happineſs, himſelf, appoints,
And the unhappineſs of all below)
Meantime, the Harpies raviſhing away
Thoſe virgins, gave them to the Furies Three,

* Aëdon, Cleothera, Merope.

That they might ſerve them. O that me the Gods
Inhabiting Olympus ſo would hide
From human eyes for ever, or bright-hair'd
Diana pierce me with a ſhaft, that while
Ulyſſes yet engages all my thoughts,
My days concluded, I might 'ſcape the pain
Of gratifying ſome inferior Chief!
This is ſupportable, when (all the day
To ſorrow giv'n) the mourner ſleeps at night;
For ſleep, when it hath once the eyelids veil'd,
All reminiſcence blots of all alike,
Both good and ill; but me the Gods afflict
Not ſeldom ev'n in dreams, and at my ſide,
This night again, one lay reſembling him;
Such as my own Ulyſſes when he join'd
Achaia's warriors; my exulting heart
No airy dream believed it, but a truth.

While thus ſhe ſpake, in orient gold enthroned
Came forth the morn; Ulyſſes, as ſhe wept,
Heard plain her lamentation; him that ſound
Alarm'd; he thought her preſent, and himſelf
Known to her. Gath'ring haſtily the cloak
His cov'ring, and the fleeces, them he placed
Together on a throne within the hall,
But bore the bull's-hide forth into the air.
Then, lifting high his hands to Jove, he pray'd.

Eternal Sire! if over moiſt and dry
Ye have with good will ſped me to my home

After much ſuff'ring, grant me from the lips
Of ſome domeſtic now awake, to hear
Words of propitious omen, and thyſelf
Vouchſafe me ſtill ſome other ſign abroad.
Such pray'r he made, and Jove omniſcient heard.
Sudden he thunder'd from the radiant heights
Olympian; glad, Ulyſſes heard the ſound.
A woman, next, a labourer at the mill
Hard by, where all the palace-mills were wrought,
Gave him the omen of propitious ſound.
Twelve maidens, day by day, toil'd at the mills,
Meal grinding, ſome, of barley, ſome, of wheat,
*Marrow of man. The reſt (their portion ground)
All ſlept; ſhe only from her taſk as yet
Ceas'd not, for ſhe was feebleſt of them all;
She reſted on her mill, and thus pronounced
The happy omen by her Lord deſired.
Jove, Father, Governor of heav'n and earth!
Loud thou haſt thunder'd from the ſtarry ſkies
By no cloud veil'd; a ſign propitious, giv'n
To whom I know not; but oh grant the pray'r
Of a poor bond-woman! appoint their feaſt
This day, the laſt that in Ulyſſes' houſe
The ſuitors ſhall enjoy, for whom I drudge,
With aching heart and trembling knees their meal
Grinding continual. Feaſt they here no more!

* μυελον ανδρων.

She ended, and the liſt'ning Chief received
With equal joy both ſigns; for well he hoped
That he ſhould puniſh ſoon thoſe guilty men.
And now the other maidens in the hall
Aſſembling, kindled on the hearth again
Th' unwearied blaze; then, godlike from his couch
Aroſe Telemachus, and, freſh-attired,
Athwart his ſhoulders his bright faulchion ſlung,
Bound his fair ſandals to his feet, and took
His ſturdy ſpear pointed with glitt'ring braſs;
Advancing to the portal, there he ſtood,
And Euryclea thus, his nurſe, beſpake.
Nurſe! have ye with reſpectful notice ſerv'd
Our gueſt? or hath he found a ſordid couch
E'en where he might? for, prudent though ſhe be,
My mother, inattentive oft, the worſe
Treats kindly, and the better ſends away.
Whom Euryclea anſwer'd, thus, diſcrete.
Blame not, my ſon! who merits not thy blame.
The gueſt ſat drinking till he would no more,
And ate, 'till, queſtion'd, he replied—Enough.
But when the hour of ſleep call'd him to reſt,
She gave commandment to her female train
To ſpread his couch. Yet he, like one forlorn,
And, through deſpair, indiff'rent to himſelf,
Both bed and rugs refuſed, and in the porch
On ſkins of ſheep and on an undreſs'd hide
Repoſed, where we threw cov'ring over him.

She ceas'd, and, graſping his bright-headed ſpear,
Forth went the Prince attended, as he went,
By his fleet hounds; to the aſſembled Greeks
In council with majeſtic gait he moved,
And Euryclea, daughter wife of Ops,
Piſenor's ſon, call'd to the ſerving-maids.
Haſte ye! be diligent! ſweep the palace-floor
And ſprinkle it; then give the ſumptuous ſeats
Their purple coverings. Let others cleanſe
With ſponges all the tables, waſh and rince
The beakers well, and goblets rich-emboſs'd;
Run others to the fountain, and bring thence
Water with ſpeed. The ſuitors will not long
Be abſent, but will early come to-day,
For this day is a public * feſtival.
So ſhe; whom all, obedient, heard; forth went
Together, twenty to the chryſtal fount,
While in their ſev'ral provinces the reſt
Beſtirr'd them briſk at home. Then enter'd all
The ſuitors, and began cleaving the wood.
Meantime, the women from the fountain came,
Whom ſoon the ſwine-herd follow'd, driving three
His fatteſt brawns; them in the ſpacious court
He feeding left, and to Ulyſſes' ſide
Approaching, courteouſly beſpake the Chief.
Gueſt! look the Greecians on thee with reſpect
At length, or ſtill diſdainful as before?

* The new moon.

Then,

Then, anſwer thus Ulyſſes wiſe return'd.
Yes—and I would that vengeance from the Gods
Might pay their inſolence, who in a houſe
Not theirs, dominion exerciſe, and plan
Unſeemly projects, ſhameleſs as they are!
Thus they conferr'd; and now Melanthius came
The goat-herd, driving, with the aid of two
His fellow-ſwains, the fatteſt of his goats
To feaſt the ſuitors. In the ſounding porch
The goats he tied, then, drawing near, in terms
Reproachful thus aſſail'd Ulyſſes' ear.
How, ſtranger? perſever'ſt thou, begging, ſtill
To vex the ſuitors? wilt thou not depart?
Scarce ſhall we ſettle this diſpute, I judge,
'Till we have taſted each the other's fiſt;
Thou art unreaſonable thus to beg
Here always—have the Greeks no feaſts beſide?
He ſpake, to whom Ulyſſes anſwer none
Return'd, but ſhook his brows, and, ſilent, framed
Terrible purpoſes. Then, third, approach'd
Chief o'er the herds, Philœtius; fatted goats
He for the ſuitors brought, with which he drove
An heifer; (ferry-men had paſs'd them o'er,
Carriers of all who on their coaſt arrive)
He tied them in the ſounding porch, then ſtood
Beſide the ſwine-herd, to whom thus he ſaid.
Who is this gueſt, Eumæus, here arrived
So lately? from what nation hath he come?

What

What parentage and country boaſts the man?
I pity him, whoſe figure ſeems to ſpeak
Royalty in him. Heav'n will ſurely plunge
The race of common wand'rers deep in woe,
If thus it deſtine even Kings to mourn.
He ceas'd; and, with his right hand, drawing nigh,
Welcom'd Ulyſſes, whom he thus beſpake.
Hail venerable gueſt! and be thy lot
Proſp'rous at leaſt hereafter, who art held
At preſent, in the bonds of num'rous ills.
Thou, Jupiter, of all the Gods, art moſt
Severe, and ſpar'ſt not to inflict diſtreſs
Even on creatures from thyſelf derived *.
I had no ſooner mark'd thee, than my eyes
Swam, and the ſweat guſh'd from me at the thought
Of dear Ulyſſes; for if yet he live
And ſee the ſun, ſuch tatters, I ſuppoſe,
He wears, a wand'rer among human-kind.
But if already with the dead he dwell
In Pluto's drear abode, oh then, alas
For kind Ulyſſes! who conſign'd to me,
While yet a boy, his Cephalenian herds,
And they have now encreas'd to ſuch a ſtore
Innumerable of broad-fronted beeves,
As only care like mine could have produced.
Theſe, by command of others, I tranſport

* He is often called——πατηρ ανδρων τε θεων τε.

For their regale, who neither heed his ſon,
Nor tremble at the anger of the Gods,
But long have wiſh'd ardently to divide
And ſhare the ſubſtance of our abſent Lord.
Me, therefore, this thought occupies, and haunts
My mind not ſeldom; while the heir ſurvives
It were no ſmall offence to drive his herds
So far, and migrate to a foreign land;
Yet here to dwell, ſuff'ring oppreſſive wrongs
While I attend another's beeves, appears
Still leſs ſupportable; and I had fled,
And I had ſerv'd ſome other mighty Chief
Long ſince, (for patience fails me to endure
My preſent lot) but that I cheriſh ſtill
Some hope of my ill-fated Lord's return,
To rid his palace of theſe lawleſs gueſts.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Herdſman! ſince neither void of ſenſe thou ſeem'ſt,
Nor yet diſhoneſt, but myſelf am ſure
That thou art owner of a mind diſcrete,
Hear therefore, for I ſwear! bold I atteſt
Jove and this hoſpitable board, and theſe
The * Lares of the noble Chief, whoſe hearth
Protects me now, that, ere thy going hence,
Ulyſſes ſurely ſhall have reach'd his home,
And thou ſhalt ſee him, if thou wilt, thyſelf,

* Houſehold Gods who preſided over the hearth.

Slaying

Slaying the ſuitors who now lord it here.
Him anſwer'd then the keeper of his beeves.
Oh ſtranger! would but the Saturnian King
Perform that word, thou ſhould'ſt be taught (thyſelf
Eye-witneſs of it) what an arm is mine.
Eumæus alſo ev'ry power of heav'n
Entreated, that Ulyſſes might poſſeſs
His home again. Thus mutual they conferr'd.
Meantime, in conf'rence cloſe the ſuitors plann'd
Death for Telemachus; but while they ſat
Conſulting, on their left the bird of Jove
An eagle ſoar'd, graſping a tim'rous dove.
Then, thus, Amphinomus the reſt beſpake.
Oh friends! our conſultation how to ſlay
Telemachus, will never ſmoothly run
To its effect; but let us to the feaſt.
So ſpake Amphinomus, whoſe counſel pleaſed.
Then, all into the royal houſe repaired,
And on the thrones and couches throwing off
Their mantles, ſlew the fatted goats, the brawns,
The ſheep full-ſized, and heifer of the herd.
The roaſted entrails firſt they ſhared, then fill'd
The beakers, and the ſwine-herd placed the cups;
Philœtius, chief intendant of the beeves,
Served all with baſkets elegant of bread,
While all their cups Melanthius charged with wine,
And they aſſail'd at once the ready feaſt.
Meantime Telemachus, with forecaſt ſhrewd,

Faſt by the marble threſhold, but within
The ſpacious hall his father placed, to whom
A ſordid ſeat he gave and ſcanty board.
A portion of the entrails, next, he ſet
Before him, fill'd a golden goblet high,
And thus, in preſence of them all, began.

There ſeated now, drink as the ſuitors drink.
I will, myſelf, their biting taunts forbid,
And violence. This edifice is mine,
Not public property; my father firſt
Poſſeſs'd it, and my right from him deſcends.
Suitors! controul your tongues, nor with your hands
Offend, leſt conteſt fierce and war enſue.

He ceas'd; they gnawing, ſat, their lips, aghaſt
With wonder that Telemachus in his ſpeech
Such boldneſs uſed. Then ſpake Eupithes' ſon,
Antinoüs, and the aſſembly thus addreſs'd.

Let paſs, ye Greeks! the language of the Prince,
Harſh as it is, and big with threats to us.
Had Jove permitted, his orations here,
Although thus eloquent, ere now had ceaſed.

So ſpake Antinoüs, whom Ulyſſes' ſon
Heard unconcern'd. And now the heralds came
In ſolemn pomp, conducting through the ſtreets
A ſacred hecatomb, when in the grove
Umbrageous of Apollo, King ſhaft-arm'd,
The aſſembled Greecians met. The ſav'ry roaſt
Finiſh'd, and from the ſpits withdrawn, each ſhared

His portion of the noble feaſt, and ſuch
As they enjoy'd themſelves the attendants placed
Before Ulyſſes, for the Hero's ſon
Himſelf, Telemachus, had ſo enjoined.
But Pallas (that they might exaſp'rate more
Ulyſſes) ſuffer'd not the ſuitor Chiefs
To banquet, guiltleſs of heart-piercing ſcoffs
Malign. There was a certain ſuitor named
Cteſippus, born in Samos; baſe of mind
Was he and profligate, but, in the wealth
Confiding of his father, woo'd the wife
Of long-exiled Ulyſſes. From his ſeat
The haughty ſuitors thus that man addreſs'd.

Ye noble ſuitors, I would ſpeak; attend!
The gueſt is ſerved; he hath already ſhared
Equal with us; nor leſs the laws demand
Of hoſpitality; for neither juſt
It were nor decent, that a gueſt, received
Here by Telemachus, ſhould be denied
His portion of the feaſt. Come then—myſelf
Will give to him, that he may alſo give
To her who laved him in the bath, or elſe
To whatſoever menial here he will.

So ſaying, he from a baſket near at hand
Heav'd an ox-foot, and with a vig'rous arm
Hurl'd it. Ulyſſes gently bow'd his head,
Shunning the blow, but gratified his juſt

Reſentment

Reſentment with a broad * ſardonic ſmile
Of dread ſignificance. He ſmote the wall.
Then thus Telemachus rebuked the deed.
Cteſippus, thou art fortunate; the bone
Struck not the ſtranger, for he ſhunn'd the blow;
Elſe, I had ſurely thruſt my glitt'ring lance
Right through thee; then, no hymenæal rites
Of thine ſhould have employ'd thy father here,
But thy funereal. No man therefore treat
Me with indignity within theſe walls,
For though of late a child, I can diſcern
Now, and diſtinguiſh between good and ill.
Suffice it that we patiently endure
To be ſpectators daily of our ſheep
Slaughter'd, our bread conſumed, our ſtores of wine
Waſted; for what can one to all oppoſed?
Come then—perſiſt no longer in offence
And hoſtile hate of me; or if ye wiſh
To ſlay me, pauſe not. It were better far
To die, and I had rather much be ſlain,
Than thus to witneſs your atrocious deeds
Day after day; to ſee our gueſts abuſed,
With blows inſulted, and the women dragg'd
With a licentious violence obſcene
From ſide to ſide of all this fair abode.
He ſaid, and all ſat ſilent, 'till at length
Thus Agelaüs ſpake, Diaſtor's ſon.

* A ſmile of diſpleaſure.

My

My friends! let none with contradiction thwart
And rude reply, words rational and juſt;
Aſſault no more the ſtranger, nor of all
The ſervants of renown'd Ulyſſes here
Harm any. My advice, both to the Queen
And to Telemachus, ſhall gentle be,
May it but pleaſe them. While the hope ſurvived
Within your boſoms of the ſafe return
Of wiſe Ulyſſes to his native iſle,
So long good reaſon was that ſhe ſhould uſe
Delay, and hold our wooing in ſuſpence;
For had Ulyſſes come, that courſe had proved
Wiſeſt and beſt; but that he comes no more
Appears, now, manifeſt. Thou, therefore, Prince!
Seeking thy mother, counſel her to wed
The nobleſt, and who offers richeſt dow'r,
That thou, for thy peculiar, may'ſt enjoy
Thy own inheritance in peace and eaſe,
And ſhe, departing, find another home.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
I ſwear by Jove, and by my father's woes,
Who either hath deceaſed far from his home,
Or lives a wand'rer, that I interpoſe
No hindrance to her nuptials. Let her wed
Who offers moſt, and even whom ſhe will.
But to diſmiſs her rudely were a deed
Unfilial—That I dare not—God forbid!

So

So ſpake Telemachus. Then Pallas ſtruck
The ſuitors with delirium; wide they ſtretch'd
Their jaws with unſpontaneous laughter loud;
Their meat dripp'd blood; tears fill'd their eyes, and dire
Preſages of approaching woe, their hearts.
Then thus the prophet * Theoclymenus.

Ah miſerable men! what curſe is this
That takes you now? night wraps itſelf around
Your faces, bodies, limbs; the palace ſhakes
With peals of groans—and oh, what floods ye weep!
I ſee the walls and arches dappled thick
With gore; the veſtibule is throng'd, the court
On all ſides throng'd with apparitions grim
Of ſlaughter'd men ſinking into the gloom
Of Erebus; the ſun is blotted out
From heav'n, and midnight whelms you premature.

He ſaid, they, hearing, laugh'd; and thus the ſon
Of Polybus, Eurymachus replied.

This wand'rer from a diſtant ſhore hath left
His wits behind. Hoa there! conduct him hence
Into the forum; ſince he dreams it night
Already, teach him there that it is day.

Then anſwer'd godlike Theoclymenus.
I have no need, Eurymachus, of guides
To lead me hence, for I have eyes and ears,
The uſe of both my feet, and of a mind

* Who had ſought refuge in the ſhip of Telemachus when he left Sparta, and came with him to Ithaca.

In

In no reſpect irrational or wild.
Theſe ſhall conduct me forth, for well I know
That evil threatens you, ſuch, too, as none
Shall 'ſcape of all the ſuitors, whoſe delight
Is to inſult the unoffending gueſt
Received beneath this hoſpitable roof.

He ſaid, and, iſſuing from the palace, ſought
Piræus' houſe, who gladly welcom'd him.
Then all the ſuitors on each other caſt
A look ſignificant, and, to provoke
Telemachus the more, fleer'd at his gueſts.
Of whom a youth thus, inſolent, began.

No living wight, Telemachus, had e'er
Gueſts ſuch as thine. Witneſs, we know not who,
This hungry vagabond, whoſe means of life
Are none, and who hath neither ſkill nor force
To earn them, a mere burthen on the ground.
Witneſs the other alſo, who upſtarts
A prophet ſuddenly. Take my advice;
I counſel wiſely; ſend them both on board
Some gallant bark to Sicily for ſale;
Thus ſhall they ſomewhat profit thee at laſt.

So ſpake the ſuitors, whom Telemachus
Heard unconcern'd, and, ſilent, look'd and look'd
Toward his father, watching ſtill the time
When he ſhould puniſh that licentious throng.
Meantime, Icarius' daughter, who had placed
Her ſplendid ſeat oppoſite, heard diſtinct

Their taunting ſpeeches. They, with noiſy mirth,
Feaſted deliciouſly, for they had ſlain
Many a fat victim; but a ſadder feaſt
Than, ſoon, the Goddeſs and the warrior Chief
Should furniſh for them, none ſhall ever ſhare,
Of which their crimes had furniſh'd firſt the cauſe.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE

# TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

Penelope propoſes to the ſuitors a conteſt with the bow, herſelf the prize. They prove unable to bend the bow; when Ulyſſes having with ſome difficulty poſſeſſed himſelf of it, manages it with the utmoſt eaſe, and diſpatches his arrow through twelve rings erected for the trial.

## BOOK XXI.

MINERVA now, Goddeſs cærulean-eyed,
Prompted Icarius' daughter, the diſcrete
Penelope, with bow and rings to prove
Her ſuitors in Ulyſſes' courts, a game
Terrible in concluſion to them all.
Firſt, taking in her hand the brazen key
Well-forged, and fitted with an iv'ry graſp,
Attended by the women of her train
She ſought her inmoſt chamber, the receſs
In which ſhe kept the treaſures of her Lord,
His braſs, his gold, and ſteel elaborate.
Here lay his ſtubborn bow, and quiver fill'd
With num'rous ſhafts, a fatal ſtore. That bow

He had received and quiver from the hand
Of godlike Iphitus Eurytides,
Whom, in *Meſſenia, in the houſe he met
Of brave Orſilochus. Ulyſſes came
Demanding payment of arrearage due
From all that land; for a Meſſenian fleet
Had borne from Ithaca three hundred ſheep,
With all their ſhepherds; for which cauſe, ere yet
Adult, he voyaged to that diſtant ſhore,
Deputed by his ſire, and by the Chiefs
Of Ithaca, to make the juſt demand.
But Iphitus had thither come to ſeek
Twelve mares and twelve mule colts which he had loſt,
A ſearch that coſt him ſoon a bloody death.
For, coming to the houſe of Hercules
The valiant taſk-performing ſon of Jove,
He periſh'd there, ſlain by his cruel hoſt
Who, heedleſs of heav'n's wrath, and of the rights
Of his own board, firſt fed, then ſlaughter'd him;
For in *his* houſe the mares and colts were hidden.
He, therefore, occupied in that concern,
Meeting Ulyſſes there, gave him the bow
Which, erſt, huge Eurytus had borne, and which
Himſelf had from his dying ſire received.
Ulyſſes, in return, on him beſtowed
A ſpear and ſword, pledges of future love

* A province of Laconia.

And

And hoſpitality; but never more
They met each other at the friendly board,
For, ere that hour arrived, the ſon of Jove
Slew his own gueſt, the godlike Iphitus.
Thus came the bow into Ulyſſes' hands,
Which, never in his gallant barks he bore
To battle with him, (though he uſed it oft
In times of peace) but left it ſafely ſtored
At home, a dear memorial of his friend.
Soon as, divineſt of her ſex, arrived
At that ſame chamber, with her foot ſhe preſs'd
The oaken threſhold bright, on which the hand
Of no mean architect had ſtretch'd the line,
Who had erected alſo on each ſide
The poſts on which the ſplendid portals hung,
She loos'd the ring and brace, then introduced
The key, and * aiming at them from without,
Struck back the bolts. The portals, at that ſtroke,
Sent forth a tone deep as the paſtured bull's,
And flew wide open. She, aſcending, next,
The elevated floor on which the cheſts
That held her own fragrant apparel ſtood,
With lifted hand aloft took down the bow
In its embroider'd bow-caſe ſafe encloſed.
Then, ſitting there, ſhe lay'd it on her knees,

* The reader will of courſe obſerve, that the whole of this proceſs implies a ſort of mechaniſm very different from that with which we are acquainted.—The tranſlation, I believe, is exact.

Weeping

Weeping aloud, and drew it from the caſe.
Thus weeping over it long time ſhe ſat,
'Till ſatiate, at the laſt, with grief and tears,
Deſcending by the palace ſteps ſhe ſought
Again the haughty ſuitors, with the bow
Elaſtic, and the quiver in her hand
Replete with pointed ſhafts, a deadly ſtore.
Her maidens, as ſhe went, bore after her
A coffer fill'd with prizes by her Lord,
Much braſs and ſteel; and when at length ſhe came,
Lovelieſt of women, where the ſuitors ſat,
Between the pillars of the ſtately dome
Pauſing, before her beauteous face ſhe held
Her lucid veil, and by two matrons chaſte
Supported, the aſſembly thus addreſs'd.
Ye noble ſuitors hear, who rudely haunt
This palace of a Chief long abſent hence,
Whoſe ſubſtance ye have now long time conſumed,
Nor palliative have yet contrived, or could,
Save your ambition to make me a bride—
Attend this game to which I call you forth.
Now ſuitors! prove yourſelves with this huge bow
Of wide-renown'd Ulyſſes; he who draws
Eaſieſt the bow, and who his arrow ſends
Through twice ſix rings, he takes me to his home,
And I muſt leave this manſion of my youth
Plenteous, magnificent, which, doubtleſs, oft
I ſhall remember even in my dreams.

So

So ſaying, ſhe bade Eumæus lay the bow
Before them, and the twice ſix rings of ſteel.
He wept, received them, and obey'd; nor wept
The herdſman leſs, ſeeing the bow which erſt
His Lord had occupied; when at their tears
Indignant, thus, Antinoüs began.
Ye rural drones, whoſe purblind eyes ſee not
Beyond the preſent hour, egregious fools!
Why weeping trouble ye the Queen, too much
Before afflicted for her huſband loſt?
Either partake the banquet ſilently,
Or elſe go weep abroad, leaving the bow,
That ſtubborn teſt, to us; for none, I judge,
None here ſhall bend this poliſh'd bow with eaſe,
Since in this whole aſſembly I diſcern
None like Ulyſſes, whom myſelf have ſeen
And recollect, though I was then a boy.
He ſaid, but in his heart, meantime, the hope
Cheriſh'd, that he ſhould bend, himſelf, the bow,
And paſs the rings; yet was he deſtin'd firſt
Of all that company to taſte the ſteel
Of brave Ulyſſes' ſhaft, whom in that houſe
He had ſo oft diſhonour'd, and had urged
So oft all others to the like offence.
Amidſt them, then, the ſacred might aroſe
Of young Telemachus, who thus began.
Saturnian Jove queſtionleſs hath deprived
Me of all reaſon. My own mother, fam'd

For wiſdom as ſhe is, makes known to all
Her purpoſe to abandon this abode
And follow a new mate, while, heedleſs, I
Trifle and laugh as I were ſtill a child.
But come, ye ſuitors! ſince the prize is ſuch,
A woman, like to whom none can be found
This day in all Achaia; on the ſhores
Of ſacred Pylus; in the cities proud
Of Argos or Mycenæ; or even here
In Ithaca; or yet within the walls
Of black Epirus; and ſince this yourſelves
Know alſo, wherefore ſhould I ſpeak her praiſe?
Come then, delay not, waſte not time in vain
Excuſes, turn not from the proof, but bend
The bow, that thus the iſſue may be known.
I alſo will, myſelf, that taſk eſſay;
And ſhould I bend the bow, and paſs the rings,
Then ſhall not my illuſtrious mother leave
Her ſon forlorn, forſaking this abode
To follow a new ſpouſe, while I remain
Diſconſolate, although of age to bear,
Succeſsful as my ſire, the prize away.
So ſaying, he, ſtarted from his ſeat, caſt off
His purple cloak, and lay'd his ſword aſide,
Then fix'd, himſelf, the rings, furrowing the earth
By line, and op'ning one long trench for all,
And ſtamping cloſe the glebe. Amazement ſeized
All preſent, ſeeing with how prompt a ſkill

He executed, though untaught, his taſk.
Then, haſting to the portal, there he ſtood.
Thrice, ſtruggling, he eſſay'd to bend the bow,
And thrice deſiſted, hoping ſtill to draw
The * bow-ſtring home, and ſhoot through all the rings.
And now the fourth time ſtriving with full force
He had prevail'd to ſtring it, but his ſire
Forbad his eager efforts by a ſign.
Then thus the royal youth to all around—

Gods! either I ſhall prove of little force
Hereafter, and for manly feats unapt,
Or I am yet too young, and have not ſtrength
To quell the aggreſſor's contumely. But come—
(For ye have ſtrength ſurpaſſing mine) try ye
The bow, and bring this conteſt to an end.

He ceas'd, and ſet the bow down on the floor,
Reclining it againſt the ſhaven pannels ſmooth
That lined the wall; the arrow next he placed,
Leaning againſt the bow's bright-poliſh'd horn,
And to the ſeat, whence he had ris'n, return'd.
Then thus Eupithes' ſon, Antinoüs ſpake.

My friends! come forth ſucceſſive from the † right,
Where he who miniſters the cup begins.

* This firſt attempt of Telemachus and the ſuitors was not an attempt to ſhoot, but to lodge the bow-ſtring on the oppoſite horn, the bow having been releaſed at one end, and ſlackened while it was laid by.

† Antinoüs preſcribes to them this manner of riſing to the trial for the good omen's ſake, the left-hand being held unpropitious.

So ſpake Antinoüs, and his counſel pleaſed.
Then, firſt, Leiodes, Œnop's ſon, aroſe.
He was their ſoothſayer, and ever ſat
Beſide the beaker, inmoſt of them all.
To him alone, of all, licentious deeds
Were odious, and, with indignation fired,
He witneſs'd the exceſſes of the reſt.
He then took foremoſt up the ſhaft and bow,
And, ſtation'd at the portal, ſtrove to bend
But bent it not, fatiguing, firſt, his hands
Delicate and uncuſtom'd to the toil.
He ceaſed, and the aſſembly thus beſpake.
My friends, I ſpeed not; let another try;
For many Princes ſhall this bow of life
Bereave, ſince death more eligible ſeems,
Far more, than loſs of her, for whom we meet
Continual here, expecting ſtill the prize.
Some ſuitor, haply, at this moment, hopes
That he ſhall wed whom long he hath deſired,
Ulyſſes' wife, Penelope; let him
Eſſay the bow, and, trial made, addreſs
His ſpouſal offers to ſome other fair
Among the long-ſtoled Princeſſes of Greece,
This Princeſs leaving his, whoſe proffer'd gifts
Shall pleaſe her moſt, and whom the Fates ordain.
He ſaid, and ſet the bow down on the floor,
Reclining it againſt the ſhaven pannels ſmooth
That lined the wall; the arrow, next, he placed,

Leaning

Leaning againſt the bow's bright-poliſh'd horn,
And to the ſeat whence he had ris'n return'd.
Then him Antinoüs, angry, thus reproved.
What word, Leiodes, grating to our ears
Hath ſcap'd thy lips? I hear it with diſdain.
Shall this bow fatal prove to many a Prince,
Becauſe thou haſt, thyſelf, too feeble proved
To bend it? no. Thou waſt not born to bend
The unpliant bow, or to direct the ſhaft,
But here are nobler who ſhall ſoon prevail.
He ſaid, and to Melanthius gave command,
The goat-herd. Hence, Melanthius, kindle fire;
Beſide it place, with fleeces ſpread, a form
Of length commodious; from within procure
A large round cake of ſuet next, with which
When we have chafed and ſuppled the tough bow
Before the fire, we will again eſſay
To bend it, and decide the doubtful ſtrife.
He ended, and Melanthius, kindling fire
Beſide it placed, with fleeces ſpread, a form
Of length commodious; next, he brought a cake
Ample and round of ſuet from within,
With which they chafed the bow, then tried again
To bend, but bent it not; ſuperior ſtrength
To theirs that taſk required. Yet two, the reſt
In force ſurpaſſing, made no trial yet,
Antinoüs, and Eurymachus the brave.

Then went the herdſman and the ſwine-herd forth
Together; after whom, the glorious Chief
Himſelf the houſe left alſo, and when all
Without the court had met, with gentle ſpeech
Ulyſſes, then, the faithful pair addreſs'd.
Herdſman! and thou, Eumæus! ſhall I keep
A certain ſecret cloſe, or ſhall I ſpeak
Outright? my ſpirit prompts me, and I will.
What welcome ſhould Ulyſſes at your hands
Receive, arriving ſuddenly at home,
Some God his guide? would ye the ſuitors aid,
Or would ye aid Ulyſſes? anſwer true.
Then thus the chief intendant of his herds.
Would Jove but grant me my deſire, to ſee
Once more the Hero, and would ſome kind Pow'r
Reſtore him, I would ſhew thee ſoon an arm
Strenuous to ſerve him, and a dauntleſs heart.
Eumæus, alſo, fervently implored
The Gods in pray'r, that they would render back
Ulyſſes to his home. He, then, convinced
Of their unfeigning honeſty, began.
Behold him! I am he myſelf, arrived
After long ſuff'rings in the twentieth year!
I know how welcome to yourſelves alone
Of all my train I come, for I have heard
None others praying for my ſafe return.
I therefore tell you truth; ſhould heav'n ſubdue
The ſuitors under me, ye ſhall receive

Each

Each at my hands a bride, with lands and houſe
Near to my own, and ye ſhall be thenceforth
Dear friends and brothers of the Prince my ſon.
Lo! alſo this indiſputable proof
That ye may know and truſt me. View it here.
It is the ſcar which in Parnaſſus erſt
(Where with the ſons I hunted of renown'd
Autolycus) I from a boar received.

So ſaying, he ſtripp'd his tatters, and unveil'd
The whole broad ſcar; then, ſoon as they had ſeen
And ſurely recognized the mark, each caſt
His arms around Ulyſſes, wept, embraced
And preſs'd him to his boſom, kiſſing oft
His brows and ſhoulders, who as oft their hands
And foreheads kiſs'd, nor had the ſetting ſun
Beheld them ſatisfied, but that himſelf
Ulyſſes thus admoniſhed them, and ſaid.

Ceaſe now from tears, leſt any, coming forth,
Mark and report them to our foes within.
Now, to the hall again, but one by one,
Not all at once, I foremoſt, then yourſelves,
And this ſhall be the ſign. Full well I know
That, all unanimous, they will oppoſe
Deliv'ry of the bow and ſhafts to me;
But thou, (proceeding with it to my ſeat)
Eumæus, noble friend! ſhalt give the bow
Into my graſp; then bid the women cloſe
The maſſy doors, and ſhould they hear a groan

Or other noiſe made by the Princes ſhut
Within the hall, let none ſet ſtep abroad,
But all work ſilent. Be the palace-door
Thy charge, my good Philœtius! key it faſt
Without a moment's pauſe, and fix the * brace.
He ended, and, returning to the hall,
Reſumed his ſeat; nor ſtay'd his ſervants long
Without, but follow'd their illuſtrious Lord.
Eurymachus was buſily employ'd
Turning the bow, and chafing it before
The ſprightly blaze, but, after all, could find
No pow'r to bend it. Diſappointment wrung
A groan from his proud heart, and thus he ſaid.
Alas! not only for myſelf I grieve,
But grieve for all. Nor, though I mourn the loſs
Of ſuch a bride, mourn I that loſs alone,
(For lovely Greecians may be found no few
In Ithaca, and in the neighbour iſles)
But ſhould we ſo inferior prove at laſt
To brave Ulyſſes, that no force of ours
Can bend his bow, we are for ever ſhamed.
To whom Antinoüs, thus, Eupithes' ſon.
Not ſo; (as even thou art well-aſſured
Thyſelf, Eurymachus!) but Phœbus claims
This day his own. Who then, on ſuch a day,
Would ſtrive to bend it? Let it rather reſt.

* The δεσμὸς ſeems to have been a ſtrap deſigned to cloſe the only aperture by which the bolt could be diſplaced, and the door opened.

And ſhould we leave the rings where now they ſtand,
I truſt that none ent'ring Ulyſſes' houſe
Will dare diſplace them. Cup-bearer, attend!
Serve all with wine, that, firſt, libation made,
We may religiouſly lay down the bow.
Command ye too Melanthius, that he drive
Hither the faireſt goats of all his flocks
At dawn of day, that burning, firſt, the thighs
To the ethereal archer, we may make
New trial, and decide, at length, the ſtrife.
So ſpake Antinoüs, and his counſel pleaſed.
The heralds, then, pour'd water on their hands,
While youths crown'd high the goblets which they bore
From right to left, diſtributing to all.
When each had made libation, and had drunk
'Till well ſufficed, then, artful to effect
His ſhrewd deſigns, Ulyſſes thus began.
Hear, O ye ſuitors of th' illuſtrious Queen,
My boſom's dictates. But I ſhall entreat
Chiefly Eurymachus and the godlike youth
Antinoüs, whoſe advice is wiſely giv'n.
Tamper no longer with the bow, but leave
The matter with the Gods, who ſhall decide
The ſtrife to-morrow, fav'ring whom they will.
Meantime, grant *me* the poliſh'd bow, that I
May trial make among you of my force,
If I retain it ſtill in like degree
As erſt, or whether wand'ring and defect

Of nouriſhment have worn it all away.
He ſaid, whom they with indignation heard
Extreme, alarm'd leſt he ſhould bend the bow,
And ſternly thus Antinoüs replied.
Deſperate vagabond! ah wretch deprived
Of reaſon utterly! art not content?
Eſteem'ſt it not diſtinction proud enough
To feaſt with us the nobles of the land?
None robs thee of thy ſhare, thou witneſſeſt
Our whole diſcourſe, which, ſave thyſelf alone,
No needy vagrant is allow'd to hear.
Thou art befool'd by wine, as many have been,
Wide-throated drinkers, unreſtrain'd by rule.
Wine in the manſion of the mighty Chief
Pirithoüs, made the valiant Centaur mad
Eurytion, at the * Lapithæan feaſt.
He drank to drunkenneſs, and being drunk,
Committed great enormities beneath
Pirithous' roof, and ſuch as fill'd with rage
The Hero-gueſts, who therefore by his feet
Dragg'd him right through the veſtibule, amerced
Of noſe and ears, and he departed thence
Provoked to frenzy by that foul diſgrace,
Whence war between the human kind aroſe

* When Pirithoüs, one of the Lapithæ, married Hippodamia, daughter of Adraſtus, he invited the Centaurs to the wedding. The Centaurs, intoxicated with wine, attempted to raviſh the wives of the Lapithæ, who, in reſentment of that inſult, ſlew them.

And the bold Centaurs—but he firſt incurred
By his ebriety that mulct ſevere.
Great evil, alſo, if thou bend the bow,
To thee I prophecy; for thou ſhalt find
Advocate or protector none in all
This people, but we will diſpatch thee hence
Incontinent on board a ſable bark
To Echetus, the ſcourge of human kind,
From whom is no eſcape. Drink then in peace,
And conteſt ſhun with younger men than thou.

Him anſwer'd, then, Penelope diſcrete.
Antinoüs! neither ſeemly were the deed
Nor juſt, to maim or harm whatever gueſt
Whom here arrived Telemachus receives.
Canſt thou expect, that ſhould he even prove
Stronger than ye, and bend the maſſy bow,
He will conduct me hence to his own home,
And make me his own bride? No ſuch deſign
His heart conceives, or hope; nor let a dread
So vain the mind of any overcloud
Who banquets here, ſince it diſhonours me.

So ſhe; to whom Eurymachus reply'd,
Offspring of Polybus. O matchleſs Queen!
Icarius' prudent daughter! none ſuſpects
That thou wilt wed with him; a mate ſo mean
Should ill become thee; but we fear the tongues
Of either ſex, leſt ſome Achaian ſay
Hereafter, (one inferior far to us)

Ah! how unworthy are they to compare
With him whoſe wife they ſeek! to bend his bow
Paſs'd all their pow'r, yet this poor vagabond,
Arriving from what country none can tell,
Bent it with eaſe, and ſhot through all the rings.
So will they ſpeak, and ſo ſhall we be ſhamed.
Then anſwer, thus, Penelope return'd.
No fair report, Eurymachus, attends
Their names or can, who, riotous as ye,
The houſe diſhonour, and conſume the wealth
Of ſuch a Chief. Why ſhame ye thus *yourſelves?*
The gueſt is of athletic frame, well form'd,
And large of limb; he boaſts him alſo ſprung
From noble anceſtry. Come then—conſent—
Give him the bow, that we may ſee the proof;
For thus I ſay, and thus will I perform;
Sure as he bends it, and Apollo gives
To him that glory, tunic fair and cloak
Shall be his meed from me, a javelin keen
To guard him againſt men and dogs, a ſword
Of double edge, and ſandals for his feet,
And I will ſend him whither moſt he would.
Her anſwer'd then prudent Telemachus.
Mother—the bow is mine; and, ſave myſelf,
No Greek hath right to give it, or refuſe.
None who in rock-bound Ithaca poſſeſs
Dominion, none in the ſteed-paſtured iſles
Of Elis, if I choſe to make the bow

His own for ever, ſhould that choice controul.
But thou into the houſe repairing, ply
Spindle and loom, thy province, and enjoin
Diligence to thy maidens; for the bow
Is man's concern alone, and ſhall be mine
Eſpecially, ſince I am maſter here.
She heard aſtoniſh'd, and the prudent ſpeech
Repoſing of her ſon deep in her heart,
Withdrew; then mounting with her female train
To her ſuperior chamber, there ſhe wept
Her loſt Ulyſſes, 'till Minerva bathed
With balmy dews of ſleep her weary lids.
And now the noble ſwine-herd bore the bow
Toward Ulyſſes, but with one voice all
The ſuitors, clamorous, reproved the deed,
Of whom a youth, thus, inſolent exclaim'd.
Thou clumſy ſwine-herd, whither bear'ſt the bow,
Delirious wretch? the hounds that thou haſt train'd
Shall eat thee at thy ſolitary home
Ere long, let but Apollo prove, at laſt,
Propitious to us, and the Pow'rs of heav'n.
So they, whom hearing he replaced the bow
Where erſt it ſtood, terrified at the ſound
Of ſuch loud menaces; on the other ſide
Telemachus as loud aſſail'd his ear.
Friend! forward with the bow; or ſoon repent
That thou obey'dſt the many. I will elſe
With huge ſtones drive thee, younger as I am,

Back to the field. My ſtrength ſurpaſſes thine.
I would to heav'n that I in force excell'd
As far, and proweſs, every ſuitor here!
So would I ſoon give rude diſmiſſion hence
To ſome, who live but to imagine harm.
He ceaſed, whoſe words the ſuitors laughing heard,
And, for their ſake, in part their wrath reſign'd
Againſt Telemachus; then through the hall
Eumæus bore, and to Ulyſſes' hand
Conſign'd the bow; next, ſummoning abroad
The ancient nurſe, he gave her thus in charge.
It is the pleaſure of Telemachus,
Sage Euryclea! that thou key ſecure
The doors; and ſhould ye hear, perchance, a groan
Or other noiſe made by the Princes ſhut
Within the hall, let none look, curious, forth,
But each in quietneſs purſue her work.
So he; nor flew his words uſeleſs away,
But ſhe, incontinent, ſhut faſt the doors.
Then, noiſeleſs, ſprang Philœtius forth, who cloſed
The portals alſo of the palace-court.
A ſhip-rope of Ægyptian reed, it chanced,
Lay in the veſtibule; with that he braced
The doors ſecurely, and re-entring fill'd
Again his ſeat, but, watchful, eyed his Lord.
He, now, aſſaying with his hand the bow,
Made curious trial of it ev'ry way,
And turn'd it on all ſides, leſt haply worms

Had in its maſter's abſence drill'd the horn.
Then thus a ſuitor to his next remark'd.
He hath an eye, methinks, exactly ſkill'd
In bows, and ſteals them; or perhaps, at home,
Hath ſuch himſelf, or feels a ſtrong deſire
To make them; ſo inquiſitive the rogue
Adept in miſchief, ſhifts it to and fro!
To whom another, inſolent, replied.
I wiſh him like proſperity in all
His efforts, as attends his effort made
On this ſame bow, which he ſhall never bend.
So they; but when the wary Hero wiſe
Had made his hand familiar with the bow
Poiſing it and examining—at once—
As when in harp and ſong adept, a bard
Unlab'ring ſtrains the chord to a new lyre,
The twiſted entrails of a ſheep below
With fingers nice inſerting, and above,
With ſuch facility Ulyſſes bent
His own huge bow, and with his right hand play'd
The nerve, which in its quick vibration ſang
Clear as the ſwallow's voice. Keen anguiſh ſeized
The ſuitors, wan grew ev'ry cheek, and Jove
Gave him his rolling thunder for a ſign.
That omen, granted to him by the ſon
Of wily Saturn, with delight he heard.
He took a ſhaft that at the table ſide
Lay ready drawn; but in his quiver's womb

The reſt yet ſlept, by thoſe Achaians proud
To be, ere long, experienced. True he lodg'd
The arrow on the centre of the bow,
And, occupying ſtill his ſeat, drew home
Nerve and notch'd arrow-head; with ſtedfaſt ſight
He aimed and ſent it; right through all the rings
From firſt to laſt the ſteel-charged weapon flew
Iſſuing beyond, and to his ſon he ſpake.

Thou need'ſt not bluſh, young Prince, to have received
A gueſt like me; neither my arrow ſwerved,
Nor labour'd I long time to draw the bow;
My ſtrength is unimpair'd, not ſuch as theſe
In ſcorn affirm it. But the waning day
Calls us to ſupper, * after which ſucceeds
Jocund variety, the ſong, the harp,
With all that heightens and adorns the feaſt.

He ſaid, and with his brows gave him the ſign.
At once the ſon of the illuſtrious Chief
Slung his keen faulchion, graſp'd his ſpear, and ſtood
Arm'd bright for battle at his father's ſide.

* This is an inſtance of the Σαρδανιον μαλα τοιον mentioned in Book XX.; ſuch as, perhaps, could not be eaſily paralleled. I queſtion if there be a paſſage, either in antient or modern tragedy, ſo truly terrible as this ſeeming levity of Ulyſſes, in the moment when he was going to begin the ſlaughter.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

Ulyſſes, with ſome little aſſiſtance from Telemachus, Eumæus and Philœtius, ſlays all the ſuitors, and twelve of the female ſervants who had allowed themſelves in illicit intercourſe with them, are hanged. Melanthius alſo is puniſhed with miſerable mutilation.

## BOOK XXII.

THEN, girding up his rags, Ulyſſes ſprang
With bow and full-charged quiver to the door;
Looſe on the broad ſtone at his feet he pour'd
His arrows, and the ſuitors, thus, beſpake.
This prize, though difficult, hath been atchieved.
Now for another mark which never man
Struck yet, but I will ſtrike it if I may,
And if Apollo make that glory mine.
He ſaid, and at Antinoüs aimed direct
A bitter ſhaft; he, purpoſing to drink,
Both hands advanced toward the golden cup
Twin-ear'd, nor aught ſuſpected death ſo nigh.
For who, at the full banquet, could ſuſpect

That

That any ſingle gueſt, however brave,
Should plan his death, and execute the blow?
Yet him Ulyſſes with an arrow pierced
Full in the throat, and through his neck behind
Started the glitt'ring point. Aſlant he droop'd;
Down fell the goblet, through his noſtrils flew
The ſpouted blood, and ſpurning with his foot
The board, he ſpread his viands in the duſt.
Confuſion, when they ſaw Antinoüs fall'n,
Seized all the ſuitors; from the thrones they ſprang,
Flew ev'ry way, and on all ſides explored
The palace-walls, but neither ſturdy lance
As erſt, nor buckler could they there diſcern.
Then, furious, to Ulyſſes thus they ſpake.

Thy arrow, ſtranger, was ill-aimed; a man
Is no juſt mark. Thou never ſhalt diſpute
Prize more. Inevitable death is thine.
For thou haſt ſlain a Prince nobleſt of all
In Ithaca, and ſhalt be vultures' food.

Various their judgments were, but none believed
That he had ſlain him wittingly, nor ſaw
Th' infatuate men fate hov'ring o'er them all.
Then thus Ulyſſes, louring dark, replied.

O dogs! not fearing aught my ſafe return
From Ilium, ye have ſhorn my ſubſtance cloſe,
Lain with my women forcibly, and ſought,
While yet I lived, to make my conſort yours,
Heedleſs of the inhabitants of heav'n

Alike,

Alike, and of the juſt revenge of man.
But death is on the wing; death for you all.
He ſaid; their cheeks all faded at the ſound,
And each with ſharpen'd eyes ſearch'd ev'ry nook
For an eſcape from his impending doom,
'Till thus, alone, Eurymachus replied.
If thou indeed art he, the mighty Chief
Of Ithaca return'd, thou haſt rehears'd
With truth the crimes committed by the Greeks
Frequent, both in thy houſe and in thy field.
But he, already, who was cauſe of all,
Lies ſlain, Antinoüs; he thy palace fill'd
With outrage, not ſolicitous ſo much
To win the fair Penelope, but thoughts
Far diff'rent framing, which Saturnian Jove
Hath baffled all; to rule, himſelf, ſupreme;
In noble Ithaca, when he had kill'd
By an inſidious ſtratagem thy ſon.
But he is ſlain. Now therefore, ſpare thy own,
Thy people; public reparation due
Shall ſure be thine, and to appeaſe thy wrath
For all the waſte that, eating, drinking here
We have committed, we will yield thee, each,
Full twenty beeves, gold paying thee beſide
And braſs, 'till joy ſhall fill thee at the ſight,
However juſt thine anger was before.
To whom Ulyſſes, frowning ſtern, replied.
Eurymachus, would ye contribute each

His whole inheritance, and other ſums
Still add beſide, ye ſhould not, even ſo,
Theſe hands of mine bribe to abſtain from blood,
'Till ev'ry ſuitor ſuffer for his wrong.
Ye have your choice. Fight with me, or eſcape
(Whoever may) the terrours of his fate,
But ye all periſh, if my thought be true.

He ended, they with trembling knees and hearts
All heard, whom thus Eurymachus addreſs'd.

To your defence, my friends! for reſpite none
Will he to his victorious hands afford,
But, arm'd with bow and quiver, will diſpatch
Shafts from the door 'till he have ſlain us all.
Therefore to arms—draw each his ſword—oppoſe
The tables to his ſhafts, and all at once
Ruſh on him; that, diſlodging him at leaſt
From portal and from threſhold, we may give
The city on all ſides a loud alarm,
So ſhall this archer ſoon have ſhot his laſt.

Thus ſaying, he drew his brazen faulchion keen
Of double edge, and with a dreadful cry
Sprang on him; but Ulyſſes with a ſhaft
In that ſame moment through his boſom driv'n
Transfix'd his liver, and down dropp'd his ſword.
He, ſtaggering around his table, fell
Convolv'd in agonies, and overturn'd
Both food and wine; his forehead ſmote the floor;
Woe fill'd his heart, and ſpurning with his heels

His

His vacant ſeat, he ſhook it 'till he died.
Then, with his faulchion drawn, Amphinomus
Advanced to drive Ulyſſes from the door,
And fierce was his aſſault; but, from behind,
Telemachus between his ſhoulders fix'd
A brazen lance, and urged it through his breaſt.
Full on his front, with hideous ſound, he fell.
Leaving the weapon planted in his ſpine
Back flew Telemachus, leſt, had he ſtood
Drawing it forth, ſome enemy, perchance,
Should either pierce him with a ſudden thruſt
Oblique, or hew him with a downright edge.
Swift, therefore, to his father's ſide he ran,
Whom reaching, in wing'd accents thus he ſaid.
My father! I will now bring thee a ſhield,
An helmet, and two ſpears; I will encloſe
Myſelf in armour alſo, and will give
Both to the herdſmen and Eumæus arms
Expedient now, and needful for us all.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
Run; fetch them, while I yet have arrows left,
Leſt, ſingle, I be juſtled from the door.
He ſaid, and, at his word, forth went the Prince,
Seeking the chamber where he had ſecured
The armour. Thence he took four ſhields, eight ſpears,
With four hair-creſted helmets, charged with which
He haſted to his father's ſide again,
And, arming firſt himſelf, furniſh'd with arms

His two attendants. Then, all clad alike
In ſplendid braſs, beſide the dauntleſs Chief
Ulyſſes, his auxiliars firm they ſtood.
He, while a ſingle arrow unemploy'd
Lay at his foot, right-aiming, ever pierced
Some ſuitor through, and heaps on heaps they fell.
But when his arrows fail'd the royal Chief,
His bow reclining at the portal's ſide
Againſt the palace-wall, he ſlung, himſelf,
A four-fold buckler on his arm, he fix'd
A caſque whoſe creſt waved awful o'er his brows
On his illuſtrious head, and fill'd his gripe
With two ſtout ſpears, well-headed, both, with braſs.
There was a certain poſtern * in the wall
At the gate-ſide, the cuſtomary paſs
Into a narrow ſtreet, but barr'd ſecure.
Ulyſſes bade his faithful ſwine-herd watch
That egreſs, ſtation'd near it, for it own'd
One ſole approach; then Agelaüs loud
Exhorting all the ſuitors, thus exclaim'd.
Oh friends! will none, aſcending to the door
Of yonder poſtern, ſummon to our aid
The populace, and ſpread a wide alarm?

* If the ancients found it difficult to aſcertain clearly the ſituation of this ορσοθυρη, well may we. The Tranſlator has given it the poſition which to him appeared moſt probable.—There ſeem to have been two of theſe poſterns, one leading to a part from which the town might be alarmed, the other to the chamber to which Telemachus went for armour. There was one, perhaps, on each ſide of the portal, and they appear to have been at ſome height above the floor.

So

So ſhall this archer ſoon have ſhot his laſt.
To whom the keeper of the goats replied
Melanthius. Agelaüs! Prince renown'd!
That may not be. The poſtern and the gate*
Neighbour too near each other, and to force
The narrow egreſs were a vain attempt;
One valiant man might thence repulſe us all.
But come—myſelf will furniſh you with arms
Fetch'd from above; for there, as I ſuppoſe,
(And not elſewhere) Ulyſſes and his ſon
Have hidden them, and there they ſhall be found.
So ſpake Melanthius, and, aſcending, ſought
Ulyſſes' chambers through the winding ſtairs
And gall'ries of the houſe. Twelve bucklers thence
He took, as many ſpears, and helmets bright
As many, ſhagg'd with hair, then ſwift return'd
And gave them to his friends. Trembled the heart
Of brave Ulyſſes, and his knees, at ſight
Of his oppoſers putting armour on,
And ſhaking each his ſpear; arduous indeed
Now ſeem'd his taſk, and in wing'd accents brief
Thus to his ſon Telemachus he ſpake.
Either ſome woman of our train contrives
Hard battle for us, furniſhing with arms
The ſuitors, or Melanthius arms them all.
Him anſwer'd then Telemachus diſcrete.
Father, this fault was mine, and be it charged

* At which Ulyſſes ſtood.

On none beſide; I left the chamber-door
Unbarr'd, which, more attentive than myſelf,
Their ſpy perceived. But haſte, Eumæus, ſhut
The chamber-door, obſerving well, the while,
If any women of our train have done
This deed, or whether, as I more ſuſpect,
Melanthius, Dolius' ſon, have giv'n them arms.

Thus mutual they conferr'd; meantime, again
Melanthius to the chamber flew in queſt
Of other arms. Eumæus, as he went,
Mark'd him, and to Ulyſſes thus he ſpake.

Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Behold, the traytor, whom ourſelves ſuppoſed,
Seeks yet again the chamber! Tell me plain,
Shall I, ſhould I ſuperior prove in force,
Slay him, or ſhall I drag him thence to thee,
That he may ſuffer at thy hands the doom
Due to his treaſons perpetrated oft
Againſt thee, here, even in thy own houſe?

Then anſwer thus Ulyſſes ſhrewd return'd.
I, with Telemachus, will here immew
The lordly ſuitors cloſe, rage as they may.
Ye two, the while, bind faſt Melanthius' hands
And feet behind his back, then caſt him bound
Into the chamber, and (the door ſecured)
Paſs underneath his arms a double chain,
And by a pillar's top weigh him aloft
'Till he approach the rafters, there to endure,

Living

Living long time, the mis'ries he hath earned.
He ſpake; they prompt obey'd; together both
They ſought the chamber, whom the wretch within
Heard not, exploring ev'ry nook for arms.
They watching ſtood the door, from which, at length,
Forth came Melanthius, bearing in one hand
A caſque, and in the other a broad ſhield
Time-worn and chapp'd with drought, which in his youth
Warlike Laertes had been wont to bear.
Long time neglected it had lain, 'till age
Had loos'd the ſutures of its bands. At once
Both, ſpringing on him, ſeized and drew him in
Forcibly by his locks, then caſt him down
Prone on the pavement, trembling at his fate.
With painful ſtricture of the cord his hands
They bound and feet together at his back,
As their illuſtrious maſter had enjoined,
Then weigh'd him with a double chain aloft
By a tall pillar to the palace-roof,
And thus, deriding him, Eumæus ſpake.
Now, good Melanthius, on that fleecy bed
Reclined, as well befits thee, thou wilt watch
All night, nor when the golden dawn forſakes
The ocean ſtream, will ſhe eſcape thine eye,
But thou wilt duly to the palace drive
The fatteſt goats, a banquet for thy friends.
So ſaying, he left him in his dreadful ſling.
Then, arming both, and barring faſt the door,

They

They ſought brave Laertiades again.
And now, courageous at the portal ſtood
Thoſe four, by numbers in the interior houſe
Oppoſed of adverſaries fierce in arms,
When Pallas, in the form and with the voice
Approach'd of Mentor, whom Laertes' ſon
Beheld, and joyful at the ſight, exclaim'd.
Help, Mentor! help—now recollect a friend
And benefactor, born when thou waſt born.
So he, not unſuſpicious that he ſaw
Pallas, the heroine of heav'n. Meantime
The ſuitors fill'd with menaces the dome,
And Agelaüs, firſt, Damaſtor's ſon,
In accents harſh rebuked the Goddeſs thus.
Beware, oh Mentor! that he lure thee not
To oppoſe the ſuitors and to aid himſelf,
For thus will we. Ulyſſes and his ſon
Both ſlain, in vengeance of thy purpos'd deeds
Againſt us, we will ſlay *thee* next, and thou
With thy own head ſhalt ſatisfy the wrong.
Your force thus quell'd in battle, all thy wealth
Whether in houſe or field, mingled with his,
We will confiſcate, neither will we leave
Or ſon of thine, or daughter in thy houſe
Alive, nor ſhall thy virtuous conſort more
Within the walls of Ithaca be ſeen.
He ended, and his words with wrath inflamed
Minerva's heart the more; incenſed, ſhe turn'd

Toward Ulyſſes, whom ſhe thus reproved.
Thou neither own'ſt the courage nor the force,
Ulyſſes, now, which nine whole years thou ſhowd'ſt
At Ilium, waging battle obſtinate
For high-born Helen, and in horrid fight
Deſtroying multitudes, 'till thy advice
At laſt lay'd Priam's bulwark'd city low.
Why, in poſſeſſion of thy proper home
And ſubſtance, mourn'ſt thou want of pow'r t' oppoſe
The ſuitors? Stand beſide me, mark my deeds,
And thou ſhalt own Mentor Alcimides
A valiant friend, and mindful of thy love.
She ſpake; nor made ſhe victory as yet
Entire his own, proving the valour, firſt,
Both of the ſire and of his glorious ſon,
But, ſpringing in a ſwallow's form aloft,
Perch'd on a rafter of the ſplendid roof.
Then, Agelaüs animated loud
The ſuitors, whom Eurynomus alſo roufed,
Amphimedon, and Demoptolemus,
And Polyctorides, Piſander named,
And Polybus the brave; for nobleſt far
Of all the ſuitor-chiefs who now ſurvived
And fought for life were theſe. The bow had quell'd
And ſhafts, in quick ſucceſſion ſent, the reſt.
Then Agelaüs, thus, harangued them all.
We ſoon ſhall tame, O friends, this warrior's might,
Whom Mentor, after all his airy vaunts

Hath left, and at the portal now remain
Themſelves alone. Diſmiſs not therefore, all,
Your ſpears together, but with ſix alone
Aſſail them firſt; Jove willing, we ſhall pierce
Ulyſſes, and ſubduing him, ſhall ſlay
With eaſe the reſt; their force is ſafely ſcorn'd.
He ceas'd; and, as he bade, ſix hurl'd the ſpear
Together; but Minerva gave them all
A devious flight; * one ſtruck a column, one
The planks of the broad portal, and a third
Flung right his aſhen beam pon'drous with braſs
Againſt the wall. Then (ev'ry ſuitor's ſpear
Eluded) thus Ulyſſes gave the word—
Now friends! I counſel you that ye diſmiſs
Your ſpears at *them*, who, not content with paſt
Enormities, thirſt alſo for our blood.
He ſaid, and with unerring aim all threw
Their glitt'ring ſpears. Ulyſſes on the ground
Stretch'd Demoptolemus; Euryades
Fell by Telemachus; the ſwine-herd ſlew
Elätus, and the keeper of the beeves
Piſander; in one moment all alike
Lay grinding with their teeth the duſty floor.
Back flew the ſuitors to the fartheſt wall,
On whom thoſe valiant four advancing, each
Recover'd, quick, his weapon from the dead.

* The deviation of three only is deſcribed, which muſt be underſtood, therefore, as inſtances of the ill ſucceſs of all.

Then

Then hurl'd the deſp'rate ſuitors yet again
Their glitt'ring ſpears, but Pallas gave to each
A fruſtrate courſe; one ſtruck a column, one
The planks of the broad portal, and a third
Flung full his aſhen beam againſt the wall.
Yet pierced Amphimedon the Prince's wriſt,
But ſlightly, a ſkin-wound, and o'er his ſhield
Cteſippus reach'd the ſhoulder of the good
Eumæus, but his glancing weapon ſwift
O'erflew the mark, and fell. And now the four,
Ulyſſes, dauntleſs Hero, and his friends
All hurl'd their ſpears together in return.
Himſelf Ulyſſes, city-waſter Chief,
Wounded Eurydamas; Ulyſſes' ſon
Amphimedon; the ſwine-herd Polybus;
And in his breaſt the keeper of the beeves
Cteſippus, glorying over whom, he cried.
Oh ſon of Polytherſes! whoſe delight
Hath been to taunt and jeer, never again
Boaſt fooliſhly, but to the Gods commit
Thy tongue, ſince they are mightier far than thou.
Take this—a compenſation for thy pledge
Of hoſpitality, the huge ox-hoof,
Which while he roam'd the palace, begging alms,
Ulyſſes at thy bounteous hand received.
So gloried he; then, graſping ſtill his ſpear,
Ulyſſes pierced Damaſtor's ſon, and, next,
Telemachus, enforcing his long beam

Sheer through his bowels and his back, tranſpierced
Leiocritus; he proſtrate ſmote the floor.
Then, Pallas from the lofty roof held forth
Her hoſt-confounding Ægis o'er their heads,
With'ring their ſouls with fear. They through the hall
Fled, ſcatter'd as an herd, which rapid-wing'd
The gad-fly diſſipates, infeſter fell
Of beeves, when vernal ſuns ſhine hot and long.
* But, as when bow-beak'd vultures crooked-claw'd
Stoop from the mountains on the ſmaller fowl;
Terrified at the toils that ſpread the plain
The flock takes wing, they, darting from above,
Strike, ſeize, and ſlay, reſiſtance or eſcape
Is none, the fowler's heart leaps with delight,
So they, purſuing through the ſpacious hall
The ſuitors, ſmote them on all ſides, their heads
Sounded beneath the ſword, with hideous groans
The palace rang, and the floor foam'd with blood.
Then flew Leiodes to Ulyſſes' knees,
Which claſping, in wing'd accents thus he cried.
I claſp thy knees, Ulyſſes! oh reſpect
My ſuit, and ſpare me! Never have I word
Injurious ſpoken, or injurious deed

* In this ſimile we ſeem to have a curious account of the antient manner of fowling. The nets (for νέφεα is uſed in that ſenſe by Ariſtophanes) were ſpread on a plain; on an adjoining riſing ground were ſtationed they who had charge of the vultures, (ſuch Homer calls them) which were trained to the ſport. The alarm being given to the birds below, the vultures were looſed, when if any of them eſcaped their talons, the nets were ready to encloſe them. See Euſtathius. Dacier. Clarke.

Attempted

Attempted 'gainſt the women of thy houſe,
But others, ſo tranſgreſſing, oft forbad.
Yet they abſtain'd not, and a dreadful fate
Due to their wickedneſs have, therefore, found.
But I, their ſoothſayer alone, muſt fall,
Though unoffending; ſuch is the return
By mortals made for benefits received!

To whom Ulyſſes, louring-dark, replied.
Is that thy boaſt? Haſt thou indeed for theſe
The ſeer's high office fill'd? Then, doubtleſs, oft
Thy pray'r hath been that diſtant far might prove
The day delectable of my return,
And that my conſort might thy own become
To bear thee children; wherefore thee I doom
To a dire death which thou ſhalt not avoid.

So ſaying, he caught the faulchion from the floor
Which Agelaüs had let fall, and ſmote
Leiodes, while he kneel'd, athwart his neck
So ſuddenly, that ere his tongue had ceaſed
To plead for life, his head was in the duſt.
But Phemius, ſon of Terpius, bard divine,
Who, through compulſion, with his ſong regaled
The ſuitors, a like dreadful death eſcaped.
Faſt by the poſtern, harp in hand, he ſtood,
Doubtful if, iſſuing, he ſhould take his ſeat
Beſide the altar of Hercæan * Jove,

* So called becauſe he was worſhipped within the Ἕρκος or wall that ſurrounded the court.

Where

Where oft Ulyſſes offer'd, and his fire,
Fat thighs of beeves, or whether he ſhould haſte,
An earneſt ſuppliant, to embrace his knees.
That courſe, at length, moſt pleaſed him; then, between
The beaker and an argent-ſtudded throne
He grounded his ſweet lyre, and ſeizing faſt
The Hero's knees, him, ſuppliant, thus addreſs'd.
I claſp thy knees, Ulyſſes! oh reſpect
My ſuit, and ſpare me. Thou ſhalt not eſcape
Regret thyſelf hereafter, if thou ſlay
Me, charmer of the woes of Gods and men.
Self-taught am I, and treaſure in my mind
Themes of all argument from heav'n inſpired,
And I can ſing to thee as to a God.
Ah, then, behead me not. Put ev'n the wiſh
Far from thee! for thy own beloved ſon
Can witneſs, that not drawn by choice, or driv'n
By ſtreſs of want, reſorting to thine houſe
I have regaled theſe revellers ſo oft,
But under force of mightier far than I.
So he; whoſe words ſoon as the ſacred might
Heard of Telemachus, approaching quick
His father, thus, humane, he interpoſed.
Hold—Harm not with the vengeful faulchion's edge
This blameleſs man; and we will alſo ſpare
Medon the herald, who hath ever been
A watchful guardian of my boyiſh years,
Unleſs Philœtius have already ſlain him,

Or

Or elſe Eumæus, or thyſelf, perchance,
Unconſcious, in the tumult of our foes.
He ſpake, whom Medon hearing (for he lay
Beneath a throne, and in a new-ſtript hide
Enfolded, trembling with the dread of death)
Sprang from his hiding-place, and caſting off
The ſkin, flew to Telemachus, embraced
His knees, and in wing'd accents thus exclaim'd.
Prince! I am here—oh, pity me! repreſs
Thine own, and pacify thy father's wrath,
That he deſtroy not me, through fierce revenge
Of their iniquities who have conſumed
His wealth, and, in their folly, ſcorn'd his ſon.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied,
Smiling complacent. Fear not; my own ſon
Hath pleaded for thee. Therefore (taught thyſelf
That truth) teach others the ſuperior worth
Of benefits with injuries compared.
But go ye forth, thou and the ſacred bard,
That ye may ſit diſtant in yonder court
From all this carnage, while I give command,
Myſelf, concerning it, to thoſe within.
He ceas'd; they going forth, took each his ſeat
Beſide Jove's altar, but with careful looks
Suſpicious, dreading without ceaſe the ſword.
Meantime Ulyſſes ſearch'd his hall, in queſt
Of living foes, if any ſtill ſurvived
Unpuniſh'd; but he found them all alike

Welt'ring

Welt'ring in duſt and blood; num'rous they lay
Like fiſhes when they ſtrew the ſinuous ſhore
Of Ocean, from the grey gulph drawn aground
In nets of many a meſh; they on the ſands
Lie ſpread, athirſt for the ſalt wave, 'till hot
The gazing ſun dries all their life away;
So lay the ſuitors heap'd, and thus at length
The prudent Chief gave order to his ſon.

Telemachus! bid Euryclea come
Quickly, the nurſe, to whom I would impart
The purpoſe which now occupies me moſt.

He ſaid; obedient to his ſire, the Prince
Smote on the door, and ſummon'd loud the nurſe.

Ariſe, thou ancient governeſs of all
Our female menials, and come forth; attend
My father; he hath ſomewhat for thine ear.

So he; nor flew his words uſeleſs away,
For, throwing wide the portal, forth ſhe came,
And, by Telemachus conducted, found
Ere long Ulyſſes amid all the ſlain,
With blood defiled and duſt; dread he appear'd
As from the paſtur'd ox newly-devoured
The lion ſtalking back; his ample cheſt
With gory drops and his broad cheeks are hung,
Tremendous ſpectacle! ſuch ſeem'd the Chief,
Blood-ſtain'd all over. She, the carnage ſpread
On all ſides ſeeing, and the pools of blood,
Felt impulſe forcible to publiſh loud

That

That wond'rous triumph; but her Lord repreſs'd
The ſhout of rapture ere it burſt abroad,
And in wing'd accents thus his will enforced.
Silent exult, O antient matron dear!
Shout not, be ſtill. Unholy is the voice
Of loud thankſgiving over ſlaughter'd men.
Their own atrocious deeds and the Gods' will
Have ſlain all theſe; for whether noble gueſt
Arrived or baſe, they ſcoff'd at all alike,
And for their wickedneſs have, therefore, died.
But ſay; of my domeſtic women, who
Have ſcorn'd me, and whom find'ſt thou innocent?
To whom good Euryclea thus replied.
My ſon! I will declare the truth; thou keep'ſt
Female domeſtics fifty in thy houſe,
Whom we have made intelligent to comb
The fleece, and to perform whatever taſk.
Of theſe, twice ſix have overpaſs'd the bounds
Of modeſty, reſpecting neither me,
Nor yet the Queen; and thy own ſon, adult
So lately, no permiſſion had from her
To regulate the women of her train.
But I am gone, I fly with what hath paſs'd
To the Queen's ear, who nought ſuſpects, ſo ſound
She ſleeps, by ſome divinity compoſed.
Then anſwer, thus, Ulyſſes wife returned.
Huſh, and diſturb her not. Go. Summon firſt
Thoſe wantons, who have long deſerved to die.

He ceas'd; then iſſued forth the antient dame
To ſummon thoſe bad women, and, meantime,
Calling his ſon, Philœtius, and Eumæus,
Ulyſſes in wing'd accents thus began.
Beſtir ye, and remove the dead; command
Thoſe women alſo to your help; then cleanſe
With bibulous ſponges and with water all
The ſeats and tables; when ye ſhall have thus
Set all in order, lead thoſe women forth,
And in the centre of the ſpacious court,
Between the ſcull'ry and the outer-wall
Smite them with your broad faulchions 'till they loſe
In death the mem'ry of their ſecret loves
Indulged with wretches lawleſs as themſelves.
He ended, and the damſels came at once
All forth, lamenting, and with tepid tears
Show'ring the ground; with mutual labour, firſt,
Bearing the bodies forth into the court,
They lodged them in the portico; meantime
Ulyſſes, ſtern, enjoin'd them haſte, and, urged
By ſad neceſſity, they bore all out.
With ſponges and with water, next, they cleanſed
The thrones and tables, while Telemachus
Beeſom'd the floor, Eumæus in that work
Aiding him and the keeper of the beeves,
And thoſe twelve damſels bearing forth the foil.
Thus, order giv'n to all within, they, next,
Led forth the women, whom they ſhut between

The ſcull'ry and the outer-wall in cloſe
Durance, from which no pris'ner could eſcape,
And thus Telemachus diſcrete began.
An honourable death is not for theſe
By my advice, who have ſo often heap'd
Reproach on mine and on my mother's head,
And held lewd commerce with the ſuitor-tr ain
He ſaid, and nooſing a ſtrong galley-rope
To an huge column, led the cord around
The ſpacious dome, ſuſpended ſo aloft
That none with quiv'ring feet might reach the floor.
As when a flight of doves ent'ring the copſe,
Or broad-wing'd thruſhes, ſtrike againſt the net
Within, ill reſt, entangled, there they find,
So they, ſuſpended by the neck, expired
All in one line together. Death abhorr'd!
With reſtleſs feet awhile they beat the air,
Then ceas'd. And now through veſtibule and hall
They led Melanthius forth. With ruthleſs ſteel
They pared away his ears and noſe, pluck'd forth
His parts of ſhame, deſtin'd to feed the dogs,
And, ſtill indignant, lopp'd his hands and feet.
Then, laving each his feet and hands, they ſought
Again Ulyſſes; all their work was done;
And thus the Chief to Euryclea ſpake.
Bring blaſt-averting ſulphur, nurſe, bring fire!
That I may fumigate my walls; then bid
Penelope with her attendants down,

And ſummon all the women of her train.
But Euryclea, thus, his nurſe replied.
My ſon! thou haſt well ſaid; yet will I firſt
Serve thee with veſt and mantle. Stand not here
In thy own palace cloath'd with tatters foul,
And beggarly—ſhe will abhor the ſight.
Then anſwer thus Ulyſſes wife return'd.
Not ſo. Bring fire for fumigation firſt.
He ſaid; nor Euryclea his lov'd nurſe
Longer delay'd, but ſulphur brought and fire,
When he with purifying ſteams, himſelf,
Viſited ev'ry part, the banquet-room,
The veſtibule, the court. Ranging meantime
His houſe magnificent, the matron call'd
The women to attend their Lord in haſte,
And they attended, bearing each a torch.
Then gather'd they around him all, ſincere
Welcoming his return; with cloſe embrace
Enfolding him, each kiſs'd his brows, and each
His ſhoulders, and his hands lock'd faſt in hers.
He, irreſiſtible the impulſe felt
To ſigh and weep, well recognizing all.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

Ulyſſes, with ſome difficulty, convinces Penelope of his identity, who, at length, overcome by force of evidence, receives him to her arms with tranſport. He entertains her with a recital of his adventures, and in his narration the principal events of the poem are recapitulated. In the morning, Ulyſſes, Telemachus, the herdſman and the ſwine-herd, depart into the country.

## BOOK XXIII.

AND now, with exultation loud the nurſe
Again aſcended, eager to apprize
The Queen of her Ulyſſes' ſafe return;
Joy braced her knees, with nimbleneſs of youth
She ſtepp'd, and at her ear, her thus beſpake.
Ariſe, Penelope! dear daughter, ſee
With thy own eyes thy daily wiſh fulfill'd.
Ulyſſes is arrived; hath reach'd at laſt
His native home, and all thoſe ſuitors proud
Hath ſlaughter'd, who his family diſtreſs'd,
His ſubſtance waſted, and controul'd his ſon.

To

To whom Penelope diſcrete replied.
Dear nurſe! the Gods have ſurely ta'en away
Thy judgment; they transform the wiſe to fools,
And fools conduct to wiſdom, and have marr'd
Thy intellect, who waſt diſcrete before.
Why wilt thou mock me, wretched as I am,
With tales extravagant? and why diſturb
Thoſe ſlumbers ſweet that ſeal'd ſo faſt mine eyes?
For ſuch ſweet ſlumbers have I never known
Since my Ulyſſes on his voyage ſail'd
To that bad city never to be named.
Down inſtant to thy place again—begone—
For had another of my maidens dared
Diſturb my ſleep with tidings wild as theſe,
I had diſmiſs'd her down into the houſe
More roughly; but thine age excuſes *thee*.
To whom the venerable matron thus.
I mock thee not, my child; no—he is come—
Himſelf, Ulyſſes, even as I ſay,
That ſtranger, object of the ſcorn of all.
Telemachus well knew his ſire arrived,
But prudently conceal'd the tidings, ſo
To inſure the more the ſuitor's puniſhment.
So Euryclea; ſhe tranſported heard,
And ſpringing from the bed, wrapp'd in her arms
The antient woman, ſhedding tears of joy,
And in wing'd accents ardent thus replied.

Ah

Ah then, dear nurſe inform me! tell me true!
Hath he indeed arriv'd as thou declar'ſt?
How dared he to aſſail alone that band
Of ſhameleſs ones, for ever ſwarming here?
Then Euryclea, thus, matron belov'd.
I nothing ſaw or knew; but only heard
Groans of the wounded; in th' interior houſe
We trembling ſat, and ev'ry door was faſt.
Thus all remain'd, 'till by his father ſent,
Thy own ſon call'd me forth. Going, I found
Ulyſſes compaſs'd by the ſlaughter'd dead.
They cover'd wide the pavement, heaps on heaps.
It would have cheer'd thy heart to have beheld
Thy huſband lion-like with crimſon ſtains
Of ſlaughter and of duſt all dappled o'er.
Heap'd in the portal, at this moment, lie
Their bodies, and he fumigates, meantime,
The houſe with ſulphur and with flames of fire,
And hath, himſelf, ſent me to bid thee down.
Follow me, then, that ye may give your hearts
To gladneſs, both, for ye have much endured;
But the event, ſo long your ſoul's deſire,
Is come; himſelf hath to his houſehold Gods
Alive return'd, thee and his ſon he finds
Unharm'd and at your home, nor hath he left
Unpuniſh'd one of all his enemies.
Her anſwer'd, then, Penelope diſcrete.
Ah deareſt nurſe! indulge not to exceſs

This

This dang'rous triumph. Thou art well apprized
How welcome his appearance here would prove
To all, but chief, to me, and to his ſon,
Fruit of our love. But theſe things are not ſo;
Some God, reſentful of their evil deeds,
And of their biting contumely ſevere,
Hath ſlain thoſe proud; for whether noble gueſt
Arrived or baſe, alike they ſcoff'd at all,
And for their wickedneſs have therefore died.
But my Ulyſſes diſtant far, I know,
From Greece hath periſh'd, and returns no more.
To whom thus Euryclea, nurſe belov'd.
What word, my daughter, hath eſcaped thy lips,
Who thus affirm'ſt thy huſband, now within
And at his own hearth-ſide, for ever loſt?
Canſt thou be thus incredulous? Hear again—
I give thee yet proof paſt diſpute, his ſcar
Imprinted by a wild-boar's iv'ry tuſk.
Laving him I remark'd it, and deſired,
Myſelf, to tell thee, but he, ever wiſe,
Compreſſing with both hands my lips, forbad.
Come, follow me. My life ſhall be the pledge.
If I deceive thee, kill me as thou wilt.
To whom Penelope, diſcrete, replied.
Ah, deareſt nurſe, ſagacious as thou art,
Thou little know'ſt to ſcan the counſels wiſe
Of the eternal Gods. But let us ſeek
My ſon, however, that I may behold

The ſuitors dead, and him by whom they died.
So ſaying, ſhe left her chamber, muſing much
In her deſcent, whether to interrogate
Her Lord apart, or whether to imprint,
At once, his hands with kiſſes and his brows.
O'erpaſſing light the portal-ſtep of ſtone
She enter'd. He ſat oppoſite, illumed
By the hearth's ſprightly blaze, and cloſe before
A pillar of the dome, waiting with eyes
Downcaſt, 'till viewing him, his noble ſpouſe
Should ſpeak to him; but ſhe ſat ſilent long,
Her faculties in mute amazement held.
By turns ſhe rivetted her eyes on his,
And, ſeeing him ſo foul attired, by turns
She recognized him not; then ſpake her ſon
Telemachus, and her ſilence thus reprov'd.
My mother! ah my hapleſs and my moſt
Obdurate mother! wherefore thus aloof
Shunn'ſt thou my father, neither at his ſide
Sitting affectionate, nor utt'ring word?
Another wife lives not who could endure
Such diſtance from her huſband new-return'd
To his own country in the twentieth year,
After much hardſhip; but thy heart is ſtill
As ever, leſs impreſſible than ſtone.
To whom Penelope, diſcrete, replied.
I am all wonder, O my ſon; my ſoul
Is ſtunn'd within me; pow'r to ſpeak to him

Or to interrogate him have I none,
Or ev'n to look on him; but if indeed
He be Ulyſſes, and have reach'd his home,
I ſhall believe it ſoon, by proof convinced
Of ſigns, known only to himſelf and me.
She ſaid; then ſmiled the Hero toil-inured,
And in wing'd accents thus ſpake to his ſon.
Leave thou, Telemachus, thy mother here
To ſift and prove me; ſhe will know me ſoon
More certainly; ſhe ſees me ill-attired
And ſqualid now; therefore ſhe ſhews me ſcorn,
And no belief hath yet that I am he.
But we have need, thou and myſelf, of deep
Deliberation. If a man have ſlain
One only citizen, who leaves behind
Few intereſted to avenge his death,
Yet, flying, he forſakes both friends and home;
But we have ſlain the nobleſt Princes far
Of Ithaca, on whom our city moſt
Depended; therefore, I adviſe thee, think!
Him, prudent, then anſwer'd Telemachus.
Be that thy care, my father! for report
Proclaims *thee* ſhrewdeſt of mankind, with whom
In ingenuity may none compare.
Lead thou; to follow thee ſhall be our part
With prompt alacrity; nor ſhall, I judge,
Courage be wanting to our utmoſt force.

Thus

Thus then replied Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe.
To me the ſafeſt counſel and the beſt
Seems this. Firſt waſh yourſelves, and put ye on
Your tunics; bid ye, next, the maidens take
Their beſt attire, and let the bard divine
Harping melodious play a ſportive dance,
That, whether paſſenger or neighbour hear,
All may imagine nuptials held within.
So ſhall not loud report that we have ſlain
All thoſe, alarm the city, 'till we gain
Our woods and fields, where, once arriv'd, ſuch plans
We will deviſe, as Jove ſhall deign to inſpire.
He ſpake, and all, obedient, in the bath
Firſt laved themſelves, then put their tunics on;
The damſels alſo dreſs'd, and the ſweet bard,
Harping melodious, kindled ſtrong deſire
In all, of jocund ſong and graceful dance.
The palace under all its vaulted roof
Remurmur'd to the feet of ſportive youths
And cinctured maidens, while no few abroad,
Hearing ſuch revelry within, remark'd.—
The Queen with many wooers, weds at laſt.
Ah fickle and unworthy fair! too frail
Always to keep inviolate the houſe
Of her firſt Lord, and wait for his return.
So ſpake the people; but they little knew
What had befall'n. Eurynome, meantime,
With bath and unction ſerv'd th' illuſtrious Chief

Ulyſſes, and he ſaw himſelf attired
Royally once again in his own houſe.
Then, Pallas over all his features ſhed
Superior beauty, dignified his form
With added amplitude, and pour'd his curls
Like hyacinthine flow'rs down from his brows.
As when ſome artiſt by Minerva made
And Vulcan, wiſe to execute all taſks
Ingenious, borders ſilver with a wreath
Of gold, accompliſhing a graceful work,
Such grace the Goddeſs o'er his ample cheſt
Copious diffuſed, and o'er his manly brows.
He, godlike, ſtepping from the bath, reſumed
His former ſeat magnificent, and ſat
Oppoſite to the Queen, to whom he ſaid.
  Penelope! the Gods to thee have giv'n
Of all thy ſex, the moſt obdurate heart.
Another wife lives not who could endure
Such diſtance from her huſband new-return'd
To his own country in the twentieth year,
After ſuch hardſhip. But prepare me, nurſe,
A bed, for ſolitary I muſt ſleep,
Since ſhe is iron, and feels not for me.
  Him, anſwer'd then prudent Penelope.
I neither magnify thee, ſir! nor yet
Depreciate thee, nor is my wonder ſuch
As hurries me at once into thy arms,
Though my remembrance perfectly retains,

Such

Such as he was, Ulyſſes, when he ſail'd
On board his bark from Ithaca—Go, nurſe,
Prepare his bed, but not within the walls
Of his own chamber built with his own hands.
Spread it without, and ſpread it well with warm
Mantles, with fleeces, and with richeſt rugs.
So ſpake ſhe, * proving him, and, not untouch'd
With anger at that word, thus he replied.
Penelope, that order grates my ear.
Who hath diſplaced my bed? The taſk were hard
E'en to an artiſt; other than a God
None might with eaſe remove it; as for man,
It might defy the ſtouteſt in his prime
Of youth, to heave it to a different ſpot.
For in that bed elaborate, a ſign,
A ſpecial ſign conſiſts; I was myſelf
The artificer; I faſhion'd it alone.
Within the court a leafy olive grew
Lofty, luxuriant, pillar-like in girth.
Around this tree I built, with maſſy ſtones
Cemented cloſe, my chamber, roof'd it o'er,
And hung the glutinated portals on.
I lopp'd the ample foliage and the boughs,

* The proof conſiſted in this—that the bed being attached to the ſtump of an olive tree ſtill rooted, was immoveable, and Ulyſſes having made it himſelf, no perſon preſent, he muſt needs be apprized of the impoſſibility of her orders, if he were indeed Ulyſſes; accordingly, this demonſtration of his identity ſatisfies all her ſcruples.

And ſev'ring near the root its ſolid bole,
Smooth'd all the rugged ſtump with ſkilful hand,
And wrought it to a pedeſtal well ſquared
And modell'd by the line. I wimbled, next,
The frame throughout, and from the olive-ſtump
Beginning, faſhion'd the whole bed above
'Till all was finiſh'd, plated o'er with gold,
With ſilver, and with ivory, and beneath
Cloſe interlaced with purple cordage ſtrong.
Such ſign I give thee. But if ſtill it ſtand
Unmoved, or if ſome other, ſev'ring ſheer
The olive from its bottom, have diſplaced
My bed—that matter is beſt known to thee.
He ceas'd; ſhe, conſcious of the ſign ſo plain
Giv'n by Ulyſſes, heard with flutt'ring heart
And fault'ring knees that proof. Weeping ſhe ran
Direct toward him, threw her arms around
The Hero, kiſs'd his forehead, and replied.
Ah my Ulyſſes! pardon me—frown not—
Thou, who at other times haſt ever ſhown
Superior wiſdom! all our griefs have flow'd
From the Gods will; they envied us the bliſs
Of undivided union ſweet enjoy'd
Through life, from early youth to lateſt age.
No. Be not angry now; pardon the fault
That I embraced thee not as ſoon as ſeen,
For horror hath not ceaſed to overwhelm
My ſoul, leſt ſome falſe alien ſhould, perchance,

Beguile

Beguile me, for our houſe draws num'rous ſuch.
Jove's daughter, Argive Helen, ne'er had given
Free entertainment to a ſtranger's love,
Had ſhe foreknown that the heroic ſons
Of Greece would bring her to her home again.
But heav'n incited her to that offence,
Who never, elſe, had even in her thought
Harbour'd the foul enormity, from which
Originated even our diſtreſs.
But now, ſince evident thou haſt deſcribed
Our bed, which never mortal yet beheld,
Ourſelves except and Actoris my own
Attendant, giv'n me when I left my home
By good Icarius, and who kept the door,
Though hard to be convinced, at laſt I yield.
So ſaying, ſhe awaken'd in his ſoul
Pity and grief; and folding in his arms
His blameleſs conſort beautiful, he wept.
Welcome as land appears to thoſe who ſwim,
Whoſe gallant bark Neptune with rolling waves
And ſtormy winds hath ſunk in the wide ſea,
A mariner or two, perchance, eſcape
The foamy flood, and, ſwimming, reach the land,
Weary indeed, and with incruſted brine
All rough, but oh, how glad to climb the coaſt!
So welcome in her eyes Ulyſſes ſeem'd,
Around whoſe neck winding her ſnowy arms,
She clung as ſhe would looſe him never more.

Thus

Thus had they wept 'till roſy-finger'd morn
Had found them weeping, but Minerva check'd
Night's almoſt finiſh'd courſe, and held, meantime,
The golden dawn cloſe pris'ner in the Deep,
Forbidding her to lead her courſers forth,
Lampus and Phaëthon that furniſh light
To all the earth, and join them to the yoke.
Then thus, Ulyſſes to Penelope.
My love; we have not yet attain'd the cloſe
Of all our ſufferings, but unmeaſured toil
Arduous remains, which I muſt ſtill atchieve.
For ſo the ſpirit of the Theban ſeer
Inform'd me, on that day, when to enquire
Of mine and of my peoples' ſafe return
I journey'd down to Pluto's drear abode.
But let us hence to bed, there to enjoy
Tranquil repoſe. My love, make no delay.
Him anſwer'd then prudent Penelope.
Thou ſhalt to bed at whatſoever time
Thy ſoul deſires, ſince the immortal Gods
Give thee to me and to thy home again.
But, thou haſt ſpoken from the ſeer of Thebes
Of arduous toils yet unperform'd; declare
What toils? Thou wilt diſcloſe them, as I judge,
Hereafter, and why not diſcloſe them now?
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
Ah converſant with woe! why would'ſt thou learn
That tale? but I will tell it thee at large.

Thou

Thou wilt not hear with joy, nor ſhall myſelf
With joy rehearſe it; for he bade me ſeek
City after city, bearing, as I go,
A ſhapely oar, 'till I ſhall find, at length,
A people who the ſea know not, nor eat
Food ſalted; they trim galley crimſon-prow'd
Have ne'er beheld, nor yet ſmooth-ſhaven oar
With which the veſſel wing'd ſcuds o'er the waves.
He gave me alſo this authentic ſign,
Which I will tell thee. In what place ſoe'er
I chance to meet a trav'ler who ſhall name
The oar on my broad ſhoulder borne, a * van;
He bade me, planting it on that ſame ſpot,
Worſhip the King of Ocean with a bull,
A ram, and a laſcivious boar, then ſeek
My home again, and ſacrifice at home
An hecatomb to the immortal Gods
Inhabitants of the expanſe above.
So ſhall I die, at length, the gentleſt death
Remote from Ocean; it ſhall find me late,
In ſoft ſerenity of age, the Chief
Of a bleſt people.—Thus he propheſied.
Him anſwer'd then Penelope diſcrete.
If heav'n appoint thee in old age a lot
More tranquil, hope thence ſprings of thy eſcape
Some future day from all thy threaten'd woes.

* See the note on the ſame paſſage, Book XI.

Such was their mutual conf'rence ſweet; meantime
Eurynome and Euryclea dreſs'd
Their bed by light of the clear torch, and when
Diſpatchful they had ſpread it broad and deep,
The antient nurſe to her own bed retired.
Then came Eurynome, to whom in truſt
The chambers appertain'd, and with a torch
Conducted them to reſt; ſhe introduced
The happy pair, and went; tranſported they
To rites connubial intermitted long,
And now recover'd, gave themſelves again *.
Meantime, the Prince, the herdſman, and the good
Eumæus, giving reſt each to his feet,
Ceaſed from the dance; they made the women ceaſe
Alſo, and to their ſev'ral chambers all
Within the twilight edifice repair'd.
At length, with conjugal endearment both
Satiate, Ulyſſes taſted and his ſpouſe
The ſweets of mutual converſe. She rehearſed,
Nobleſt of women, all her num'rous woes
Beneath that roof ſuſtain'd, while ſhe beheld
The profligacy of the ſuitor-throng,
Who in their wooing had conſumed his herds

* Ariſtophanes the grammarian and Ariſtarchus choſe that the Odyſſey ſhould end here; but the ſtory is not properly concluded 'till the tumult occaſioned by the ſlaughter of ſo many Princes being compoſed, Ulyſſes finds himſelf once more in peaceable poſſeſſion of his country.

And

And fatted flocks, and drawn his veſſels dry;
While brave Ulyſſes, in his turn, to her
Related his ſucceſſes and eſcapes,
And his afflictions alſo; he told her all;
She liſten'd charm'd, nor ſlumber on his eyes
Fell once, or ere he had rehearſed the whole.
Beginning, he diſcourſed, how at the firſt
He conquer'd in Ciconia, and thence reach'd
The fruitful ſhores of the Lotophagi;
The Cyclops' deeds he told her next, and how
He well avenged on him his ſlaughter'd friends
Whom, pitileſs, the monſter had devour'd.
How to the iſle of Æolus he came,
Who welcom'd him and ſafe diſmiſs'd him thence,
Although not deſtin'd to regain ſo ſoon
His native land; for o'er the fiſhy deep
Loud tempeſts ſnatch'd him ſighing back again.
How, alſo at Telepylus he arrived,
Town of the Læſtrygonians, who deſtroyed
His ſhips with all their mariners, his own
Except, who in his ſable bark eſcaped.
Of guileful Circe too he ſpake, deep-ſkill'd
In various artifice, and how he reach'd
With ſails and oars the ſqualid realms of death,
Deſirous to conſult the prophet there
Theban Tireſias, and how there he view'd
All his companions, and the mother bland

Who bare him, nouriſher of his infant years.
How, next he heard the Sirens in one ſtrain
All chiming ſweet, and how he reach'd the rocks
Erratic, Scylla and Charybdis dire,
Which none ſecure from injury may paſs.
Then, how the partners of his voyage ſlew
The Sun's own beeves, and how the Thund'rer Jove
Hurl'd down his ſmoky bolts into his bark,
Depriving him at once of all his crew,
Whoſe dreadful fate he yet, himſelf, eſcaped.
How to Ogygia's iſle he came, where dwelt
The nymph Calypſo, who, enamour'd, wiſh'd
To eſpouſe him, and within her ſpacious grot
Detain'd, and fed, and promis'd him a life
Exempt for ever from the ſap of age,
But him moved not. How, alſo, he arrived
After much toil, on the Phæacian coaſt,
Where ev'ry heart revered him as a God,
And whence, enriching him with braſs and gold,
And coſtly raiment firſt, they ſent him home.
At this laſt word, oblivious ſlumber ſweet
Fell on him, diſſipating all his cares.

Meantime, Minerva, Goddeſs azure-eyed,
On other thoughts intent, ſoon as ſhe deem'd
Ulyſſes with connubial joys ſufficed,
And with ſweet ſleep, at once from Ocean rous'd
The golden-axled chariot of the morn

To illumine earth. Then from his fleecy couch
The Hero ſprang, and thus his ſpouſe enjoined.
Oh conſort dear! already we have ſtriv'n
Againſt our lot, 'till wearied with the toil,
My painful abſence, thou, with ceaſeleſs tears
Deploring, and myſelf in deep diſtreſs
Withheld reluctant from my native ſhores
By Jove and by the other pow'rs of heav'n.
But ſince we have in this delightful bed
Met once again, watch thou and keep ſecure
All my domeſtic treaſures, and ere long
I will replace my num'rous ſheep deſtroy'd
By thoſe imperious ſuitors, and the Greeks
Shall add yet others 'till my folds be fill'd.
But to the woodlands go I now—to ſee
My noble father, who for my ſake mourns
Continual; as for thee, my love, although
I know thee wiſe, I give thee thus in charge.
The ſun no ſooner ſhall aſcend, than fame
Shall wide divulge the deed that I have done,
Slaying the ſuitors under my own roof.
Thou, therefore, with thy maidens ſit retired
In thy own chamber at the palace-top,
Nor queſtion aſk, nor, curious, look abroad.
He ſaid, and cov'ring with his radiant arms
His ſhoulders, called Telemachus; he rouſed
Eumæus and the herdſman too, and bade

All take their martial weapons in their hands.
Not diſobedient they, as he enjoin'd,
Put armour on, and iſſued from the gates
Ulyſſes at their head. The earth was now
Enlighten'd, but Minerva them in haſte
Led forth into the fields, unſeen by all.

ARGU-

# ARGUMENT

OF THE

# TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

Mercury conducts the ſouls of the ſuitors down to Ades. Ulyſſes diſcovers himſelf to Laertes, and quells, by the aid of Minerva, an inſurrection of the people reſenting the death of the ſuitors.

## BOOK XXIV.

AND now Cyllenian Hermes ſummon'd forth
The ſpirits of the ſuitors; waving wide
The golden wand of pow'r to ſeal all eyes
In ſlumber, and to ope them wide again,
He drove them *gibb'ring down into the ſhades.
As when the bats within ſome hallow'd cave
Flit ſqueaking all around, for if but one
Fall from the rock, the reſt all follow him,
In ſuch connexion mutual they adhere,
So, after bounteous Mercury, the ghoſts
Troop'd downward *gibb'ring all the dreary way.

* Τρίζουσαι—τετριγυῖαι—

——————— the ghoſts
Did ſqueak and gibber in the Roman ſtreets. SHAKSP.

The

The Ocean's flood and the Leucadian rock,
The Sun's gate alſo and the land of Dreams
They paſs'd, whence, next, into the meads they came
Of Aſphodel, by ſhadowy forms poſſeſs'd,
Simulars of the dead. They found the ſouls
Of brave Pelides there, and of his friend
Patroclus, of Antilochus renown'd,
And of the mightier Ajax, for his form
And bulk (Achilles ſole except) of all
The ſons of the Achaians moſt admired.
Theſe waited on Achilles. Then, appear'd
The mournful ghoſt of Agamemnon, ſon
Of Atreus, compaſs'd by the ghoſts of all
Who ſhared his fate beneath Ægiſthus' roof,
And him the ghoſt of Peleus' ſon beſpake.
Atrides! of all Heroes we eſteem'd
Thee deareſt to the Gods, for that thy ſway
Extended over ſuch a glorious hoſt
At Ilium, ſcene of ſorrow to the Greeks.
But Fate, whoſe ruthleſs force none may eſcape
Of all who breathe, purſued thee from the firſt.
Thou ſhould'ſt have periſh'd full of honour, full
Of royalty, at Troy; ſo, all the Greeks
Had rais'd thy tomb, and thou hadſt then bequeath'd
Great glory to thy ſon; but Fate ordain'd
A death, oh how deplorable! for thee.
To whom Atrides' ſpirit thus replied.
Bleſt ſon of Peleus, ſemblance of the Gods,

At Ilium, far from Argos, fall'n! for whom
Contending, many a Trojan, many a Chief
Of Greece died alſo, while in eddies whelm'd
Of duſt thy * vaſtneſs ſpread the plain, nor thee
The chariot aught or ſteed could int'reſt more!
All day we waged the battle, nor at laſt
Deſiſted, but for tempeſts ſent from Jove.
At length, we bore into the Greecian fleet
Thy body from the field; there, firſt, we cleanſed
With tepid baths and oil'd thy ſhapely corſe,
Then placed thee on thy bier, while many a Greek
Around thee wept, and ſhore his locks for thee.
Thy mother, alſo, hearing of thy death,
With her immortal nymphs from the abyſs
Aroſe and came; terrible was the ſound
On the ſalt flood; a panic ſeized the Greeks,
And ev'ry warrior had return'd on board
That moment, had not Neſtor, antient Chief,
Illumed by long experience, interpoſed;
His counſels, ever wiſeſt, wiſeſt proved
Then alſo, and he thus addreſs'd the hoſt.
Sons of Achaia, fly not; ſtay, ye Greeks!
Thetis arrives with her immortal nymphs
From the abyſs, to viſit her dead ſon.
So he; and, by his admonition ſtay'd,
The Greeks fled not. Then, all around thee ſtood

* ———Behemoth, biggeſt born of earth,
Upheav'd his vaſtneſs. MILTON.

The daughters of the Antient of the Deep,
Mourning diſconſolate; with heav'nly robes
They clothed thy corſe, and all the Muſes nine
Deplored thee in full choir with ſweeteſt tones
Reſponſive, nor one Greecian hadſt thou ſeen
Dry-eyed, ſuch grief the Muſes moved in all.
Full ſev'nteen days we, day and night, deplored
Thy death, both Gods in heav'n and men below,
But, on the eighteenth day, we gave thy corſe
Its burning, and fat ſheep around thee ſlew
Num'rous, with many a paſtur'd ox moon-horn'd.
We burn'd thee clothed in veſture of the Gods,
With honey and with oil feeding the flames
Abundant, while Achaia's Heroes arm'd,
Both horſe and foot, encompaſſing thy pile,
Claſh'd on their ſhields, and deaf'ning was the din.
But when the fires of Vulcan had at length
Conſumed thee, at the dawn we ſtored thy bones
In unguent and in undiluted wine;
For Thetis gave to us a golden vaſe
Twin-ear'd, which ſhe profeſs'd to have received
From Bacchus, work divine of Vulcan's hand.
Within that vaſe, Achilles, treaſured lie
Thine and the bones of thy departed friend
Patroclus, but a ſep'rate urn we gave
To thoſe of brave Antilochus, who moſt
Of all thy friends at Ilium ſhared thy love
And thy reſpect, thy friend Patroclus ſlain.

Around

Around both urns we piled a noble tomb,
(We warriors of the ſacred Argive hoſt)
On a tall promontory ſhooting far
Into the ſpacious Helleſpont, that all
Who live, and who ſhall yet be born, may view
Thy record, even from the diſtant waves.
Then, by permiſſion from the Gods obtain'd,
To the Achaian Chiefs in circus met
Thetis appointed games. I have beheld
The burial rites of many an Hero bold,
When, on the death of ſome great Chief, the youths
Girding their loins anticipate the prize,
But ſight of thoſe with wonder fill'd me moſt,
So glorious paſt all others were the games
By ſilver-footed Thetis giv'n for thee,
For thou waſt ever favour'd of the Gods.
Thus, haſt thou not, Achilles! although dead,
Foregone thy glory, but thy fair report
Is univerſal among all mankind;
But, as for me, what recompenſe had I,
My warfare cloſed? for whom, at my return,
Jove framed ſuch dire deſtruction by the hands
Of fell Ægiſthus and my murth'reſs wife.
Thus, mutual, they conferr'd; meantime approach'd,
Swift meſſenger of heav'n, the Argicide,
Conducting thither all the ſhades of thoſe
Slain by Ulyſſes. At that ſight amazed
Both moved toward them. Agamemnon's ſhade

Knew well Amphimedon, for he had been
Erewhile his father's gueſt in Ithaca,
And thus the ſpirit of Atreus' ſon began.
Amphimedon! by what diſaſtrous chance,
Coœvals as ye ſeem, and of an air
Diſtinguiſh'd all, deſcend ye to the Deeps?
For not the choſen youths of a whole town
Should form a nobler band. Periſh'd ye ſunk
Amid vaſt billows and rude tempeſts raiſed
By Neptune's pow'r? or on dry land through force
Of hoſtile multitudes, while cutting off
Beeves from the herd, or driving flocks away?
Or fighting for your city and your wives?
Reſolve me; I was once a gueſt of yours.
Remember'ſt not what time at your abode
With godlike Menelaus I arrived,
That we might win Ulyſſes with his fleet
To follow us to Troy? ſcarce we prevail'd
At laſt to gain the city-waſter Chief,
And, after all, conſumed a whole month more
The wide ſea traverſing from ſide to ſide.
To whom the ſpirit of Amphimedon.
Illuſtrious Agamemnon, King of men!
All this I bear in mind, and will rehearſe
The manner of our moſt diſaſtrous end.
Believing brave Ulyſſes loſt, we woo'd
Meantime his wife; ſhe our deteſted ſuit
Would neither ratify nor yet refuſe,

But,

But, planning for us a tremendous death,
This novel ſtratagem, at laſt, deviſed.
Beginning, in her own receſs, a web
Of ſlend'reſt thread, and of a length and breadth
Unuſual, thus the ſuitors ſhe addreſs'd.
Princes, my ſuitors! ſince the noble Chief
Ulyſſes is no more, enforce not yet
My nuptials; wait 'till I ſhall finiſh firſt
A fun'ral robe (leſt all my threads decay)
Which for the antient Hero I prepare,
Laertes, looking for the mournful hour
When fate ſhall ſnatch him to eternal reſt;
Elſe, I the cenſure dread of all my ſex,
Should he, ſo wealthy, want at laſt a ſhroud.
So ſpake the Queen; we, unſuſpicious all,
With her requeſt complied. Thenceforth, all day
She wove the ample web, and by the aid
Of torches ravell'd it again at night.
Three years ſhe thus by artifice our ſuit
Eluded ſafe, but when the fourth arrived,
And the ſame ſeaſon, after many moons
And fleeting days, return'd, a damſel then
Of her attendants, conſcious of the fraud,
Reveal'd it, and we found her pulling looſe
The ſplendid web. Thus, through conſtraint, at length,
She finiſh'd it, and in her own deſpight.
But when the Queen produced, at length, her work
Finiſh'd, new-blanch'd, bright as the ſun or moon,

Then

Then came Ulyſſes, by ſome adverſe God
Conducted, to a cottage on the verge
Of his own fields, in which his ſwine-herd dwells;
There alſo the illuſtrious Hero's ſon
Arrived ſoon after, in his ſable bark
From ſandy Pylus borne; they, plotting both
A dreadful death for all the ſuitors, fought
Our glorious city, but Ulyſſes laſt,
And firſt Telemachus. The father came
Conducted by his ſwine-herd, and attired
In tatters foul; a mendicant he ſeem'd,
Time-worn, and halted on a ſtaff. So clad,
And entring on the ſudden, he eſcaped
All knowledge even of our eldeſt there,
And we reviled and ſmote him; he, although
Beneath his own roof ſmitten and reproach'd,
With patience ſuffer'd it awhile, but rouzed
By inſpiration of Jove ægis-arm'd
At length, in concert with his ſon convey'd
To his own chamber his reſplendent arms,
There lodg'd them ſafe, and barr'd the maſſy doors.
Then, in his ſubtlety he bade the Queen
A conteſt inſtitute with bow and rings
Between the hapleſs ſuitors, whence enſued
Slaughter to all. No ſuitor there had pow'r
To overcome the ſtubborn bow that mock'd
All our attempts; and when the weapon huge
At length was offer'd to Ulyſſes' hands,

With clamour'd menaces we bade the ſwain
Withhold it from him, plead he as he might;
Telemachus alone, with loud command,
Bade give it him, and the illuſtrious Chief
Receiving in his hand the bow, with eaſe
Bent it, and ſped a ſhaft through all the rings.
Then, ſpringing to the portal ſteps, he pour'd
The arrows forth, peer'd terrible around,
Pierced King Antinoüs, and, aiming ſure
His deadly darts, pierced others after him,
'Till in one common carnage heap'd we lay.
Some God, as plain appear'd, vouchſafed them aid,
Such ardour urged them, and with ſuch diſpatch
They flew us on all ſides; hideous were heard
The groans of dying men fell'd to the earth
With head-ſtrokes rude, and the floor ſwam with blood.
Such, royal Agamemnon! was the fate
By which we periſh'd, all whoſe bodies lie
Unburied ſtill, and in Ulyſſes' houſe,
For tidings none have yet our friends alarm'd
And kindred, who might cleanſe from ſable gore
Our clotted wounds, and mourn us on the bier,
Which are the rightful privilege of the dead.

Him anſwer'd, then, the ſhade of Atreus' ſon.
Oh happy offspring of Laertes! ſhrewd
Ulyſſes! matchleſs valour thou haſt ſhewn
Recov'ring thus thy wife; nor leſs appears
The virtue of Icarius' daughter wife,

The chaſte Penelope, ſo faithful found
To her Ulyſſes, huſband of her youth.
His glory, by ſuperior merit earn'd,
Shall never die, and the immortal Gods
Shall make Penelope a theme of ſong
Delightful in the ears of all mankind.
Not ſuch was Clytemneſtra, daughter vile
Of Tyndarus; ſhe ſhed her huſband's blood,
And ſhall be chronicled in ſong a wife
Of hateful memory, by whoſe offence
Even the virtuous of her ſex are ſhamed.
Thus they, beneath the vaulted roof obſcure
Of Pluto's houſe, conferring mutual ſtood.
Meantime, deſcending from the city-gates,
Ulyſſes, by his ſon and by his ſwains
Follow'd, arrived at the delightful farm
Which old Laertes had with ſtrenuous toil
Himſelf long ſince acquired. There ſtood his houſe
Encompaſs'd by a bow'r in which the hinds
Who ſerved and pleaſed him, ate, and ſat, and ſlept.
An antient woman, a Sicilian, dwelt
There alſo, who in that ſequeſter'd ſpot
Attended diligent her aged Lord.
Then thus Ulyſſes to his followers ſpake.
Haſte now, and, entring, ſlay ye of the ſwine
The beſt for our regale; myſelf, the while,
Will prove my father, if his eye hath ſtill
Diſcernment of me, or if abſence long

Have worn the knowledge of me from his mind.
He ſaid, and gave into his ſervant's care
His arms; they ſwift proceeded to the houſe,
And to the fruitful grove himſelf as ſwift
To prove his father. Down he went at once
Into the ſpacious garden-plot, but found
Nor Dolius there, nor any of his ſons
Or ſervants; they were occupied elſewhere,
And, with the antient hind himſelf, employ'd
Collecting thorns with which to fence the grove.
In that umbrageous ſpot he found alone
Laertes, with his hoe clearing a plant;
Sordid his tunic was, with many a patch
Mended unſeemly; leathern were his greaves,
Thong-tied and alſo patch'd, a frail defence
Againſt ſharp thorns, while gloves ſecured his hands
From briar-points, and on his head he bore
A goat-ſkin caſque, nouriſhing hopeleſs woe.
No ſooner then the Hero toil-inured
Saw him age-worn and wretched, than he pauſed
Beneath a lofty pear-tree's ſhade to weep.
There ſtanding much he muſed, whether, at once,
Kiſſing and claſping in his arms his ſire,
To tell him all, by what means he had reach'd
His native country, or to prove him firſt.
At length, he choſe as his beſt courſe, with words
Of ſeeming ſtrangeneſs to accoſt his ear,
And, with that purpoſe, moved direct toward him.

He, ſtooping low, looſen'd the earth around
A garden-plant, when his illuſtrious ſon
Now, ſtanding cloſe beſide him, thus began.
Old ſir! thou art no novice in theſe toils
Of culture, but thy garden thrives; I mark
In all thy ground no plant, fig, olive, vine,
Pear-tree or flow'r-bed ſuff'ring through neglect.
But let it not offend thee if I ſay
That thou neglect'ſt thyſelf, at the ſame time
Oppreſs'd with age, ſun-parch'd, and ill-attired.
Not for thy inactivity, methinks,
Thy maſter ſlights thee thus, nor ſpeaks thy form
Or thy ſurpaſſing ſtature ſervile aught
In thee, but thou reſembleſt more a King.
Yes—thou reſembleſt one who, bathed and fed,
Should ſoftly ſleep; ſuch is the claim of age.
But tell me true—for whom laboureſt thou,
And whoſe this garden? anſwer me beſide,
For I would learn; have I indeed arrived
In Ithaca, as one whom here I met
Ev'n now aſſured me, but who ſeem'd a man
Not overwiſe, refuſing both to hear
My queſtions, and to anſwer when I aſk'd
Concerning one in other days my gueſt
And friend, if he have ſtill his being here,
Or have deceas'd and journey'd to the ſhades.
For I will tell thee; therefore mark. Long ſince
A ſtranger reach'd my houſe in my own land,

Whom

Whom I with hoſpitality receiv'd,
Nor ever ſojourn'd foreigner with me
Whom I lov'd more. He was by birth, he ſaid,
Ithacan, and Laertes claim'd his ſire,
Son of Arceſias. Introducing him
Beneath my roof, I entertain'd him well,
And proved by gifts his welcome at my board.
I gave him ſeven talents of wrought gold,
A goblet, argent all, with flow'rs emboſs'd,
Twelve ſingle cloaks, twelve carpets, mantles twelve
Of brighteſt luſtre, with as many veſts,
And added four fair damſels, whom he choſe
Himſelf, well born and well accompliſh'd all.
Then thus his antient ſire weeping replied.
Stranger! thou haſt in truth attain'd the iſle
Of thy enquiry, but it is poſſeſs'd
By a rude race, and lawleſs. Vain, alas!
Were all thy num'rous gifts; yet hadſt thou found
Him living here in Ithaca, with gifts
Reciprocated he had ſent thee hence,
Requiting honourably in his turn
Thy hoſpitality. But give me quick
Anſwer, and true. How many have been the years
Since thy reception of that hapleſs gueſt
My ſon? for mine, my own dear ſon was he.
But him, far diſtant both from friends and home,
Either the fiſhes of the unknown Deep
Have eaten, or wild beaſts and fowls of prey,

Nor I, or ſhe who bare him, was ordain'd
To bathe his ſhrouded body with our tears,
Nor his chaſte wife, well-dow'r'd Penelope
To cloſe her huſband's eyes, and to deplore
His doom, which is the privilege of the dead.
But tell me alſo thou, for I would learn,
Who art thou? whence? where born? and ſprung from whom?
The bark in which thou and thy godlike friends
Arrived, where is ſhe anchor'd on our coaſt?
Or cam'ſt thou only paſſenger on board
Another's bark, who landed thee and went?
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
I will with all ſimplicity relate
What thou haſt aſk'd. Of Alybas am I,
Where in much ſtate I dwell, ſon of the rich
Apheidas royal Polypemon's ſon,
And I am named Eperitus; by ſtorms
Driven from Sicily I have arrived,
And yonder, on the margen of the field
That ſkirts your city, I have moor'd my bark.
Five years have paſs'd ſince thy Ulyſſes left,
Unhappy Chief! my country; yet the birds
At his departure hover'd on the right,
And in that ſign rejoicing, I diſmiſs'd
Him thence rejoicing alſo, for we hoped
To mix in ſocial intercourſe again,
And to exchange once more pledges of love.

He

He ſpake; then ſorrow as a ſable cloud
Involved Laertes; gath'ring with both hands
The duſt, he pour'd it on his rev'rend head
With many a piteous groan. Ulyſſes' heart
Commotion felt, and his ſtretch'd noſtrils throbb'd
With agony cloſe-pent, while fixt he eyed
His father; with a ſudden force he ſprang
Toward him, claſp'd, and kiſs'd him, and exclaim'd.

My father! I am he. Thou ſeeſt thy ſon
Abſent theſe twenty years at laſt return'd.
But bid thy ſorrow ceaſe; ſuſpend henceforth
All lamentation; for I tell thee true,
(And the occaſion bids me briefly tell thee)
I have ſlain all the ſuitors at my home,
And all their taunts and injuries avenged.

Then anſwer thus Laertes quick return'd.
If thou haſt come again, and art indeed
My ſon Ulyſſes, give me then the proof
Indubitable, that I may believe.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
View, firſt, the ſcar which with his iv'ry tuſk
A wild boar gave me, when, at thy command
And at my mother's, to Autolycus
Her father, on Parnaſſus, I repair'd
Seeking the gifts which, while a gueſt of yours,
He promis'd ſhould be mine. Accept beſide
This proof. I will enum'rate all the trees
Which, walking with thee in this cultured ſpot

(Boy

(Boy then) I begg'd, and thou confirm'dſt my own.
We paced between them, and thou mad'ſt me learn
The name of each. Thou gav'ſt me thirteen * pears,
Ten * apples, thirty * figs, and fifty ranks
Didſt promiſe me of vines, their alleys all
Corn-cropp'd between. There, oft as ſent from Jove
The influences of the year deſcend,
Grapes of all hues and flavours cluſt'ring hang.
He ſaid; Laertes, conſcious of the proofs
Indubitable by Ulyſſes giv'n,
With fault'ring knees and fault'ring heart both arms
Around him threw. The Hero toil-inured
Drew to his boſom cloſe his fainting ſire,
Who, breath recov'ring, and his ſcatter'd pow'rs
Of intellect, at length thus ſpake aloud.
Ye Gods! oh then your reſidence is ſtill
On the Olympian heights, if puniſhment
At laſt hath ſeized on thoſe flagitious men,
But terrour ſhakes me, leſt, incenſed, ere long
All Ithaca flock hither, and diſpatch
Swift meſſengers with theſe dread tidings charged
To ev'ry Cephallenian ſtate around.
Him anſwer'd then Ulyſſes ever-wiſe.
Courage! fear nought, but let us to the houſe
Beſide the garden, whither I have ſent
Telemachus, the herdſman, and the good

* The fruit is here uſed for the tree that bore it, as it is in the Greek; the Latins uſed the ſame mode of expreſſion, neither is it uncommon in our own language.

Eumæus

Eumæus to prepare his quick repaſt.
So they conferr'd, and to Laertes' houſe
Paſs'd on together; there arrived, they found
Thoſe three preparing now their plenteous feaſt,
And mingling ſable wine; then, by the hands
Of his Sicilian matron, the old King
Was bathed, anointed, and attired afreſh,
And Pallas, drawing nigh, dilated more
His limbs, and gave his whole majeſtic form
Encreaſe of amplitude. He left the bath.
His ſon, amazed as he had ſeen a God
Alighted newly from the ſkies, exclaim'd.
My father! doubtleſs ſome immortal Pow'r
Hath clothed thy form with dignity divine.
Then thus replied his venerable ſire.
Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! oh that I poſſeſs'd
Such vigour now, as when in arms I took
Nericus, continental city fair,
With my brave Cephallenians! oh that ſuch
And arm'd as then, I yeſterday had ſtood
Beſide thee in thy palace, combating
Thoſe ſuitors proud, then had I ſtrew'd the floor
With num'rous ſlain, to thy exceeding joy.
Such was their conference; and now, the taſk
Of preparation ended, and the feaſt
Set forth, on couches and on thrones they ſat,
And, ranged in order due, took each his ſhare.
Then, antient Dolius, and with him, his ſons

Arrived toil-worn, by the Sicilian dame
Summon'd, their cat'refs, and their father's kind
Attendant ever in his eve of life.
They, ſeeing and recalling ſoon to mind
Ulyſſes, in the middle manſion ſtood
Wond'ring, when thus Ulyſſes with a voice
Of ſome reproof, but gentle, them beſpake.
Old ſervant, ſit and eat, baniſhing fear
And mute amazement; for, although provoked
By appetite, we have long time abſtain'd,
Expecting ev'ry moment thy return.
He ſaid; then Dolius with expanded arms
Sprang right toward Ulyſſes, ſeized his hand,
Kiſs'd it, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
Oh maſter ever dear! ſince thee the Gods
Themſelves, in anſwer to our warm deſires,
Have, unexpectedly, at length reſtored,
Hail, and be happy, and heav'n make thee ſuch!
But ſay, and truly; knows the prudent Queen
Already thy return, or ſhall we ſend
Ourſelves an herald with the joyful news?
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
My antient friend, thou may'ſt releaſe thy mind
From that ſolicitude; ſhe knows it well.
So he; then Dolius to his gloſſy ſeat
Return'd, and all his ſons gath'ring around
Ulyſſes, welcom'd him and graſp'd his hand,
Then ſat beſide their father; thus beneath

Laertes' roof they, joyful, took repaſt.
But Fame with rapid haſte the city roam'd
In ev'ry part, promulging in all ears
The ſuitors horrid fate. No ſooner heard
The multitude that tale, than one and all
Groaning they met and murmuring before
Ulyſſes' gates. Bringing the bodies forth,
They buried each his friend, but gave the dead
Of other cities to be ferried home
By fiſhermen on board their rapid barks.
All haſted then to council; ſorrow wrung
Their hearts, and, the aſſembly now convened,
Ariſing firſt Eupithes ſpake, for grief
Sat heavy on his ſoul, grief for the loſs
Of his Antinoüs by Ulyſſes ſlain
Foremoſt of all, whom mourning, thus he ſaid.
My friends! no trivial fruits the Greecians reap
Of this man's doings. *Thoſe* he took with him
On board his barks, a num'rous train and bold,
Then loſt his barks, loſt all his num'rous train,
And *theſe*, our nobleſt, ſlew at his return.
Come therefore—ere he yet eſcape by flight
To Pylus or to noble Elis, realm
Of the Epeans, follow him; elſe ſhame
Attends us and indelible reproach.
If we avenge not on theſe men the blood
Of our own ſons and brothers, farewell then
All that makes life deſirable; my wiſh

Henceforth ſhall be to mingle with the ſhades.
Oh then purſue and ſeize them ere they fly.
Thus he with tears, and pity moved in all.
Then, Medon and the ſacred bard whom ſleep
Had lately left, arriving from the houſe
Of Laertiades, approach'd; amid
The throng they ſtood; all wonder'd ſeeing them,
And Medon, prudent ſenior, thus began.
Hear me, my countrymen! Ulyſſes plann'd
With no diſapprobation of the Gods
The deed that ye deplore. I ſaw, myſelf,
A Pow'r immortal at the Hero's ſide,
In ſemblance juſt of Mentor; now the God,
In front apparent, led him on, and now,
From ſide to ſide of all the palace, urged
To ſlight the ſuitors; heaps on heaps they fell.
He ſaid; then terrour wan ſeized ev'ry cheek,
And Halitherſes, Hero old, the ſon
Of Maſtor, who alone among them all
Knew paſt and future, prudent, thus began.
Now, O ye men of Ithaca! my words
Attentive hear! by your own fault, my friends,
This deed hath been perform'd; for when myſelf
And noble Mentor counſell'd you to check
The ſin and folly of your ſons, ye would not.
Great was their wickedneſs, and flagrant wrong
They wrought, the wealth devouring and the wife
Diſhonouring of an illuſtrious Chief

Whom

Whom they deem'd deſtined never to return.
But hear my counſel. Go not, leſt ye draw
Diſaſter down and woe on your own heads.
He ended; then with boiſt'rous roar (although
Part kept their ſeats) upſprang the multitude,
For Halitherſes pleaſed them not, they choſe
Eupithes counſel rather; all at once
To arms they flew, and clad in dazzling braſs,
Before the city form'd their denſe array.
Leader infatuate, at their head appear'd
Eupithes, hoping to avenge his ſon
Antinoüs, but was himſelf ordain'd
To meet his doom, and to return no more.
Then thus Minerva to Saturnian Jove.
Oh father! ſon of Saturn! Jove ſupreme!
Declare the purpoſe hidden in thy breaſt.
Wilt thou that this hoſtility proceed,
Or wilt thou grant them amity again?
To whom the cloud-aſſembler God replied.
Why aſks my daughter? didſt thou not deſign
Thyſelf, that brave Ulyſſes coming home
Should ſlay thoſe profligates? act as thou wilt,
But thus I counſel. Since the noble Chief
Hath ſlain the ſuitors, now let peace enſue
Oath-bound, and reign Ulyſſes evermore!
The ſlaughter of their brethren and their ſons
To ſtrike from their remembrance, ſhall be ours.
Let mutual amity, as at the firſt,

Unite them, and let wealth and peace abound.
So ſaying, he animated to her taſk
Minerva prompt before, and from the heights
Olympian down to Ithaca ſhe flew.
Meantime Ulyſſes (for their hunger now
And thirſt were ſated) thus addreſs'd his hinds.
Look ye abroad, leſt haply they approach.
He ſaid, and at his word, forth went a ſon
Of Dolius; at the gate he ſtood, and thence
Beholding all that multitude at hand,
In accents wing'd thus to Ulyſſes ſpake.
They come—they are already arrived—arm all!
Then, all ariſing, put their armour on,
Ulyſſes with his three, and the ſix ſons
Of Dolius; Dolius alſo with the reſt
Arm'd and Laertes, although ſilver-hair'd,
Warriors perforce. When all were clad alike
In radiant armour, throwing wide the gates
They ſallied, and Ulyſſes led the way.
Then Jove's own daughter Pallas, in the form
And with the voice of Mentor, came in view,
Whom ſeeing Laertiades rejoiced,
And thus Telemachus, his ſon, beſpake.
Now, oh my ſon! thou ſhalt obſerve, untold
By me, where fight the braveſt. Oh ſhame not
Thine anceſtry, who have in all the earth
Proof giv'n of valour in all ages paſt.

To

To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
My father! if thou wiſh that ſpectacle,
Thou ſhalt behold thy ſon, as thou haſt ſaid,
In nought diſhonouring his noble race.
Then was Laertes joyful, and exclaim'd,
What ſun hath ris'n to day *? oh bleſſed Gods!
My ſon and grandſon emulous diſpute
The prize of glory, and my ſoul exults.
He ended, and Minerva, drawing nigh
To the old King, thus counſell'd him. Oh friend
Whom moſt I love, ſon of Arceſias! pray'r
Preferring to the virgin azure-eyed,
And to her father Jove, delay not, ſhake
Thy lance in air, and give it inſtant flight.
So ſaying, the Goddeſs nerved his arm anew.
He ſought in pray'r the daughter dread of Jove,
And, brandiſhing it, hurl'd his lance; it ſtruck
Eupithes, pierced his helmet brazen-cheek'd
That ſtay'd it not, but forth it ſprang beyond,
And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.
Then flew Ulyſſes and his noble ſon
With faulchion and with ſpear of double edge
To the aſſault, and of them all had left
None living, none had to his home return'd,
But that Jove's virgin daughter with a voice
Of loud authority thus quell'd them all.

* Τίς νύ μοι ἡμέρη ἥδε;—So Cicero, who ſeems to tranſlate it—Proh dii immortales! Quis hic illuxit dies! See Clarke in loco.

Peace,

Peace, O ye men of Ithaca! while yet
The field remains undeluged with your blood.
So ſhe, and fear at once paled ev'ry cheek.
All trembled at the voice divine; their arms
Eſcaping from the graſp fell to the earth,
And, covetous of longer life, each fled
Back to the city. Then Ulyſſes ſent
His voice abroad, and with an eagle's force
Sprang on the people; but Saturnian Jove
Caſt down, incontinent, his ſmouldring bolt
At Pallas' feet, and thus the Goddeſs ſpake.
Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Forbear; abſtain from ſlaughter; leſt thyſelf
Incur the anger of high-thund'ring Jove.
So Pallas, whom Ulyſſes, glad, obey'd.
Then faithful covenants of peace between
Both ſides enſued, ratified in the ſight
Of Pallas progeny of Jove, who ſeem'd,
In voice and form, the Mentor known to all.

END OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE

THE

# BATTLE

OF THE

# FROGS AND MICE.

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

BY THE SAME HAND.

# KOGS AND MICE

BY THE

# THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

DESCEND all Helicon into my breaſt!
Oh ev'ry virgin of the tuneful choir
Breathe on my ſong which I have newly traced
In tables open'd on my knees, a ſong
Of bloodieſt note—terrible deeds of Mars
Well worthy of the ears of all mankind,
Whom I deſire to teach, how, erſt, the Mice
Aſſail'd the Frogs, mimicking in exploit
The proweſs of the giant race earth-born.
The rumour once was frequent in the mouths
Of mortal men, and thus the ſtrife began.

A thirſty Mouſe (thirſty with fear and flight
From a cat's claws) ſought out the neareſt lake,
Where, dipping in the flood his downy chin,
He drank delighted. Him the frog far-famed
* Limnocharis eſpied, and thus he ſpake.

* The beauty of the lake.

Who art thou, ſtranger? Whence haſt thou arrived
On this our border, and who gave thee birth?
Beware thou treſpaſs not againſt the truth;
Lye not! for ſhould I find thy merit ſuch
As claims my love, I will conduct thee hence
To my abode, where gifts thou ſhalt receive
Lib'ral and large, with hoſpitable fare.
I am the King *Phyſignathus, revered
By the inhabitants of all this pool,
Chief of the frogs for ever. Me, long ſince,
†Peleus begat, embracing on the banks
Of the Eridanus my mother fair,
‡Hydromeduſa. Nor thee leſs than King
Or leader bold in fight thy form proclaims,
Stout as it is, and beautiful.—Diſpatch—
Speak, therefore, and declare thy pedigree.
He ceas'd, to whom ||Pſycharpax thus replied.
Illuſtrious ſir! wherefore haſt thou enquired
My derivation, known to all, alike
To Gods and men, and to the fowls of heav'n?
I am Pſycharpax, and the dauntleſs Chief
§Troxartes is my ſire, whoſe beauteous ſpouſe
Daughter of **Pternotroctes brought me forth,
††Lichomyle by name. A cave of earth
My cradle was, and, in my youngling ſtate,

* The pouter. † Of or belonging to mud. ‡ Governeſs of the waters. || The crumb-catcher. § The bread-eater. ** The bacon-eater. †† The licker of mill-ſtones.

My

My mother nouriſh'd me with almonds, figs,
And delicacies of a thouſand names.
But diverſe as our natures are, in nought
Similar, how, alas! can we be friends?
The floods are thine abode, while I partake
With man his ſuſtenance. The baſket, ſtored
With wheaten loaves thrice kneaded, 'ſcapes not me,
Nor wafer broad, enrich'd with balmy ſweets,
Nor ham in ſlices ſpread, nor liver wrapt
In tunic ſilver-white, nor curds expreſs'd
From ſweeteſt milk, nor, ſweeter ſtill, the full
Honeycomb, coveted by Kings themſelves,
Nor aught by ſkilful cook invented yet
Of ſauce or ſeas'ning for delight of man.
I am brave alſo, and ſhrink not at ſound
Of glorious war, but ruſhing to the van,
Mix with the foremoſt combatants. No fear
Of man himſelf ſhakes me, vaſt as he is,
But to his bed I ſteal, and make me ſport
Nibbling his fingers' end, or with ſharp tooth
Fretting his heel ſo neatly that he ſleeps
Profound the while, unconſcious of the bite.
Two things, of all that are, appall me moſt,
The owl and cat. Theſe cauſe me many a pang.
As does the hollow gin inſidious, fair
In promiſes, but in performance foul,
Engine of death! yet moſt of all I dread
Cats, nimble mouſers, who can dart a paw

After me, enter at what chink I may.
But to return—your diet, parſley, kail,
Beet, radiſh, gourd, (for, as I underſtand,
Ye eat no other) are not to my taſte.
Him then with ſmiles anſwer'd Phyſignathus.
Stranger! thou vaunteſt much thy dainty fare,
But, both on ſhore and in the lake, we boaſt
Our dainties alſo, and ſuch ſights as much
Would move thy wonder; for by gift from Jove
We leap as well as ſwim, can range the land
For food, or, diving, ſeek it in the Deep.
Would'ſt thou the proof? 'tis eaſy—mount my back—
There cling as for thy life, and thou ſhalt ſhare
With rapture the delights of my abode.
He ſaid, and gave his back. Upſprang the mouſe
Lightly, and with his arms enfolded faſt
The Frog's ſoft neck. Pleas'd was he, at the firſt,
With view of many a creek and bay, nor leſs
With his ſmooth ſwimming on whoſe back he rode.
But when, at length, the clear wave daſh'd his ſides,
Then, fill'd with penitential ſorrows vain
He wept, pluck'd off his hair, and gath'ring cloſe
His hinder feet, ſurvey'd with trembling heart
The novel ſight, and wiſh'd for land again.
Groans follow'd next, extorted groans, through ſtreſs
Of ſhiv'ring fear, and, with extended tail
Drawn like a long oar after him, he pray'd
For land again; but, while he pray'd, again

The clear wave daſh'd him. Much he ſhriek'd, and much
He clamour'd, and, at length, thus, ſorrowing, ſaid,
Oh deſp'rate navigation ſtrange! not thus
Europa floated to the ſhores of Crete
On the broad back of her enamour'd bull.
And now, dread ſpectacle to both, behold
An Hydra! on the lake with creſt erect
He rode, and right toward them. At that ſight
Down went Phyſignathus, heedleſs, alas!
Through fear, how great a Prince he ſhould deſtroy.
Himſelf, at bottom of the pool eſcaped
The dreadful death; but, at his firſt deſcent
Diſlodg'd, Pſycharpax fell into the flood.
There, ſtretch'd ſupine, he clench'd his hands, he ſhriek'd,
Plunged oft, and, laſhing out his heels afar,
Oft roſe again, but no deliv'rance found.
At length, oppreſs'd by his drench'd coat, and ſoon
To ſink for ever, thus he prophecied.
Thou haſt releas'd thy ſhoulders at my coſt,
Phyſignathus! unfeeling as the rock,
But not unnoticed by the Gods above.
Ah worſt of traytors! on dry land, I ween,
Thou hadſt not foil'd me, whether in the race
Or wreſtling-match, or at whatever game.
Thou haſt by fraud prevail'd, caſting me off
Into the waters; but an eye divine
Sees all. Nor hope thou to eſcape the hoſt
Of Mice, who ſhall, ere long, avenge the deed.

So

So ſaying, he ſank and died, whom, while he ſat
Repoſing on the lake's ſoft verge, the Mouſe
* Lichopinax obſerved; aloud he wail'd,
And flew with thoſe ſad tidings to his friends.
Grief, at the ſound, immeaſurable ſeized
On all, and, by command, at dawn of day
The heralds call'd a council at the houſe
Of brave Troxartes, father of the Prince
Now loſt, a carcaſe now, nor nigh to land
Welt'ring, but diſtant in the middle pool.
The multitude in haſte convened, uproſe
Troxartes for his ſon incenſed, and ſaid,
Ah friends! although my damage from the Frogs
Suſtain'd be greateſt, yet is yours not ſmall.
Three children I have loſt, wretch that I am,
All ſons. A mercileſs and hungry cat
Finding mine eldeſt ſon abroad, ſurprized
And ſlew him. Lured into a wooden ſnare,
(New machination of unfeeling man
For ſlaughter of our race, and named a trap)
My ſecond died. And now, as ye have heard,
My third, his mothers' and my darling, him
Phyſignathus hath drown'd in yon abyſs.
Haſte therefore, and in gallant armour bright
Attired, march forth, ye Mice, now ſeek the foe.
So ſaying, he rouſed them to the fight, and Mars
Attendant arm'd them. Splitting, firſt, the pods

* The diſh-licker.

Of

Of beans which they had ſever'd from the ſtalk
With haſty tooth by night, they made them greaves.
Their corſlets were of platted ſtraw, well lined
With ſpoils of an excoriated cat.
The lamp contributed its central tin,
A ſhield for each. The glitt'ring needle long
Arm'd ev'ry gripe with a terrific ſpear,
And auburn ſhells of nuts their brows incloſed.

Thus arm'd the Mice advanced, of whoſe approach
The Frogs apprized, emerging from the lake,
All throng'd to council, and conſid'ring ſat
The ſudden tumult and its cauſe. Then came,
Sceptre in hand, an herald. Son was he
Of the renown'd * Tyroglyphus, and call'd
† Embaſichytrus. Charged he came to announce
The horrors of approaching war, and ſaid—

Ye Frogs! the hoſt of Mice ſend you by me
Menaces and defiance. Arm, they ſay,
For furious fight; for they have ſeen the Prince
Pſycharpax welt'ring on the waves, and drown'd
By King Phyſignathus. Ye then, the Chiefs
And leaders of the hoſt of Frogs, put on
Your armour, and draw forth your bands to battle!

He ſaid, and went. Then were the noble Frogs
Troubled at that bold meſſage, and while all
Murmur'd againſt Phyſignathus, the King
Himſelf ariſing, thus denied the charge.

* A cheeſe-raſper. † The explorer of pots and pipkins.

My

My friends! I neither drown'd the Mouſe, nor ſaw
His drowning. Doubtleſs, while he ſtrove in ſport
To imitate the ſwimming of the Frogs,
He ſank and died. Thus, blame is none in me,
And theſe injurious ſland'rers do me wrong.
Conſult we, therefore, how we may deſtroy
The ſubtle Mice, which thus we will perform.
Arm'd and adorn'd for battle, we will wait
Their coming where our coaſt is moſt abrupt.
Then, ſoon as they ſhall ruſh to the aſſault,
Seizing them by the helmet, as they come,
We will precipitate them, arms and all,
Into the lake; unſkilful as they are
To ſwim, their ſuffocation there is ſure,
And we will build a trophy to record
The great Mouſe-maſſacre for evermore.
So ſaying, he gave commandment, and all arm'd.
With leaves of mallows each his legs incaſed,
Guarded his boſom with a corſlet cut
From the green beet, with foliage tough of kail
Faſhion'd his ample buckler, with a ruſh
Keen-tipt, of length tremendous, fill'd his gripe,
And on his brows ſet faſt a cockle-ſhell.
Then, on the ſummit of the loftieſt bank
Drawn into phalanx firm they ſtood, all ſhook
Their quiv'ring ſpears, and wrath ſwell'd ev'ry breaſt.
Jove ſaw them, and aſſembling all the Gods
To council in the ſkies, behold, he ſaid,

Yon num'rous hoſts, magnanimous, robuſt,
And rough with ſpears, how like the giant race
They move, or like the Centaurs! ſmiling, next,
He aſk'd, of all the Gods, who favour'd moſt
The Mice, and who the Frogs? but, at the laſt,
Turning toward Minerva, thus he ſpake.

The Mice, my daughter, need thee; go'ſt thou not
To aid thy friends the Mice, inmates of thine,
Who to thy temple drawn by ſav'ry ſteams
Sacrifical, and day by day refreſh'd
With dainties there, dance on thy ſacred floor?

So ſpake the God, and Pallas thus replied.
My father! ſuffer as they may, the Mice
Shall have no aid from me, whom much they wrong,
Marring my wreaths, and plund'ring of their oil
My lamps.—But this, of all their impious deeds,
Offends me moſt, that they have eaten holes
In my beſt mantle, which with curious art
Divine I wove, light, eaſy, delicate;
And now, the artificer whom I employ'd
To mend it, clamouring demands a price
Exorbitant, which moves me much to wrath,
For I obtain'd on truſt thoſe coſtly threads,
And have not wherewithal to pay th' arrear.
Nor love I more the Frogs, or purpoſe more
To ſuccour even them, ſince they not leſs,
Dolts as they are, and deſtitute of thought,
Have incommoded me. For when, of late,

Returning from a fight weary and faint
I needed reſt, and would have ſlept, no ſleep
Found I, thoſe ceaſeleſs croakers of the lake
Noiſy, perverſe, forbidding me a wink.
Sleepleſs, and with an aching head I lay
Therefore, until the crowing of the cock.
By my advice, then, O ye Gods, move not
Nor interfere, favouring either ſide,
Leſt ye be wounded; for both hoſts alike
Are valiant, nor would ſcruple to aſſail
Even ourſelves. Suffice it, therefore, hence
To view the battle, ſafe, and at our eaſe.
She ceas'd, and all complied. Meantime, the hoſts
Drew nearer, and in front of each was ſeen
An herald, gonfalon in hand; huge gnats
Through clarions of unwieldy length ſang forth
The dreadful note of onſet fierce, and Jove
Doubled the ſignal, thund'ring from above.
Firſt, with his ſpear * Hypſiboas aſſail'd
† Lichenor. Deep into his body ruſh'd
The point, and pierced his liver. Prone he fell,
And all his gloſſy down with duſt defiled.
Then, ‡ Troglodytes hurl'd his maſſy ſpear
At ‖ Pelion, which he planted in his cheſt.
Down dropp'd the Frog, night whelm'd him, and he died.

* The loud-croaker. † One addicted to licking. ‡ A creeper into holes and crannies. ‖ Offspring of the mud.

Seutlæus;

* Seutlæus, through his heart piercing him, ſlew
Embaſichytrus. † Polyphonus fell,
Pierced through his belly by the ſpear of bold
‡ Artophagus, and prone in duſt expired.
Incenſed at ſight of Polyphonus ſlain,
Limnocharis at Troglodytes caſt
A mill-ſtone weight of rock; full on the neck
He batter'd him, and darkneſs veil'd his eyes.
At him Lichenor hurl'd a glitt'ring lance,
Nor err'd, but pierced his liver. Trembling fled
|| Crambophagus at that dread ſight, and plunged
Over the precipice into the lake,
Yet even there found refuge none, for brave
Lichenor following, ſmote him even there.
So fell Crambophagus, and from that fall
Never aroſe, but redd'ning with his blood
The wave, and wallowing in the ſtrings and ſlime
Of his own vitals, near the bank expired.
§ Limniſius on the graſſy ſhore ſtruck down
** Tyroglyphus; but at the view alone
Of terrible †† Pternoglyphus appall'd,
Fled ‡‡ Calaminthius, caſt away his ſhield
Afar, and headlong plunged into the lake.
§§ Hydrocharis with a vaſt ſtone aſſail'd
The King ++ Pternophagus; the rugged maſs

* A feeder on beet. † The noiſy. ‡ The bread-eater. || The cabbage-eater. § Of the lake. ** The cheeſe-ſcraper. †† The ham-ſcraper. ‡‡ So called from the herb calamint. §§ One whoſe delight is in the water. ++ The bacon-eater.

Deſcending on his poll, cruſh'd it; the brain
Ooz'd through his noſtrils drop by drop, and all
The bank around was ſpatter'd with his blood.
Lichopinax with his long ſpear tranſpierced
*Borborocoites; darkneſs veil'd his eyes.
†Praſſophagus with vengeful notice mark'd
‡Cniſſodioctes; ſeizing with one hand
His foot, and with the other hand his neck,
He plunged, and held him plunged, 'till, drown'd, he died.
Pſycharpax ſtanding boldly in defence
Of his ſlain fellow-warriors, urged his ſpear
Right through ||Peluſius; at his feet he fell,
And, dying, mingled with the Frogs below.
Reſentful of his death, the mighty Frog
§Pelobates an handful caſt of mud
Full at Pſycharpax; all his ample front
He ſmear'd, and left him ſcarce a glimpſe of day.
Pſycharpax, at the foul diſhonour, ſtill
Exaſp'rate more, upheaving from the ground
A rock that had incumber'd long the bank,
Hurl'd it againſt Pelobates; below
The knees he ſmote him, ſhiver'd his right leg
In pieces, and outſtretch'd him in the duſt.
But him **Craugaſides, who ſtood to guard
The fallen Chief, aſſail'd; with his long lance

* The ſleeper in the mud. † The garlic-eater. ‡ The ſav'ry-ſteam-hunter. || The muddy. § The mud-walker. ** The hoarſe-croaker.

He prick'd Pſycharpax at the waiſt; the whole
Keen-pointed ruſh tranſpierced his belly, and all
His bowels following the retracted point,
O'erſpread the enſanguin'd herbage at his ſide.
Soon as * Sitophagus, a crippled mouſe,
That ſight beheld, limping, as beſt he could,
He left the field, and, to avoid a fate
Not leſs tremendous, dropp'd into a ditch.
Troxartes grazed the inſtep of the bold
Phyſignathus, who at the ſudden pang
Startled, at once leap'd down into the lake.
† Praſſæus, at the ſight of ſuch a Chief
Floating in mortal agonies enraged,
Sprang through his foremoſt warriors, and diſmiſs'd
His pointed ruſh, but reach'd not through his ſhield
Troxartes, baffled by the ſtubborn diſk.
There was a Mouſe, young, beautiful, and brave
Paſt all on earth, ſon of the valiant Chief
‡ Artepibulus. Like another Mars
He fought, and || Meridarpax was his name,
A Mouſe, among all Mice without a peer.
Glorying in his might on the lake's verge
He ſtood, with other Mouſe none at his ſide,
And ſwore t' extirpate the whole croaking race.
Nor doubted any but he ſhould perform
His dreadful oath, ſuch was his force in arms,

* The cake-eater. † One who deals much in garlic. ‡ One
who lies in wait for bread. || The ſcrap-catcher.

Had

Had not Saturnian Jove with ſudden note
Perceived his purpoſe; with compaſſion touch'd
Of the devoted Frogs the Sov'reign ſhook
His brows, and thus the Deities addreſs'd.
I ſee a prodigy, ye Pow'rs divine!
And, with no ſmall amazement ſmitten, hear
Prince Meridarpax menacing the Frogs
With gen'ral extirpation. Haſte—be quick—
Diſpatch we Pallas terrible in fight,
Nor her alone, but alſo Mars, to quell
With force combined the ſanguinary Chief.
So ſpake the Thund'rer, and thus Mars replied.
Neither the force of Pallas, nor the force
Of Mars, O Jove! will ſave the deſtin'd Frogs
From ſwift deſtruction. Let us all deſcend
To aid them, or, leſt all ſuffice not, graſp
And ſend abroad thy biggeſt bolt, thy bolt
Tempeſtuous, terrour of the Titan race,
By which thoſe daring enemies thou ſlew'ſt,
And didſt coerce with adamantine chains
Enceladus, and all that monſtrous brood.
He ſaid, and Jove diſmiſs'd the ſmould'ring bolt.
At his firſt thunder, to its baſe he ſhook
The vaſt Olympian. Then—whirling about
His forky fires, he launch'd them to the ground,
And, as they left the Sov'reign's hand, the heart
Of ev'ry Mouſe quaked, and of ev'ry Frog.
Yet ceas'd not, even at that ſhock, the Mice

From battle, but with double ardour flew
To the deſtruction of the Frogs, whom Jove
From the Olympian heights ſnow-crown'd again
Viewing, compaſſionated their diſtreſs,
And ſent them aids. Sudden they came. Broad-back'd
They were, and ſmooth like anvils, ſickle-claw'd,
Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers arm'd,
Shell-clad, crook-knee'd, protruding far before
Long hands and horns, with eye-balls in the breaſt,
Legs in quaternion ranged on either ſide,
And Crabs their name. They, ſeizing by his leg,
His arm, his tail a Mouſe, cropp'd it, and ſnapp'd
His poliſh'd ſpear. Appall'd at ſuch a foe
The miſerable Mice ſtood not, but fled
Heartleſs, diſcomfited.—And now, the ſun
Deſcending, cloſed this warfare of a day.

THE END

THE END

MYSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM